

The Outlook

Vol. 72

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No. 9

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The End of the Coal Strike	471
Labor Unions and the Militia	472
The Universities and the Tariff	473
The Samoan Arbitration	473
The Danish West Indies	474
Attorney-General Knox on the Panama Title	475
The War in Somaliland	475
The Irish Land Question	476
The German Tariff Muddle	477
Mr. Carnegie at St. Andrew's	477
Woodrow Wilson at Princeton	478
Dr. James at the Northwestern	479
Dr. Strong at Kansas University	480
The Anglican Church Congress	480
The Disciples of Christ at Omaha	481
The American Missionary Association ...	481
The Episcopal Missionary Council	482
Christian Science and Contagious Disease	483
Elizabeth Cady Stanton	483

EDITORIALS:

The Brotherhood of Man	484
Direct Nominations in Massachusetts ...	486
Historical Study in the South	487

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The New American Navy: The Birth of the New Navy	489
By Ex-Secretary John D. Long	
"The Blackbird" (Poem)	498
By Moira O'Neill	
George B. Cortelyou (Portrait)	499
An Artist's Impressions of Malta	500
By Ernest C. Peixotto	
The Earl of Aberdeen	508
By Justin McCarthy	
Pasternak, the Painter of Tolstoi	515
By Pavel Pawetti	
Tuskegee, a Typical Alabama Town	519
By Clifton Johnson	
Joseph Wingate Folk (Portrait)	527
The Russian and Polish Jew in New York	528
By Edward A. Steiner	
Music (Poem)	539
By Frank Dempster Sherman	
The Growth of the Oak	541
By J. Horace McFarland	
Tschaikowsky and His Music	549
By Daniel Gregory Mason	
The Poems of Edward Rowland Sill	554
By William Frederick Dix	
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	556
CORRESPONDENCE	563

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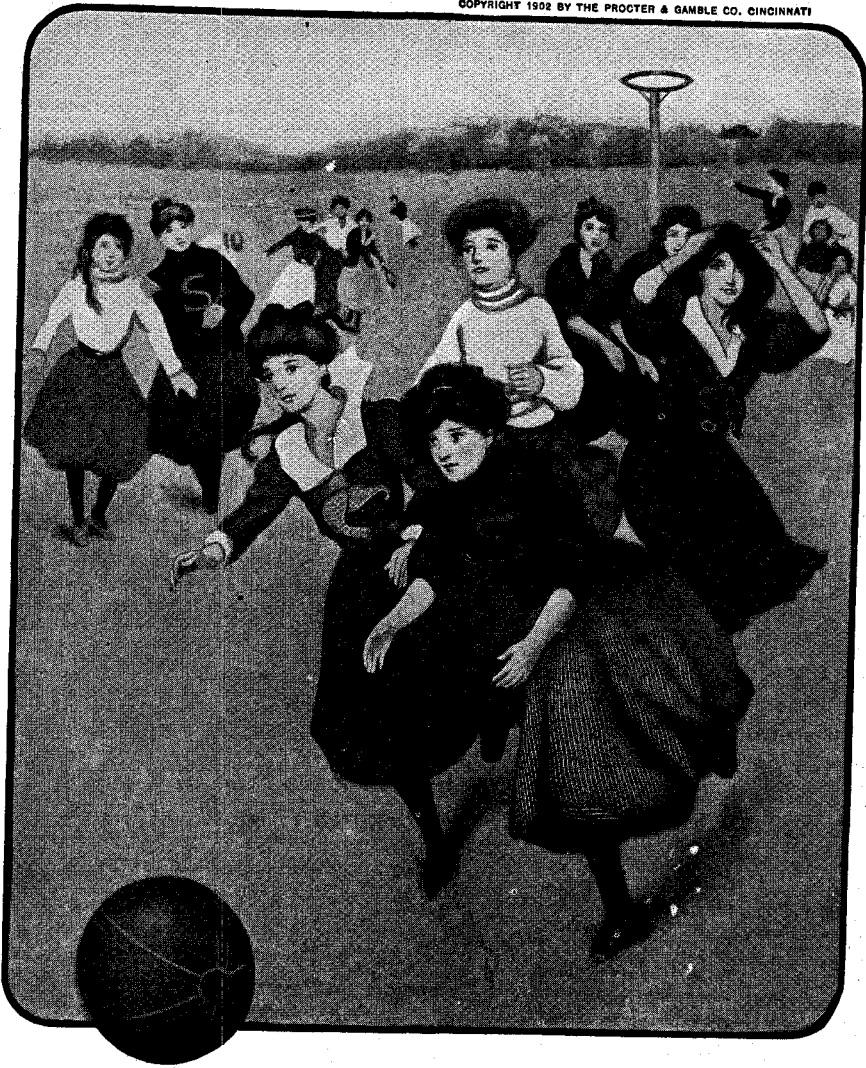
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The Arbitration of the Strike

The United Mine Workers in full convention early last week accepted by a unanimous vote, after only a moderate amount of opposition by extremists, the peace proposal made to their leaders by President Roosevelt and earnestly recommended for acceptance by Mr. Mitchell. Without a moment's delay President Roosevelt called together the Commission he had already named, as described in *The Outlook* last week. Already it has held two or three preliminary meetings, has organized under the title of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, and has arranged to begin its regular sessions this week. At President Roosevelt's request and with the consent of both parties Mr. Carroll D. Wright, originally appointed Recorder of the Commission, has been made a full member of the Commission with a vote. The miners, as in a sense the plaintiffs in the case, will be asked to present their claims and arguments first, and Mr. Mitchell, aided by such assistants as he may choose, will be recognized as their authorized representative, in accordance with the vote of the United Mine Workers to that effect. In his formal address to the Commission President Roosevelt requests the members to "inquire into, consider, and pass upon the questions in controversy in connection with the strike in the anthracite region, and the causes out of which the controversy arose." But he goes further than this, and in broad terms requests the Commission to "endeavor to establish the relations between the employers and the wage-workers in the anthracite fields on a just and permanent basis, and as far as possible to do away with any causes for the recurrence of such difficulties as those which you have been called in to settle." Thus it is to be hoped not merely that a satisfactory adjustment

of the present difficulties may be reached, but that permanent relations of harmony between miners and mine-owners may be established, under which conciliation may take the place of industrial war. That such a condition is quite possible is shown by what has been gained through councils of conciliation in Illinois, in some measure by the agreements reached and observed by the bituminous mine owners and their men, and most forcibly by the operation of the governmental boards of arbitration in New Zealand and four other Australasian countries; an interesting description of these Australian courts (for they are really courts), and particularly of their relations to the mining industry, is given by Mr. H. D. Lloyd in the "*Atlantic Monthly*" for November.



Resuming Work: Strife Still Existing

Under the resolutions passed by the United Mine Workers the men were asked to resume work Thursday morning of last week. This plan was carried out in most of the large mining regions, but not universally and not without considerable friction. As late as Monday morning of this week a careful observer declared that in the Hazleton and Panther Creek regions some fifteen thousand men were still on strike. The trouble has two causes: one relates to the unwillingness of some union men to return while non-union men continue to hold many of the places; the other to the fact that several independent operators have demanded that the men apply individually to the offices for work, as if they were new men, and sign an agreement to abide by the decisions of the Commission and not to interfere with non-union men. To understand the situation it must be remembered that out of the 140,000 men on

strike only about 32,000 are certificated miners. As most of our readers know, the State of Pennsylvania has a law requiring a miner, properly so called, to have a certificate showing that he has worked for two years as a miner's helper in that State. The operators are glad to get the certificated miners back; in fact, the mines cannot be worked without them; the operators yielded to the idea of arbitration, after contemptuously rejecting it more than once, only because the certificated miners stood firmly united, with inconsiderable exceptions. To a much less extent this is true of the miners' helpers and breaker-boys; their places were easier to fill, yet in the pressure of work now existing most of them are needed. But when engineers and firemen and timekeepers were called out (a movement which many friends of the miners thought a tactical mistake), it was comparatively easy to fill the places, and as the number of these places is limited, a ground of contention at once sprang up. In some places also the miners allege that discrimination is being made against workers prominent in the strike. As to the action of the independent companies in demanding the signing of individual agreements, the miners urge with some reason that if, as understood, these operators are in the same position as to President Roosevelt's arbitration plan as are the larger companies which belong to what is commonly called the "coal combine," then they ought not at this time to take separate and conflicting action. In our judgment, all these difficulties may and will be adjusted gradually. No strike of this kind ever came to an end without friction and continuing minor conflicts, and the present cessation of strife is, after all, a truce rather than a definite treaty of peace. Good sense and time are the only remedies. The most painful news of the strike for the week to be recorded is that the very day on which the miners resolved to go back to work was marked by a renewal of violence; four or five houses were wrecked by dynamite, one man was crippled for life, there was an attempt to derail a train, and several non-union men were beaten. Since that day, however, there has been little violence reported, and the militia are being withdrawn from some parts of the mining

country. The perpetrators of violence should not be allowed to escape because the strike is ended; every one of them against whom evidence can be obtained should be prosecuted, convicted if guilty, and rigorously punished; and if the leaders of the United Mine Workers expect their protestations of disapproval of violence to be believed, they must actively aid in this work.



The Labor Unions
and the Militia

The New York "Times" recently stated that President Mulholland, of the International Association of Allied Metal Mechanics, has urged the Presidents and Secretaries of affiliated local unions in Schenectady to require all members of their unions who are members of the State militia to withdraw from the militia or resign from the union, and that the local Trades Assembly of Syracuse and the Illinois State Federation of Labor have recently passed a resolution to the same effect. In a subsequent letter in the "Times" Mr. Mulholland corrects this statement, but declares that he does not favor members of the union joining the militia in the future. Probably this is the gist of the action of the other trades-unions. We have obtained from a trusted correspondent in Schenectady a letter, published elsewhere in this issue, explaining the facts and presenting the view of those in the trades-unions who have recommended action. He makes, in our judgment, the best showing that can be made for a bad cause. For, solely from the point of view of organized labor, their action seems to us one of supreme folly. Amid all the uncertainties and perplexities of the industrial situation one thing is absolutely certain—that the American people will insist that property and person shall be adequately protected. Any government, however despotic, which protects person and property is better than any government, however free it may be called, which does not. If organized labor withdraws from the militia because it is summoned to protect persons and property in time of a strike, the militia will be recruited from portions of the community which are not in sympathy with organized labor. If it cannot be recruited by volunteers, men of property who value peace and order will raise the necessary amount

of money to secure a paid force for the purpose. If such protection cannot be furnished by a militia, it will be furnished by a standing army. Whatever may happen, it will certainly be furnished. The action of those leaders who are urging members in the trades-unions to withdraw from the militia or to refuse to join it in the future, if successful, can have no other effect than to provide the State with a militia which will be wholly out of sympathy with, if not actively hostile to, organized labor. As to the so-called eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job," without discussing here the legitimacy of it, it is certain that it must be enforced, if at all, either by public opinion or by legal enactment. The American people will not submit to have this or any other law enacted for them by voluntary organizations and enforced by mob violence.



What the Universities Think about the Tariff

In addition to the opinions concerning tariff revision of President Northrop, Professors Folwell and McVey, of the University of Minnesota, published in last week's Outlook, the opinions of other university teachers, as gathered by the New York "Evening Post," should also be given wide circulation. The following questions were addressed to these teachers: "Do you favor the reduction or repeal of import duties on articles whose production in the United States is controlled by monopolies?" "Do you favor the appointment of a Tariff Commission to prepare changes of the tariff for the consideration of Congress?" On the first question, out of forty-three answers there were only two negative replies; regarding the advisability of a Tariff Commission there was greater divergence of opinion. The opinions were specially interesting, since, if such a Commission were appointed, some of its members would probably come from the class to which these questions were sent. The majority which favored the appointment of a permanent Commission did so, not merely for its direct influence on legislation, but also because of the value of the general information on tariff problems which its investigations would elicit. The opponents of the Commission idea had

not so much to say concerning its general educative influence, but were certainly pronounced in their expressions of disbelief in its value as really influencing legislation. Professor Sumner—the veteran teacher of political science at Yale—and Dr. Daniels, of Princeton, agreed in the opinion that the Commission idea was an "exploded humbug." Professor Giddings, of Columbia, said: "Such commissions have always in the past been without effect, their chief result being to befuddle the public." Professors Schwab, of Yale, Bullock, of Williams, and Wells, of Dartmouth, agreed that a Tariff Commission is merely a means of postponing necessary action, and perhaps would result in an indefinite shelving of the issue. Professor Laughlin, of Chicago, admitted that a Commission "might have some effect on public opinion, but its practical effect on legislation would be nil." Against these and other objections was the weight of contrary opinion from such men as Professors Ripley, Andrew, Wambaugh, Carver, Durand, Wyman, and Sprague, of Harvard; Farnam and Bourne, of Yale; Seligman and Clark, of Columbia; Munro, of Williams; Crook, of Amherst; Gardner and Dealey, of Brown; Adams, of Michigan; Smyth, of Hamilton; Spencer, of Colgate, and others. On the whole, therefore, university opinion, as here reported, overwhelmingly favors tariff revision; and by almost a two-thirds majority favors the establishment of a permanent Tariff Commission.



The Samoan Arbitration

The superiority of a board of arbitration composed of representatives of several nations over a single arbitrator is too obvious to need argument. It is illustrated by the Samoan award just made by King Oscar of Sweden—probably the last award under the old plan of submitting a case to an individual arbitrator. No one doubts the King's sincerity, but how vastly more authoritative as an exposition of principles to guide in future similar international disputes would have been a verdict by the Hague Tribunal! That the United States loses the case is a matter of little consequence; the amount involved is comparatively small, and our people and Government are ready to accept cheerfully, without grumbling, an adverse outcome of

arbitration, consoling themselves with the fact that hitherto they have had their fair share of successes. But underlying the claim for damages (about \$400,000 in all) is the question, When and to what extent may a nation interfere with the affairs of another people to protect its own citizens and to preserve international peace? An authoritative dictum on this point would be of great value, but no single personage could make his dictum on such a controverted subject final and decisive. The text of King Oscar's decision has not yet been published, and it is impossible to comment on it intelligently, but it has already been intimated from Washington that while our Government will loyally accept the decision so far as the payment of any damages which may be assessed against it is concerned, it will refuse to be bound by the principle laid down, or to recognize it as establishing a precedent; if that principle be taken seriously to restrict the assertion of American rights in foreign countries in cases of revolution or rioting jeopardizing the lives and property of American citizens. Especially will our rights of intervention be insisted upon when (as was the case in Samoa and is the case on the Isthmus of Panama) we have treaties specifically providing for just such action.



The Facts in the Case The claim for damages just passed upon by King Oscar relates to the complicated state of affairs in Samoa when Germany, Great Britain, and the United States were trying to carry on a Triple Protectorate under the Berlin Treaty of 1889. The representatives of all three countries, we believe, acted unwisely and aggressively, and bickerings between the consuls themselves and between the foreign representatives and the natives were constant. The natives were supposed to be at liberty under the treaty to elect their own King and carry on their own government, while the consuls were supposed to interfere only to safeguard the rights of foreign residents. In point of fact, the consuls interfered grossly in domestic and political matters. This they were enabled to do the more easily because the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the President of the Municipal Council of

Apia were appointed by the consuls. There were two claimants for the so-called throne, Malietoa and Mataafa. The latter was in a way a popular hero, and there is little doubt that he was desired as King by a majority of natives, although the Malietoa faction came in time to be a strong one. The contest came before Chief Justice Chambers, an American, and was decided in favor of Malietoa. Thereupon Mataafa appealed to arms and obtained temporary possession of the Government. His faction was supported more or less covertly by the Germans, while the other faction was favored by the British and Americans. An attempt was made to establish Malietoa as King, and when the crowning took place Mataafa's followers began hostilities. British and American sailors were landed to quell these so-called rebellious movements and to protect the lives and property of foreign residents, and shells were thrown from British and American ships. There was some loss of life and considerable loss of property. It was for this destruction of property that claims for damages were brought against the British and American Governments, and by them referred for arbitration to King Oscar.



The Danish West Indian Islands The Landsting (Upper House) of Denmark has rejected, by a tie vote of 32 (a plurality being necessary to carry a measure), the treaty ceding the Danish West Indies to the United States. This is the result of an intense political contest between the Right, or Radical, party and the Conservatives, or Left, and at this distance it looks as if the real issue were party political supremacy rather than deep-seated concern for the future of the islands. So fierce and close was the fight that two bedridden and almost dying members, aged ninety and eighty-seven, were brought a hundred and fifty miles to Copenhagen and made to vote with a prompter's assistance. It is alleged that the anti-sale agitation was due to a desire to embarrass the present Ministry. The opponents of the sale are being called upon to put forward a policy which shall secure the prosperity of the islands without continuing to make it necessary for Denmark to supply the

yearly deficit, as it is now forced to do. It is quite possible that the proposal for a sale may be again raised. The State Department at Washington, if one may judge from unofficial reports, is not greatly disturbed by the failure of the treaty. While the islands would be useful to the United States as a strategic military and naval point when the Isthmian Canal is cut, the naval base at Culebra, in Porto Rico, already provides one strategic key to the Caribbean. If Denmark were to part with her West Indian possessions to some other European Power, say Germany, the United States might regard the transaction with disfavor and use all her diplomatic influence to prevent the sale. It is supposed that Germany would be glad to buy the islands, but there is no formal proposition to that effect now under discussion. Whether or not the Monroe Doctrine would apply to the transfer of territory on this side of the Atlantic already belonging to one European Power to another European Power may be a question, but our Government might well protest against such a sale and regard it as an unfriendly act.



**Attorney-General Knox
on the Panama Title**

After an exhaustive investigation in Paris of the situation as regards the Panama Canal title, first, by Special Attorney Russell for the Department of Justice, and later by Attorney-General Knox himself, on Saturday of last week the Department's opinion was formally submitted to President Roosevelt. The document comprises about three hundred pages. It begins with the history of the concessions made by the Colombian Government in 1878, and the formation by Ferdinand de Lesseps of the Panama Canal Company, the failure of that company ten years later, and the transfer in 1894 of all its rights to the present Panama Canal Company by the liquidator appointed by the French courts to close the affairs of the old company. Mr. Knox then considers the chief objections which have been made to the title proposed to be given to the United States: (1) that the new Panama Canal Company has no power to sell the canal and railway property; (2) that the liquidator of the old Panama Company has no power to

consent to such sale; (3) that the French courts had no power to authorize the liquidator or the new company to enter into the sale; (4) that the United States would take the property as a trust fund, subject to the total obligations to the stockholders of both companies. Mr. Knox answers each of these points satisfactorily, and concludes that, if the United States should accept the offer of the new Panama Canal Company, submitted last spring, for the sale of the canal for forty million dollars, it would receive a "good, valid, and unencumbered title." This independent examination and this decision completely sustained the opinions of Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, general counsel of the present Panama Canal Company, delivered to the Government immediately upon the passage of the Spooner Law, and are of vital consequence to the American people. American commerce demands with increasing imperativeness the speedy completion of an isthmian canal. After years of discussion, Congress adopted the Panama route as the best for the Government to construct, own, and operate. But the selection of this route was necessarily dependent upon the validity of the title. Now that this question has been settled, and as, by the Spooner Law, it does not again come before Congress, the only remaining act is to conclude a treaty with Colombia. The Hay-Concha treaty of May 18 last was submitted to Congress during the canal debate; but the form of the Spooner Law made certain amendments necessary, and these are now the object of pending discussions.



**The Little War in
Somaliland**

Early last week the British Foreign Office received the following undated and alarming despatch from Colonel Swayne, operating in Somaliland, East Africa:

My force reached Erego this morning. When about one day's march north of Mudug, it was attacked in the thick bush. Two advances were made, and the enemy were beaten back in the morning. Their losses were heavy, and we captured one hundred rifles. Our force then proceeded to collect animals for transportation purposes, and to join the detachment at the stockade camp. In the afternoon a reconnoissance was made, and, after sharp fighting, the enemy were again

driven off. I deeply regret to report the following casualties: *Colonel Phillips and Captain Angus and fifty men killed, and about one hundred wounded.* The latter include Captain Howard and Lieutenant Everett, but both are doing well. There were severe losses among the transport and riding camels. The force will reach the stockade camp to-morrow, and will advance to attack the enemy.

This news, read in the House of Commons, produced consternation, and members resigned themselves to the probability of a fourth serious African war within five years. The situation seemed to resemble that at Kumasi in 1900, when the resident British Governor was besieged by the Ashantis. When formally questioned the next day, Lord Cranborne, Foreign Under-Secretary, said that, while not surprised at Colonel Swayne's retiring after a severe action, the Government could not conceal the fact that his retreat would probably make necessary much more prolonged operations and a larger force than had been anticipated. This was an unsatisfactory reply, and military men, almost without exception, agreed in holding the British authorities at home responsible for this added exhibition of British military methods. For economy's sake the home departments had accepted raw levies of Somalis, where trained and disciplined soldiers were necessary. The British force, white and black, in all Somaliland comprises only about three thousand men; the fanatic known as the "Mad Mullah," who is leading the hostile forces, has from fifteen to twenty thousand men, mostly mounted and armed with rifles. It is reported that the Mad Mullah's adviser has been the famous Karl Unger, an Austrian army ex-officer who years ago took service with the Mahdi in the Sudan, and subsequently acted with Osman Digna, the Mahdi's chief lieutenant. With great promptness, the War Office immediately ordered fourteen hundred seasoned troops to proceed from Bombay, and instructed the Baluchi regiments to be in readiness to follow. The proximity of Somaliland to India makes it possible to reinforce with comparative celerity. It seems incredible, however, that only a handful of white soldiers should have been left to hold a desert and wilderness of seventy thousand square miles inhabited by nomadic and hostile tribes. Despite their harassing onslaughts, the welcome news

came at the end of the week that Colonel Swayne had been able to retreat a hundred and fifty miles to Bohotle, and is now supposed to be nearing Burao, a hundred miles further, and the chief British frontier station—the place where a permanent military post should have been established, according to Colonel Swayne's recommendation last year. Burao is ninety miles from Berbera on the coast, a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, and an important export depot for gums, hides, ivory, and ostrich feathers. As it lies near the Red Sea entrance, it also possesses a considerable strategic importance.



The Irish Land Question

Last week, in the House of Commons, Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, declared that it was impossible to pass the Irish Land Purchase Bill this session, and said he hoped, in the course of the next session, to introduce a new bill for voluntary arrangements between the parties concerned. He moved the withdrawal of the Land Purchase Bill, which was agreed to. So ends the British Cabinet's attempt for this year to bring about more satisfactory arrangements between landlords and tenants in Ireland. If one of the two great measures proposed by the Government—the Education Bill and the Irish Land Bill—were to be withdrawn, it might well have been the first. The Irish Land Bill, though far from perfect, would have resulted in a certain betterment, despite inevitable friction. The withdrawal of the measure renders sharper the demand of the Irish members, now supported by half of the Liberals, that the Government shall name a day to discuss land and other conditions in Ireland. The Rosebery Liberals no longer approve of Irish Home Rule; those under the leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman still believe in that measure; meanwhile Mr. Balfour smiles contentedly at the widening breach between the two wings of the Liberal party. The Premier and the Speaker treated the continued disorderly behavior of the Irish members last week with admirable self-restraint, but there is a growing impression that a definite conspiracy exists among the Irish to promote disorder in the House. However, all friends of liberty must have some sym-

pathy with Mr. O'Brien's resolution last week declaring that, in the opinion of the House, the operation of the Crimes Act in Ireland is not justified by the condition of the country, is unfair in its application, opposed to civilized usage in the manner of its administration, and calculated to undermine respect for the law, estrange the people of Ireland, and deeply injure the interests of peace between England and Ireland. The Irish question is still a pressing one, but is by no means as pressing as it has been. Fewer Irish come to America than formerly, because Ireland is both better governed and more prosperous. Another effect of this improvement is the greater freedom of Ireland from crime, as is shown by the fact that during the past year there malicious injuries to property decreased by no less than eighty-eight.



**The German Tariff
Muddle**

A despatch from Berlin announces the Government's defeat in the Reichstag. The agrarian element, dominating for the moment the powerful Conservative and Center (Roman Catholic) parties, had amended the Cabinet's bill by fixing the minimum wheat duties at \$1.50 a metric hundredweight in place of \$1.37, and the rye duties at \$1.37 in place of \$1.25. They carried these amendments, the supporters of the Government's propositions thus becoming, by the curious change, Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists. Prior to the votes, Count von Bülow, Imperial Chancellor, made an aggressive speech in behalf of the Government's bill, which, he declared, afforded all possible protection to agriculture compatible with the conclusion of commercial treaties. The Chancellor protested against the assertion that the Imperial Government was "sawing off the branch on which the monarchy was sitting." Other interests could not be ignored in favor of agriculture. He had done the best possible for the farmers, and warned them that a long time would elapse before any Imperial Chancellor would do as much. The Government, the Chancellor declared, did not desire to influence the opinion of the majority of the House, but as it was a question of taking action which would have an effect abroad, he must ask for a larger measure

of authority. He declared it was impossible to conclude treaties with higher minimum rates, and hoped the majority of the House favored the treaties. The Chancellor concluded with reiterating, in the name of the federal governments which compose the German Empire, that all the dissentient amendments advanced during the discussion with the view of increasing the minimum rates on wheat and rye already fixed would be unacceptable to them. The House then divided, with the result as noted. Three courses are now open to the Ministry: (1) To dissolve the Reichstag, an action demanded by the Liberal papers; (2) to negotiate for a compromise; or (3) to allow the majority to pass the bill in any form it may choose and then suppress it in the Bundesrath or Federal Chamber, which must pass upon it before it becomes law. As the Government cannot afford to come to an open rupture with the Conservatives and Centrists, the situation is peculiarly interesting.



**Mr. Carnegie at
St. Andrew's**

Last week was notable in the academic world for a series of speeches singularly free from the usual conventionalities of such occasions, and singularly forceful and vital. Mr. Carnegie's address on the occasion of his installation as Rector of St. Andrew's University was not only strong in statistical statement of the recent industrial growth of different nations and as a presentation of the present condition of the different countries in the economical competition of the last ten years, but was also an eloquent plea for international peace, which Mr. Carnegie has greatly at heart. The address is significant of the striking changes of the last two decades. A Scotchman speaking at a Scotch university, but pre-eminently an American, who has made in this country one of the greatest fortunes in history, a business man installed as Rector of an ancient university—these were novel and significant features of an academic occasion. Mr. Carnegie spoke to a European audience as a citizen of the world, holding a position as a great philanthropist which enables him to take the attitude of a friend and speak with the frankness of a friend. He declared that it was impossible for Great Britain, by reason of her size, to rival

successfully the productivity of countries of the magnitude of America, Germany, and Russia; that neither Canada nor Australia gives promise of much increase in population or industrialism, and that all thought of the material ascendancy, even with the Empire, must be abandoned. America produces more steel than all the rest of the world; in the production of iron, coal, and textiles she has the lead: three-quarters of the world's cotton is produced here, and the value of her manufactures is treble that of Great Britain. Germany threatens to push Great Britain from even the second place; France is not likely to increase her trade, and remains a nation of the first rank only because of the virtue and frugality of her people. Invasions of Europe by American manufacturers are not to be apprehended, because America uses 96 per cent. of her own manufactures. Mr. Carnegie called attention to the fact that within a quarter of a century the supply of Cleveland ironstone in Great Britain will be exhausted, and that the Cumberland supply is already nearly exhausted; which means dearer iron and steel. He made an appeal to Emperor William to use his influence towards the creation of the United States of Europe as a political and industrial union, declaring that this was the only way in which American commercial invasions could be successfully resisted. One Emperor having taken the first step towards the peace of the world in the Hague Conference, the other Emperor, he said, may some day play a great part on the stage of Europe by freeing the world from the paralyzing fear of war. Unless internal peace can be secured in Europe, the American Union, soon to embrace two hundred millions of the English-speaking race, would supply most of the world's wants.



Woodrow Wilson
at Princeton

Princeton, which is always enthusiastic, was never more enthusiastic than at the inauguration of Dr. Woodrow Wilson as President on Saturday. The fine campus was crowded with shouting throngs of undergraduates and with crowds of graduates hardly less vociferous. Many distinguished men, representing the professions and the higher fields

of learning, gave distinction to the occasion. The formal exercises included a brief address by Dr. Patton, and a characteristic address on behalf of the Board of Trustees by ex-President Cleveland, who emphasized the traditional ideal of Princeton as a college not only of scholarship but of Christian faith, of manliness, and of a conservatism based on the belief that a college is a better judge of what should be given to its students in the way of education than those who come to it to be taught. Dr. Wilson's inaugural was characteristically broad, and, from the habit of his mind as well as the studies of his life, dealt with educational work as related to the larger life of society. He said that in planning for Princeton its friends were planning for the country, as the service of institutions of learning is not private, but public. In these words is the keynote of his whole address, which was an interpretation of the function of the university in a free community and of the Princeton ideal in rendering that service. Universities are never mere seminaries of scholarship; most of them were great colleges before they became universities; and their task is twofold—the education of a great body of informed and thoughtful men, and of a small body of trained scholars and investigators. It is one of their functions to take a large body of young men “to the places of outlook whence the world of thought and affairs is to be viewed;” it is another function to take a small body of men, more mature, more studious, self-selected by aptitude and industry, into libraries and laboratories, and give them more thorough and specialized training. The directing minds of the modern world must be equipped with adaptability as well as special training. There are two ways of preparing a young man for life-work: one is to give him the skill and special knowledge which will make him a good tool, and this is good, honorable, and indispensable; but this is not the work of the college. The work of the college is to give its students elasticity of faculty and breadth of vision, so that they shall be not only successful breadwinners, but noble citizens. This education cannot be furnished, as formerly, by the exclusive use of Greek, Latin, mathematics, and English; the circle of liberal studies is too much enlarged, the area of

general learning is too widely extended; science has opened a new world of learning; it has transformed themes of study and created new ones. In the range of studies through which the modern student must be taken science should have a place with literature, philosophy, and politics; but in all things the sense of proportion should be preserved.



Knowledge and Action The note of idealism and of service which was so distinctive in Dr. Wilson's address is clearly sounded in a passage which may be taken as its climax:

And there are other things besides mere material success with which we must supply our generation. It must be supplied with men who care more for principles than for money, for the right adjustments of life than for the gross accumulations of profit. The problems that call for sober thoughtfulness and mere devotion are as pressing as those which call for practical efficiency. We are here not merely to release the faculties of men for their own use, but also to quicken their social understanding, instruct their consciences, and give them the catholic vision of those who know their just relations to their fellow-men. Here in America, for every man touched with nobility, for every man touched with the spirit of our institutions, social service is the high law of duty, and every American university must square its standards by that law or lack its national title. It is serving the Nation to give men the enlightenments of a general training; it is serving the Nation to equip fit men for thorough scientific investigation and for the tasks of exact scholarship, for science and scholarship carry the truth forward from generation to generation, and give the certain touch of knowledge to the processes of life. But the whole service demanded is not rendered until something is added to the mere training of the undergraduate and the mere equipment of the investigator, something ideal and of the very spirit of all action. The final synthesis of learning is in philosophy. You shall most clearly judge the spirit of a university if you judge by the philosophy it teaches; and the philosophy of conduct is what every wise man should wish to derive from his knowledge of the thoughts and the affairs of the generations that have gone before him. We are not put into this world to sit still and know; we are put into it to act.



Dr. James at the Northwestern University

The inauguration of Dr. Edmund James as President of the Northwestern University was celebrated at Evanston by three days of academic festivities, literary and social,

and by the opening of the new Law School building, with a formal address by Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, recently appointed by President Roosevelt to the Supreme Court Bench. Dr. James's address on "Some Features of American Higher Education" was a comprehensive and outspoken exposition of the system of higher education which has been developed in this country, and which Dr. James regards as vitally related to our people and as moving on by a normal and inevitable progress to a thoroughly organized system. He declares that there is already in a very real sense an American system of higher education; that there are three classes of institutions—universities and colleges which are formally or actually under the control of religious bodies, State institutions, and institutions on foundations furnished by individuals, securing, in effect, a hearty co-operation of Church, State, and private effort, which, taken as a whole, meet the need of higher training. In Dr. James's judgment, another characteristic of the American universities, the non-professional, non-expert Board of Trustees, has worked admirably up to the present time, not only as a method of managing the institutions, but as a check upon the development of caste and class spirit by keeping the higher schools in direct touch with public opinion and with the common life of the people, preserving the institutions from isolation, and developing public interest in them and securing large endowments for them. After pointing out the impossible combination of duties now imposed upon the college president in America, Dr. James declared that it was hardly conceivable that the college president of the future is to play as important a part in the educational economy of the country as in the past. His description of what he called "a campaign for higher education," carried on in the West and in the South by different institutions, is extremely interesting, and will be novel to many readers. He aptly characterized it as a Salvation Army plan. A marked peculiarity of higher education in this country is the unparalleled extent to which it provides for the needs of women; and, in Dr. James's opinion, all the forms of education for women—co-educational, separate colleges, and affiliated colleges—will

continue to exist, while other forms may be added as society develops; but, in his judgment, the typical form for a long time to come in the Mississippi Valley will be the system of co-education. The address was extremely suggestive.

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Dr. Strong at
Kansas University

The inauguration of Dr. Frank Strong as Chancellor of the University of Kansas brought together a large representation from Yale—the new Chancellor's Alma Mater—and was made significant by a notable address by President Hadley, who, after commenting upon the fact that institutions in the North, the South, and the West have different problems to meet, declared that, after making due allowance for these local differences, two university ideals could be discerned—one, the ideal of the university as the coping-stone of the system of secondary education; the other, the ideal of the university as a place for laying the foundations for professional study and work. The first of these is the English ideal, and was brought into this country by our English ancestors; the second is the German ideal, which has had great influence upon American institutions for several decades past. In Dr. Hadley's judgment,

We should seek for the solution of our university problems, not in the enforced addition of a German course to an English one, but in a combination of the English spirit with the German organization; so that we can teach professional studies without teaching the spirit of professionalism. The great thing that the English colleges have always done, and the great thing that our best American institutions are doing in their collegiate courses, is to lead the student to value some other ideals besides the commercial one—to recognize that there is some measure of success in life higher than the mere power of money-making. I do not mean that money-making is a bad thing, or that commercial success is an unworthy ambition; but I do mean that, constituted as society now is, our young men are far too apt to overvalue these ideals as compared with the ideals of civic duty, of religious earnestness, and unselfish devotion to causes which promise them no personal advancement. If our educators can manage to combine the framework of the German university with the spirit of the English university, or of the old-fashioned American college, they will economize the time of the student without sacrificing the educational result to be achieved. They will give to the community, for whose benefit they exist, the trained experts on which the community insists; and they will at the same time

provide for the maintenance of that healthful public spirit in the individual and public sentiment in the body politic on which it may sometimes perhaps not so strongly insist, but which it needs all the more for its permanent continuance and prosperity.

Dr. Hadley gave his ideas a touch of National breadth when he called attention to the fact that the East has had its Webster, the South its Calhoun, and the Old West its Clay, but out of the old discussions and differences had come Lincoln—a Western man with mind broad enough to grasp the ideas of every section, and to work out the problem of National unity and existence; and he expressed the hope that the time would come when some one would arise who can define and realize National ideals at once popular and profound, practical and unselfish, and so carry to its completion the work of university organization which has had the service of such men as Angell, Gilman, and Eliot.

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The Anglican Church
Congress

Two pressing questions were freely handled in the recent Anglican Church Congress at Northampton—the Reunion of the Churches, and Miracles. The Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, opening the discussion of the former question, declared the only feasible course to be in the practical co-operation of all churches for their common end. Other methods, as by the surrender of all to one, or by confederation, or by reorganization, he rejected as impracticable. Professor Collins, representing the sacerdotal section of the Church, admitted that the Church had been too unconciliatory, but declared that reunion could come only on the basis of the "Apostolic Succession." They must not surrender this basis of possible reunion with the Greek and Roman communions for the sake of peace with the Nonconformists. This, of course, would require the surrender of the Nonconformists, which the Bishop of Ripon had pronounced impossible. But Professor Collins commanded large assent in the audience. An incisive paper on the other side was read by Canon Henson, a leader of the liberal wing, whose book *The Outlook* reviewed May 24. To secure any practical reunion the non-episcopal churches must be frankly recognized, "together with the validity of their ministry and eucharist."

Loud cries of dissent arose, and were answered by saying that talk of any other basis was both absurd and insulting. Insistence on episcopal reunion was a waste of time. Yet he would not outrun the general sentiment. Let Churchmen occasionally open their pulpits, under proper safeguards, to the great Nonconformist preachers. At this there were loud cries of *No*, and somewhat hesitant cheers. But there was hearty and general cheering when the Bishop of Hongkong described the practical reunion accomplished in the missionary field on Canon Henson's plan between Churches still divided at home. The reunionists, though now outnumbered, are evidently gaining ground. The influential London "Spectator" is outspoken in sympathy with Canon Henson. On the subject of miracles some interesting points were made. Professor Sanday, of Oxford, held that miracles, or what were supposed to be miracles, had certainly happened. But it did not follow that what was once regarded as miraculous would be so regarded now. When we reach the right definition of miracle, the problem of the miraculous will no longer exist. That problem is to harmonize ancient and modern ideas. Dr. F. Watson emphasized the fact that humanity is in process of a development which in Christ we see anticipated. The supernatural in the Gospels is the beginning of the natural in later times. Dr. Rashdall pleaded for the largest liberty of thought and utterance, and urged that Christian teaching make it plain to the young that Christian faith does not depend on miracles, but rests on moral and spiritual grounds.

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The Disciples of Christ
at Omaha

The annual Convention of the Disciples of Christ at Omaha, October 16-23, was remarkable both for numbers and enthusiasm. Among the greater religious bodies, those numbering over a million, the Disciples are the only one formed originally on American soil. Their chief strength at present is in the central valley, where they now number 900,000. Probably the largest number ever assembled in this country at the Lord's Supper was when ten thousand communicants partook together at Omaha, some eighty deacons serving the table.

Great prominence was given, as usual, to missions, both home and foreign; the work is carried on in some twelve foreign countries, and is vigorously pushed forward at home. One hundred and seventy churches were reported as organized by home missionaries during the year. Great care is taken to interest the young in missionary work, and to promote the observance for that purpose of "Boys' and Girls' Rally Day." Many missionaries from foreign lands made addresses, among them Dr. Susie C. Rijnhart, whose narrative of a pioneering mission in Thibet, in which she lost husband and child, has deeply touched many readers. Mr. John L. Mott, of the Student Volunteer Movement, made a profound impression by his eloquent argument for the world's evangelization. Perhaps the most important act of the Convention was the passage of a resolution pledging hearty co-operation with the movement for the federation of churches, in response to an address on that subject which Dr. E. B. Sanford, Secretary of the National Federation, gave by request. There was some opposition on the ground that federation with various denominations was an undesirable recognition of the evil thing "denominationalism." The Rev. E. L. Powell, of Louisville, made an address, regarded as significant as any at this Convention, on "Christian Union the Paramount Issue," pronouncing it "the inevitable product of a return to the simple Gospel." A most impressive address was given by the President of the American Missionary Society, the Rev. H. O. Breeden, on "The Gospel for This Age"—the "Gospel of the Person," Christ as the creed of the Christian—which he presented in contrast with the "Gospel of the Church" (Catholicism) and the "Gospel of the Book" (Protestantism). The Convention was marked by an overflow of evangelistic activity, holding religious services in hotels, department stores, railway shops, packing-houses, and on street corners. The next year's meeting is to be at Detroit.

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The American
Missionary Association

The fifty-sixth annual meeting of this Association, at New London, October 21-23, was of much more than average interest and power. The

opening sermon by Dr. Jefferson, of New York, was commented on by the press as the utterance of a man who had something to say worthy of attention. Taking for a text the story of the neglected cripple healed by Jesus at Bethesda, it was a plea for interest in behalf of the neglected multitudes, and eloquently referred to the coal strike as enforcing just attention to the neglected Slav, whose refusal to work had compelled the world to think of him. A really thrilling and magnificent address was made by the Rev. H. H. Proctor, of the First Congregational Church at Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Proctor is a negro; his theme was what the negro had achieved since emancipation, despite disadvantages, through the assistance of missionary agencies. He elicited loud cheers. So did Dr. Talcott Williams, editor of the Philadelphia "Press." Dr. Williams is son of our distinguished missionary to China, and was born there. Speaking not as a missionary but as a journalist, he contrasted the progress made by Russian serfs and by Southern negroes since emancipation; five per cent. of the former and forty per cent. of the latter having learned to read and write. The "Highlanders"—two millions of white people in the mountainous region of the South, an unmixed American race, but illiterate and backward—were pathetically represented by one of their own number, the Rev. J. K. Higginbotham, of Kentucky, and by President Spence, of the college founded for them at Demarest, Georgia. The Porto Ricans had for their spokesman Professor Scott, of Lares, Porto Rico, and the Indians were represented by the Rev. J. F. Cross, for fifteen years a missionary among the Sioux in South Dakota. Remarkable success has attended the work of Missionary Lopp for twelve years among the Eskimos in Alaska. In Porto Rico all indications point to a large development of Protestant schools and churches.

Work for Backward Races

The American Missionary Association is sustained by the Congregational churches, but the character of its work attracts much aid from other sources. Distinctively concerned with home missions, it is as distinctively interested for the untaught and undeveloped of six differ-

ent races in our composite population, in various grades from savagery upwards. Its work is prosecuted for those on the edge of the Arctic Circle and on the border of the tropics, mainly through educational methods. The larger part of it is for the negroes of the South, still cursed with illiteracy, superstition, and preachers who inculcate neither honesty nor purity. Dr. Gladden, President of the Association, in an address unsurpassed by any of his public utterances, dwelt upon the fundamental requisites for the elevation of a race, and the obligations of an advanced race toward its backward wards. Dr. Bradford, Moderator of the National Council, spoke cogently on the theme of "Broadening Brotherhood." Other addresses of impressive power were made by Mr. William Shaw, Treasurer of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, and Dr. H. P. Dewey, of Brooklyn, holding a great audience to a late hour in rapt attention. The Woman's Meeting was at least not inferior to any of the other sessions of the Association. A noteworthy feature of it was the theme of "Negro Womanhood: Its Past, Present, Future," presented by Mrs. Moore, of Nashville, Mrs. Proctor, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Crosthwait, of Knoxville. The present outlook of the Association is most encouraging. This is the fifth consecutive year that it has closed without a debt on its current work. Next year it is to meet at Cleveland.

The Episcopal Missionary Council

On Tuesday of last week at Philadelphia nearly four hundred delegates, lay and clerical, including forty bishops, were present at the sessions of the Missionary Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, preached the opening sermon in St. James's Church, after which Holy Communion was celebrated. The sessions were held in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. Dr. Mackay-Smith, Coadjutor-Bishop of Pennsylvania, delivered the address of welcome, which was followed by a conference presided over by Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, reviewing the year's progress—a remarkable record. At a later session the topic was, "What Business Has the Business Man with Missions?" among the speakers being Messrs,

Fulton Cutting, of New York City, and Stewart L. Woodford, ex-Minister to Spain. A particularly important subject discussed the next day concerned the desirability of a change in the Church's missionary canon, Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, being foremost in advocating a new canon. A resolution offered by Bishop Brown, of Kansas, was adopted, requesting the board of managers to distribute a hundred thousand dollars among the southern Bishops. The Episcopal missionary prelates have now received a notable addition through the election by the House of Bishops, on Friday of last week, of the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Munson Griswold, rector of Christ Church at Hudson, N. Y., to the Bishopric of Salina, the western district of Kansas. After the election the House considered the question of the proposed affiliation of the Independent Polish Catholic Church with the Episcopal Church. The adopted resolutions declared that the Bishops, without assuming to recognize the Polish Church, extend greetings to its delegate, the Rt. Rev. Anthony Kozlowski; they also provided for the appointment of a committee to propose terms of intercommunion and report to the next meeting of the House of Bishops. The success which has attended the work of Bishop Kozlowski among the Poles of Chicago obtained deserved recognition at the recent Old Catholic Congress at Bonn, Germany. It is interesting to know that it may be affiliated with the larger missionary work which the Episcopal Church is doing with marked intelligence and consecration.

Christian Science and Contagious Disease The death at White Plains of a girl seven years of age from malignant diphtheria, after so-called treatment by a Christian Science healer who refused to allow the use of anti-toxin, which physicians now regard as a reasonably sure remedy, has led to an indictment of the parents and the Christian Science healer, under the following clause of the criminal code of New York State:

A person who willfully omits, without lawful excuse, to perform a duty by law imposed upon him to furnish food, clothing, shelter, or medical attendance to a minor or to make such payment toward its maintenance as may have been required by the order of a court or a magistrate when such minor has been com-

mitted to an institution . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor.

It would not be legitimate for The Outlook to prejudge this case, and upon the specific question whether the parents and the healer have been guilty of the offense charged we express no opinion. But the case involves a general principle on which the public have a right and a duty to form a clear and an enforceable judgment. How far have parents a right to determine the treatment of their offspring under circumstances which may involve death? The question is a large, complicated, and difficult one. The Outlook, however, has no doubt that the community has a right and a duty to protect children from the consequences of a neglect by their parents of what the best medical opinion of the age regards as a necessary precaution against disease; certainly it may determine by law what action shall be taken in the case of contagious diseases for the general protection of the community, and no theory of medicine and no profession of religious faith can exempt the individual from the duty of obeying the law which is enacted under such circumstances and for such purpose. The same principles which give the community a right to require vaccination to prevent smallpox, or scientific drainage to prevent malaria, give it a right to prevent what the community regards as neglect in those cases in which neglected disease in one household may be the means of communicating disease and death to others.



Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton died on Sunday, October 26, at the age of eighty-seven. She was popularly best known as a vigorous writer and speaker in behalf of woman's suffrage, and as the chief editor of "The Woman's Bible," an amended edition of the Bible published for the purpose of lessening its supposed influence for the subjection of women. She will be best remembered, however, for her services in promoting the passage of laws establishing equitable property rights for women. In this respect she accomplished much in the way of legislation, and succeeded in making it possible for a married woman to hold property and transfer it without being required to obtain her husband's consent. Like

other very earnest reformers, Mrs. Stanton often was confused as to the relative value of reform projects, and for that reason was placed in positions from which a sense of humor would have saved her. This, however, ought not to lead those who, with considerable justification, shrug their shoulders at such a piece of sober sentimentality as "The Woman's Bible," to overlook the real value of Mrs. Stanton's effective work. Her influence was not confined to change in legislation, but extended to various movements among women, not least of which should be counted the multitude of women's clubs that came into existence during her lifetime. Her first impulse for her work she received when reading law books in her father's office. Her first appeal to a law-making body was in 1848, when she addressed the New York Legislature. Her association with reformers, including abolitionists as well as woman-suffragists, was almost continual from that time.



The Brotherhood of Man

What does this phrase mean? Anything?

It means that there is a unity of the human race which is deeper than all differences of race, temperament, class, or condition. It means that we are all the offspring of God; that we have all come forth from him; that he is the source of our life; that in that divine life which we all share we are really, truly, veritably one; that we have one aim, one nature, one destiny; it means that as the children of a household make one family, though one of them is light-skinned and the other dark-skinned, one athletic and one invalid, one a genius and one of feeble intellect, so we children of one parentage are one brotherhood—black and white, Anglo-Saxon and Celt, Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, employer and employed, educated and ignorant; it means that we owe one another something more than a grudging regard to rights which law tardily and imperfectly enforces, that we owe a regard for one another's interests as well as for one another's rights, and a mutual respect and consideration as well as honesty and justice.

What is the meaning of the race prob-

lem in the South? Nothing less than this: eight millions of blacks have grown up under the new régime taught by foolish friends to look upon their white neighbors with suspicion, to bind themselves together in political action to vote against whatever the white man votes for, to be jealous of their rights and careless of their duties; and sixteen millions of whites have grown up under the industrial competitions of free labor, to look upon their black laborers as hewers of wood and drawers of water, belonging to a different race and in a different category, to be hindered and not helped in their endeavor to rise above their present position of servile laborers. Given eight million of blacks jealous of their rights and more anxious for position than for character, and sixteen millions of whites afraid of industrial revolution and more anxious to keep their industrial and political supremacy than to use it for the education and elevation of their poorer neighbors—and what can there be but a race war? Doubtless there have been other teachings and are other sentiments; but where other teaching and other sentiments dominate there is no race war. Where black men, learning from their wisest and best friend, Booker Washington, are anxious only to be men and are willing to leave the recognition of their manhood to time, and where the whites, learning from such leaders as Mr. Votaw, of Virginia, Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, and Judge Speer, of Georgia, fear nothing from the education and elevation of the blacks, but see therein the best hope for the whole community, the only semblance of race war is that which remains despite such teaching.

What is the meaning of the coal strike in Pennsylvania? Nothing less than this: on the one hand, a hundred and fifty thousand miners, most of them of foreign birth, many of them ignorant of our language, of our institutions, of the very meaning of liberty, suspicious of their employers, suspicious of rival laborers, jealous of their more prosperous neighbors, ready to attribute to the wrongdoing of others the miseries of their life, never inclined to ask what, by greater thrift, economy, prudence, and temperance, they can do for themselves; and, on the other hand, thousands of stockholders

whose only interest in the coal industry is the dividends it gives to them, who neither know nor care how the miners live, nor what are their characters and conditions, so long as the coal is mined and sold and the dividends are paid, and "operators" representing them, who have been taught by the current political economy that the sole duty of directors is to earn dividends for stockholders and the sole standard of management is getting for stockholders from the laborers the largest possible output of coal for the smallest possible output in wages. Put two such powers in the field; let one own the mines and the other do the labor; let each think much of its rights and little of its duties, and what can be expected but war, chronic war, always smoldering, always ready to break out at any provocation? What was the cause of the recent war? Wages? Conditions? Method of measuring coal? Insistence of a union for recognition? No! Mutual suspicion; jealousy on the one side, ill-concealed contempt on the other. Mr. Carroll D. Wright makes this plain in his official report to the President: "There is no confidence existing between the employees and their employers, and suspicion lurks in the minds of every one and distrust in every action on either side." How can partners in a common enterprise get along without constant friction and frequent war when such are the conditions?

Fifty years ago the orthodox political economy taught—what is still taught in some belated journals and possibly, though of that we are not sure, in some belated academic chairs—that freedom of individual contract is a panacea for all labor troubles; taught that labor is a commodity to be bought by the employer in the cheapest market and sold by the laborer in the highest market; taught that if capitalists and laborers are left free to bid against each other labor will find its true, just, equitable price and all will be well. The employer, acting on this principle, has proceeded to buy his labor in the cheapest market—that is, to get the greatest amount of work possible for the least amount of wages possible; and the laborer has proceeded to sell his labor in the highest market—that is, to give the least amount of work possible for the highest

amount of wages possible. Scrimping wages and scrimping work have acted and reacted on each other; scrimping wages has aroused the ire of the workingmen and scrimping work has aroused the ire of the employer; and one ire has been no more justified than the other. Capitalists organized in order the better to carry on their work; laborers organized the better to secure their wages. Then began the tug of war between the capitalists at one end of the rope and the labor unions at the other end. And still all that the belated individualist can do is to urge that government stand by and see that the two sides play fair.

Such a suggestion will never bring industrial peace. Selfishness never yet gave birth to peace; peace is a child of different parentage. Peace will come when Americans think of their rights less and their duties more; when the white man thinks what he can do to elevate the inferior race, and the black man thinks what he can do to serve the entire community, not himself or his race alone. It will come when employers consider how large a wage they can pay and still make their business a commercial success, and when workingmen consider how much work they can do and still keep time for other aspects of life than its merely industrial aspects; when operators appoint foremen, not merely to care for coal, but also to care for men, and stockholders elect directors, not merely to earn dividends, but to promote justice and humanity in the process; and when miners, counting themselves partners with the operators in a common business, are loyal to their co-partners and take pride in the prosperity of the enterprise whose profits are shared by both.

We do not advise our ministerial readers to lecture in the pulpit on economics. The minister rarely knows more about economics than the better informed in his congregation, and often not as much. What he knows he has probably gathered from books or newspapers; and the man of affairs listens with either an irritated or an amused contempt to what he regards as a purely academic discourse. The man of affairs may be wrong and the preacher may be right; but though right he is not effectual. We do urge him to interpret and apply the principle of

human brotherhood. Americans need a better understanding of economics; but they need much more a greater spirit of brotherhood. And the brotherhood of man is just as much a part of the Gospel message as the Fatherhood of God. How shall the Church get hold of the working-man? is a question much discussed, but just now a much more important question is, How shall the Church get hold of the employers? They are in the congregation, but the Church does not get hold of them. The way for the minister to get into his congregation the men who are not there is to preach effectively to the men who are there. He need not lack for texts; here are several, and the Bible abounds with others equally appropriate:

God created man in his own image.

God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.

Honor all men.

All ye are brethren.

We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

All the law is fulfilled in one word, even this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Who is my neighbor?

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.

Constitutional amendments, incorporation of trades-unions, compulsory arbitration, legal regulation of railroads, State ownership of mines, are all questions of method. If the American people are inspired with the spirit of human brotherhood, they will easily find methods by which to express that spirit in organic action. If they are not inspired with the spirit of human brotherhood, legal enactments will do little more than furnish a temporary alleviation of the evils which unbrotherliness inevitably involves; perhaps they will not even do that. No man need wait for legal enactment. The housekeeper can without delay treat her cook, and the merchant his clerk, and the foreman the factory hand, as a brother man. Hire labor in the cheapest market; Give unto your servants that which is just and equal: these two principles of action are absolutely antagonistic. On which principle is the reader of this article acting to-day? For him that question is far more important than the question,

What power has Congress under the Constitution to regulate organizations of labor and of capital? or the question, How shall it exercise that power? If the Church can dislodge from the American community the spirit of the first aphorism and inspire it with the spirit of the second, if it can imbue American individualism with that spirit of mutual respect which is the essence of human brotherhood, it can do immeasurably more than can be done by lawmakers through either judicial or legislative action. For law is chiefly valuable as it is the expression of a spirit in the community, and the spirit must exist in the community in order to make the laws effectual if not to make them even possible.



Direct Nominations in Massachusetts

An illustration of the truth of the saying that the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy seems to be afforded by the experience of Massachusetts with her trial of direct nominations as a substitute for political conventions. This year the second step in the experiment has been as conspicuously successful as the first step was last year. Attention all over the State has been drawn to the working of the new law for direct nominations for candidates for Representatives in consequence of its evident success in the Republican caucuses on September 24. The essential section of the Luce law, as it is called, from the Somerville Representative who secured its passage through the Legislature, reads as follows:

Every nomination by a political party of a candidate for representative in the General Court, or any elective city office except a member of the school committee of Boston, to be voted for only in two or more wards of one city, shall be made in caucuses by direct plurality vote.

Testimony to the success of the law comes from all parts of the State—from Pittsfield, from Brockton, from Springfield, from New Bedford—while not a word of disapproval has been noticed from any city. This evident public satisfaction is but a repetition of the experience of 1901, following the adoption of the same system for the Senatorial districts in Suffolk County, which includes

the city of Boston. The law of 1901, limited to territory in which the population is very compact, in order to relieve the convention's evils where they were greatest, applied to candidates for the State Senate and to members of the State committees of the several parties. So general was the satisfaction, upon its first trial, with the abolition of the Senatorial conventions, with their quarrelings and failures to represent the judgment of the people of the district, that at the last session of the Legislature various bills were introduced extending the system to the entire State, more or less. Mr. Luce's bill was the most elaborate. During the previous summer he had visited Wisconsin and Minnesota, studying their system of primary elections, and his bill was a sweeping document, applying to nearly everything but the State conventions, and working radical revolution in the caucus strength. But it was too radical and sweeping for the Legislature. Determined and wide opposition sprang up against it, and all that could be got through was the provision quoted above.

But it has justified itself better than the average member expected. Still further, the second year's application of the law of 1901 for the Suffolk Senatorial districts has only strengthened the favorable impression made last year. In five of the nine districts contests existed for the nomination on the Republican ticket. Under the old system the result would not have been positively settled until the conventions of delegates elected by the several wards in the districts had done their business. This year, as soon as the total popular votes in the several caucuses had been added, the result was known.

What appeals to the public in this reform is the quick settlement of the strife, the justice done to all parties, the prevention of political trickery in conventions, and the dethronement of the professional politicians. Care is necessary to guard the caucuses. Members of one party must be prevented from voting in the caucuses of the other party, but that is a matter of detail. Such a provision is equally necessary under the old system, and does not lie against direct nominations exclusively. Already the success of this system has led to a demand for extension of the law, and it is seriously

proposed to carry it so far as to discontinue even the State Convention itself, with its historic associations. Doubtless that step will not be taken for years, but it is significant that it is contemplated.



Historical Study in the South

Mr. David V. Thomas contributes to the current number of the "Review of Reviews" an account of the development of interest and activity in historical research in the South, which supplements a discussion which appeared in these columns three weeks ago. Everything which relates to the South is intensely interesting, not only because of the dramatic element in Southern character, but because the South at present is developing more rapidly than any other section of the country. Long retarded and circumscribed, it has at length entered upon the great development along industrial and educational lines which was always open to it, but from which it was held back by causes now happily removed. The Outlook has already commented upon a number of recent important contributions to American history from Southern sources, among them Mr. Garner's "Reconstruction of Mississippi," Mr. Edward McCrady's admirable "History of South Carolina," and Mr. Brown's "Lower South in American History." Mr. Thomas quotes Professor Burgess as saying that the history of the United States from 1817 to 1858 can be written only by a Northerner, because the victor can and will be more liberal, generous, and sympathetic than the vanquished, and because the Northern view is, in the main, correct; and adds with great cogency: "The history of reconstruction must be written by Southerners, who were the ultimate victors in that life-and-death struggle. It is for that work, now one of the richest fields for investigation in American history, that the younger generation is being trained. The scientific spirit of the universities has largely divested them of inherited passions and prejudices, and they are going at the task of writing history with a simple desire to discover and tell the truth."

This important period, which forms a supplementary chapter to the history of

the war, must be written now, or at least the materials for its record must be gathered now. We are far enough removed from that tragic episode to be able to divest ourselves of the passions and misconceptions of the time, and near enough to it to gather at first hand, from original sources, and especially from the testimony of living men, the details of the period, its dramatic, picturesque, and vital aspects, its intimate relation with the problems, racial, educational, and economic, with which the South of to-day has to deal. Nothing can more certainly hasten and more entirely secure the fruits of that new unity which is making the United States of to-day a far nobler Nation and a far greater power than ever before in the history of the world, than a thorough, adequate, and dispassionate account of the great Civil War, its causes, its incidents, and its sequel. When that story is fully told and the account is finally made up, there will be so much to credit and so much to debit both sides that there will be no longer any ground for undue exaltation, for unjust condemnation, or for important misconception. Nothing clears away prejudices, clarifies opinion, and opens the minds of men like the truth. The story of the reconstruction period cannot be told exclusively by men of Southern birth, but they are the real custodians of the greater part of the material. They have the opportunity of securing, digesting, arranging, and interpreting it in a thoroughly scientific spirit; the opportunity, in other words, not only of making a very important contribution to the history of the country, but a lasting contribution to that much more valuable literature of interpretation and reconciliation which will explain the country to itself and knit still more firmly the bonds which bind all sections in one great community.

Mr. Thomas gives an interesting account of the activity of State and local historical societies throughout the South, from which it appears that Maryland has been receiving \$4,000 in biennial appropriations for the publication of her Colonial and Revolutionary Archives, which now fill nineteen volumes. During the last six years Virginia has been preparing a roster of her volunteers in the Civil War, has published a calendar of her state papers, and has

been securing copies of the records of some of her earlier and more important counties. North Carolina has issued seventeen volumes of colonial records; South Carolina has secured thirty-two folio volumes of copies of her Colonial Records in England; her military history has been brought down to the Mexican War, and a roster of her Confederate soldiers is being prepared. A "Roster and Itinerary" of her soldiers in the Spanish-American War has also appeared; and a historical commission is at work collecting historical material from all sources. Eleven years ago Alabama created a Department of Archives and History. Mississippi has made an appropriation for publications under the direction of the Historical Commission. Texas has sent a commission to the City of Mexico to examine important documents there.

Among Southern historical societies that of Virginia is showing great activity. For the last eight years it has published the "Virginia Magazine of History and Biography"—a quarterly of considerable importance. This is supplemented by the "William and Mary Quarterly," edited by President Tyler, and by the historical publications of the Randolph-Macon College. The Historical Societies of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, and Kentucky are gathering material and putting it into shape with varying degrees of energy. The Mississippi Society has a large and enthusiastic membership, and proposes to issue annual publications. It is engaged in a thorough search for and examination of manuscripts, papers, and documents relating to the history of the State, wherever found. It is also studying prehistoric works, Indian remains, and places of historic interest. The Southern Historical Society, with headquarters at Richmond, has issued twenty-eight volumes which deal with the Civil War; and the Southern Historical Association, organized in Washington six years ago, publishes bi-monthly. This work is being reinforced by largely increased facilities for historical study and greatly increased interest in it in Southern colleges and universities. In this important field of research the South is doing work of increasing importance and significance.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY¹

By JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW NAVY

THE Forty-seventh Congress, during its sessions of 1881-82 and 1882-83, authorized the construction of three steel cruisers and one steel despatch-boat. These ships were the nucleus of the new American navy, the development of which in peace has potentially aided the upbuilding of numerous industries of the Nation, and the achievements of which in war rival in glory and results those for which the old navy is justly famous.

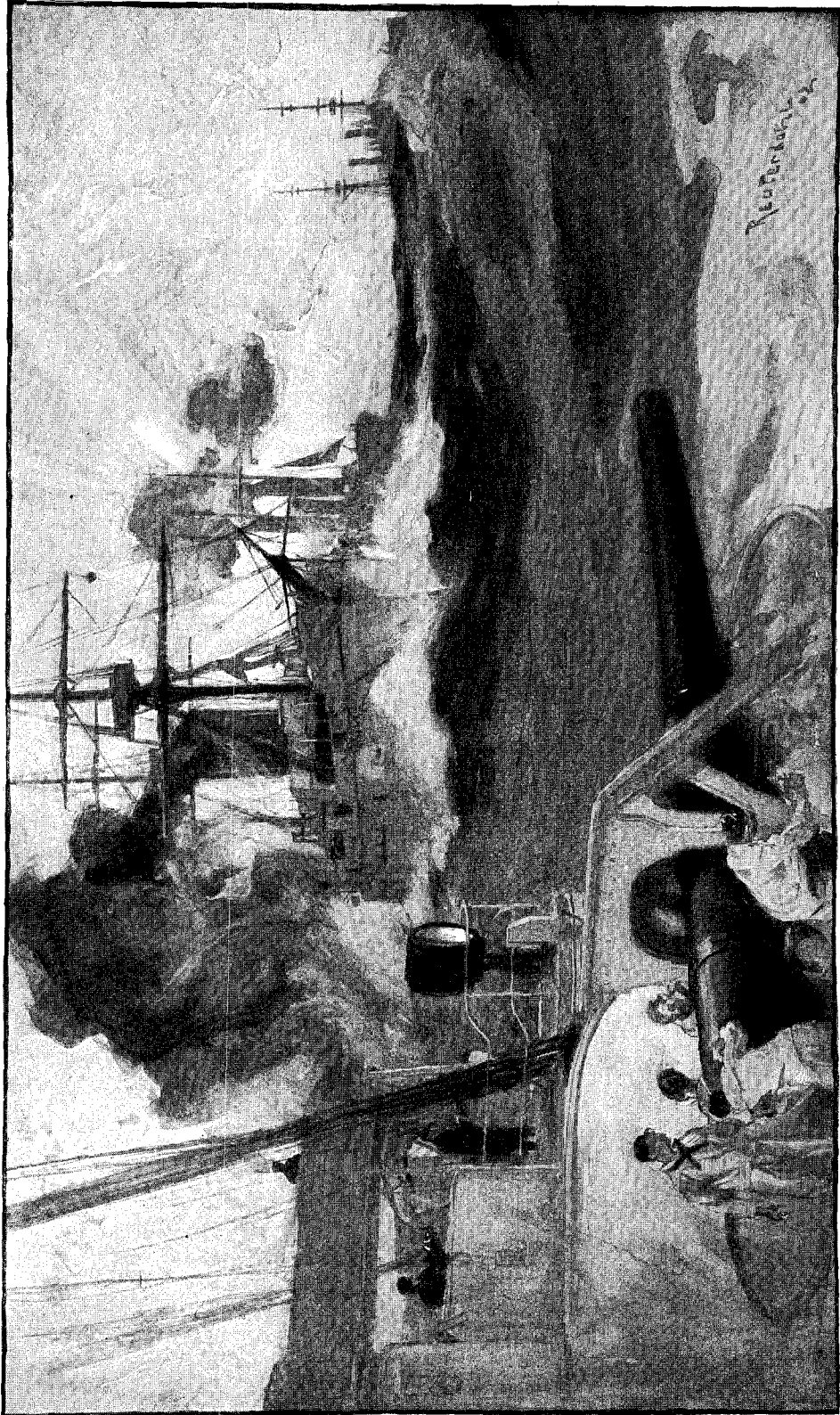
Spain suffered crushing defeat in 1898 because she was not ready and because the United States—comparatively only—was ready for the combat. Before the shock of conflict, the former's fleets appeared formidable in comparison with our own. The battles of Manila and Santiago, and the futile efforts of Spain to form a squadron strong enough to effect the relief of her ultramarine dependencies, showed that her sea force was practically in a state of weakness and inefficiency. Fortunately for us, the pitiable decrepitude of the naval arm of our Government sixteen years before the struggle had aroused the country, and regeneration had followed the awakening. Victory over the foe of 1898 must be attributed, therefore, in some measure to the patriots who foresaw their country's need and with characteristic energy and push took measures which enabled her to meet it.

The lesson of the need of prepared-

ness is taught by our whole naval history. No war has found the American navy fully prepared to undergo its test; but that with Spain clearly demonstrated that never before in our history was the service on the whole in as efficient a condition. The Declaration of Independence brought troops and men-of-war into being, but when the object of the Revolution had been achieved they disappeared and a peace-loving people resumed the ways of peace. Depredations committed by Algerian corsairs and burdens imposed upon American commerce and other disputes which imperiled our relations with Great Britain and France in the closing years of the eighteenth century forced the creation of a navy. The Constitution—dear Old Ironsides—the Constellation, the Essex, the Enterprise, and other frigates and sloops of war, which were the first imposing naval guardians of American honor, taught wholesome respect for the flag in the West Indies and the piratical Mediterranean; and in the second war with Great Britain, due among other causes to British impressment of American seamen, they saved the Nation by victories afloat which offset defeats ashore. Both in the War of the Revolution and of 1812, however, our privateers, the scourge of British commerce, were not the least factors in our success. The War with Mexico, caused by lust of territory, and yet, as so often happens, resulting in the development of beneficent territorial enlargement, involved no struggle for sea supremacy; but had the United States become simultaneously involved in hostilities with either Great Britain or France, as was apprehended, the navy would have experienced grave difficulty in protecting the Atlantic

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This is the first of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Building of the New Navy, The Organization and Education of the New Navy, The Administration of the Navy, The Preparation for the War with Spain, The Battle of Manila Bay, The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.



ATLANTA

DOLPHIN

CHICAGO

THE FIRST SHIPS OF THE NEW NAVY
Drawn by Henry Reuter dahl.

BOSTON

and Gulf coasts and lending assistance to the army operating in Mexico. Later the rumblings of the Civil War preceded the lightning-flashes of that titanic struggle, and though Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy in Buchanan's administration, urgently advised the addition of improved ships, Congress failed to act. Had the Federal Government been possessed of a fleet equipped with the latest appliances even in that day available for service, the firing on the flag at Sumter would have been the signal for the institution of an effective patrol of the coasts of the seceding States; shipments of cotton abroad and the importation in return of munitions of war would have been minimized, and the Rebellion would have been suppressed in a shorter time than the unprepared condition of the North necessitated. Maintenance of the Union and prevention of foreign complications required the construction of a navy capable of blockading the numerous ports of the Confederacy. War-ships were improvised, but at a terrible cost to the merchant marine. Prior to the Civil War, two-thirds of the foreign trade of the United States was carried in ships flying the Stars and Stripes. Our shipping represented 5,350,000 tons, which was valued at \$275,000,000. The extraordinary character of the emergency demanded that much of this tonnage should be impressed into the naval and military services. One million eight hundred thousand tons were taken, and one hundred million dollars withdrawn from the capital embarked in the shipping industry. The Alabama, the Confederate tiger of the sea, destroyed one hundred thousand tons of shipping and caused the owners of vessels to seek foreign registries or tie their craft to their docks rather than send them unprotected on voyages which were likely to end in the prize court or destruction by fire at sea. Foreign ships and foreign capital eagerly entered the industry which the United States was compelled to abandon. From the damage inflicted upon our merchant marine during the Civil War there has been, as yet, no full recovery; and the stupendous increase in our foreign trade is the more remarkable in view of the fact that it has been effected in spite of the disadvantage of its conveyance in ships flying the flags of other nations than our own.

In the light of the teachings of almost a hundred years it seems strange that the country should not have realized, when the Rebellion ended, the necessity of a permanent navy of sufficient strength adequately to protect American interests. American men-of-war had aided in the impetus to the European movements for more liberal government. They had served as the agent of civilization in aiding in the suppression of piracy and the slave trade. They had protected commerce by the display of the flag in distant lands. The institution of hydrographic research and the surveys of the highways of the oceans and the coasts of their own and friendly countries had facilitated trade expansion. The inadequacy of their number at the outbreak of the Rebellion was responsible for the practical annihilation of the merchant marine; but when a large fleet was gathered they nobly did their share of the exhausting work which the preservation of the Union imposed.

A reduction of the naval force when the Rebellion terminated was then inevitable, for an unmilitary people like the United States was conscious of no desire or need for immense fleets. To cope with the tremendous task which the Rebellion set the North, Secretary of the Navy Welles constructed or began the construction of 208 war vessels and purchased 418 ships of the merchant marine. An inventory of the navy when hostilities ceased showed that most of these ships were unfit for war purposes, either because of the use of unseasoned timber, of structural defects, or of hasty construction, and they were sold. Some of the best ships were, however, wisely retained. But the Nation was eager to lay aside its arms and turn to the solution of the problem of reconstruction and the development of its internal resources. It was enough that when ships were needed they had been acquired. Appropriations were voted to some extent for maintenance, but not for increase. Nor, at a time when a navy could be rendered obsolete by the invention of an improvement in an instrument of war, was the policy without some justification from an economical point of view, though involving a good deal of risk to a country the foreign trade of which had begun to recover from the

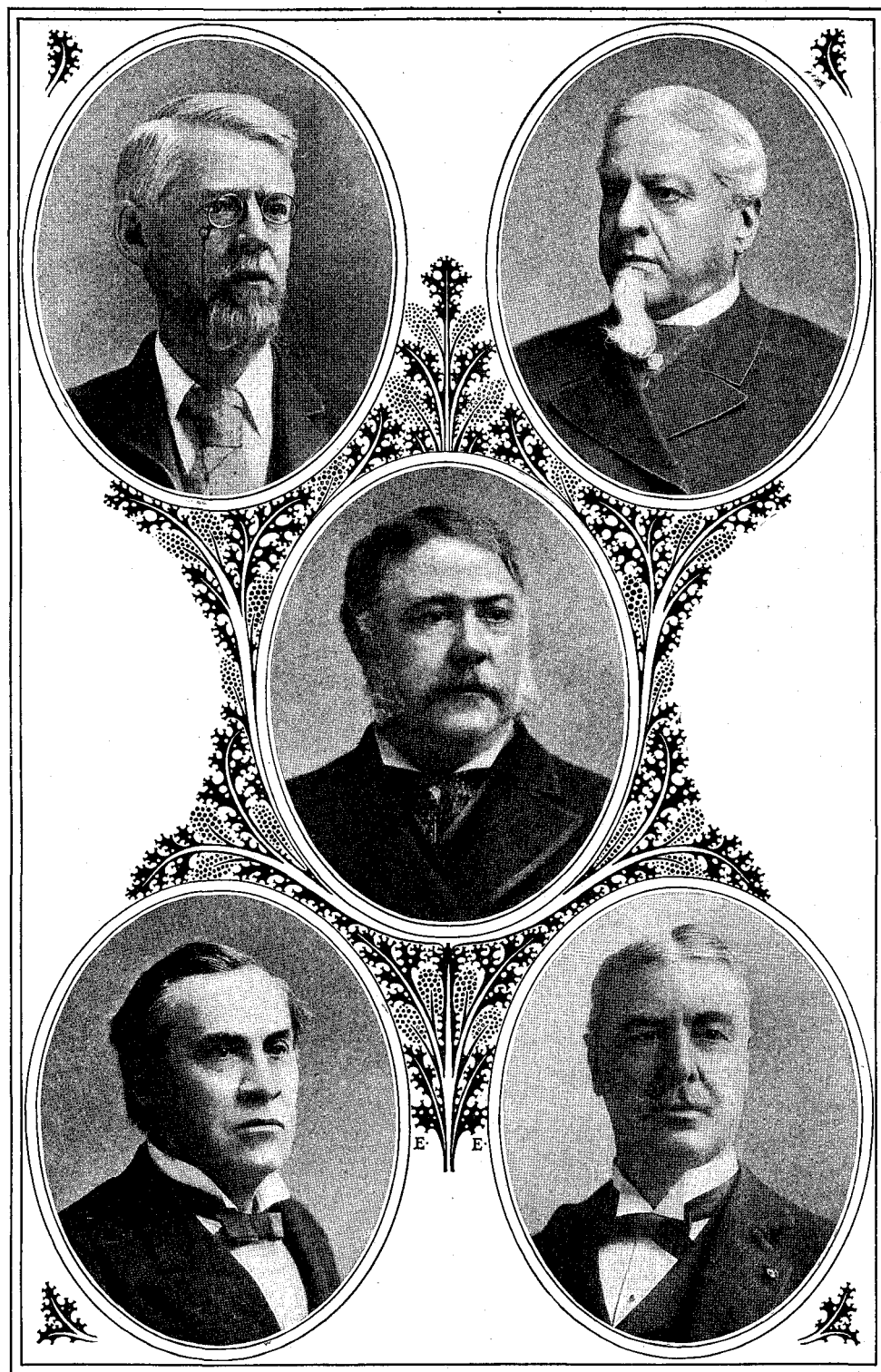
injuries war had dealt it and the contact of which with foreign nations furnished many points of friction. The Alabama claims were a fruitful source of contention with Great Britain. The Virginian affair almost precipitated war with Spain and caused the mobilization in southern waters of a fleet which consisted in great part of antiquated and rotting ships and gave no promise of the splendid possibilities of the magnificent squadron assembled at Key West a quarter of a century later for its now historic dash on Cuba. The revolution in Cuba known as the Ten Years' War caused great injury to American life, American property, and American trade, and there prevailed in this country, to Spain's intense indignation, that keen sympathy for the rebels which our people are always inclined to extend to a people striving to be free. The lack of an efficient navy also caused some embarrassment in dealing with French pretensions in connection with the Panama Canal.

Geographical situation has been and is a strategic advantage of the greatest importance to the United States. Our compact coast line and absence of interest in foreign waters caused the early naval builders of our country to decide not to imitate Great Britain and France in the construction of large and costly fleets, but to assemble a force which should comprise ships of the very best types in their respective classes. This policy produced results dear to every patriotic heart. By their victories, American frigates proved their superiority in sailing qualities and armament. To the United States belongs the credit of first recognizing the value of steam for war purposes, and, in spite of strenuous opposition, war-ships propelled by this new motive power were added to the navy.

A voluntary exile from his native country and finding England inhospitable to his inventions, Ericsson came to the United States and produced the first effective screw-propeller man-of-war—the Princeton. With her machinery below the water-line and consequently safe from an enemy's fire, the Princeton marked a long step in advance in naval construction. The nations of Europe, as they had done before, followed America's lead. Great Britain discarded her wooden

sailing ships and constructed a fleet of wooden steamers. The heat of the boilers and engines caused dry rot, and many of the ships were worn out after three years' service. The "wooden walls of England" were tottering. Then came the iron ship, with its power of resistance to the gun in use, and Great Britain hastened to provide herself with this latest type of naval development. But the machinery required for the propulsion of these awkward craft occupied so much space that the amount of coal which their bunkers accommodated was sufficient for only six days' steaming. The restless spirit of invention produced the compound engine, which was compact, consumed comparatively little coal, and was capable of driving a ship at the same speed with greater economy. The armored ship, a slightly earlier advance in naval construction, was a device of the American genius of war, but the French were the first to show its practical value. The need of this type of craft was demonstrated by the Ericsson wrought-iron gun and by the battle of Sinope, in which Russian ships, using explosive shell, set on fire and destroyed a Turkish squadron which fired only solid shot. In the Crimean War France sent floating batteries, protected by four and one-half inches of iron, against the Russian forts at Kinburn. Though hulled repeatedly, the vessels sustained no damage except slight dents in their stout metal plates. Having developed armor which could resist the gun, attention was in turn given to the construction of a gun which could perforate the armor. The thickness of the plates was increased. The caliber of the gun kept pace with it. Soon the weight of the armor was so great that the ships became unwieldy. The gun was transformed from a smooth-bore into a rifled weapon, by this means giving higher velocity, a flatter trajectory, and greater accuracy to the heavier projectile—essential requisites of penetration. Rapidity of fire was obtained by the introduction of the breech-loading system. The gun retained the advantage, but its superiority only emphasized the necessity of protection.

The gun was still in the muzzle-loading stage in the United States navy when the first battle of iron ship against iron ship occurred. The Merrimac and the



WILLIAM E. CHANDLER
Secretary of the Navy under Arthur.

W. H. HUNT
Secretary of the Navy under Garfield.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR
In whose administration the New Navy was born.

BENJAMIN W. HARRIS
Chairman of the Naval Committee under Arthur.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN RODGERS
President of Secretary Hunt's Naval Advisory Board.

Monitor were the contestants in this historic struggle. It was a duel of prime national importance. From an international point of view, however, it possessed far greater significance. Before the appearance of the Monitor, the Merrimac had destroyed the Congress and the Cumberland, and had by her victory demonstrated that the era of the wooden sailing ship had closed and the era of ironclad steamers had begun. The action with the Monitor showed that ironclad must fight ironclad in order to retain physical equality. These astounding conclusions forced the immediate construction by Europe of new and more powerful navies. Commenting editorially upon the effect of the battle, the London "Times" said:

Whereas we [Great Britain] had available for immediate service 149 first-class war-ships, we now have two, these two being the Warrior and her sister the Ironsides. There is now not a ship in the English navy apart from these two that it would not be madness to trust to an engagement with that little Monitor.

Iron is the link between wood and steel in naval construction; its quick passage from use as the material for the construction of hulls and the protection of ships was due to the development of the gun and the demonstrated superiority of steel. The latter metal possesses greater tensile strength and ductility, and furnished increased immunity from damage by grounding or collision. A competitive test of iron and steel plates at Spezzia, Italy, proved that steel was the future metal of ship protection.

Improvement had succeeded improvement with such bewildering rapidity as to provoke grave doubts and the widest difference of opinion among American naval experts. This was one of the important reasons for the failure of Congress to appropriate money for new men-of-war even when the country was confronted with the danger of strained relations with Great Britain, Spain, and France. The diverse views which were expressed formed the basis for humorous criticism in the House of Representatives when the question of authorizing the first ships of the new navy was under discussion. Representative Belford, of Colorado, remarked that the debate reminded him of a sermon he once heard delivered by a distinguished African preacher.

"Brethren," began the minister, 'we

have assembled here on the sacred Sabbath Day to discuss great and sacred questions. In the first place, I will proceed to discuss some matters about which I know a little and you know nothing. In the second place, I will proceed to discuss matters concerning which you know a little and I know nothing. We will then conclude with elaborate dissertations on questions about which none of us know anything.'

Mr. Belford's ridicule was not entirely deserved, for there were members of the House and many citizens who fully appreciated the utterly inefficient condition of the navy and who sought to have the remedy promptly administered. They had observed with grave disapproval the parsimonious policy of Congress which had forced the Navy Department, in order to maintain its service, to resort to the subterfuge of rebuilding men-of-war under their old names and paying for their construction out of the appropriation for "repairs" and with moneys obtained from the sale of condemned ships. This action on the part of Mr. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy in President Grant's administration, was not altogether without the patriotic motive of preparing for possible foreign war, but it subjected him to severe attack by the opposition majority in the House of Representatives. During the Hayes administration the country learned with dismay that the navy was inferior to that of any European and at least one South American Power, and that little Chili, triumphant over Peru, could send her Almirante Cochrane and captured Huascar against San Francisco and the United States would be unable to repel them. An examination of our navy list of 1879 shows that there were five steam vessels classed as first-rates, which had been built twenty-five years before and which were then obsolete and practically useless as men-of-war; twenty-seven second-rates, of which three lay on the stocks, rotten and worthless, seven were in ordinary unfit for repair, and only nine were actually in condition for sea duty; twenty-nine third-rate steam vessels, of which fifteen only were valuable for naval purposes; six fourth-rate steam vessels, none of which was of account as a war-ship; twenty-two sailing vessels, but five of which could even navigate the sea; twenty-four iron-

clads, fourteen of which were ready for effective service; and two torpedo vessels, one of which was described as "rather heavy for a torpedo vessel, not working so handily as is desirable for that purpose," and the other, known as the Alarm, was in the experimental stage. During my administration the Alarm was sold as old iron. Of the 142 vessels which comprised the navy when Mr. Hayes was President, but forty-eight were available for immediate service and sixty-nine capable of carrying guns and fighting in defense of the country. In the entire navy there was not a single high-power, long-range rifled gun! Congress passed a law in 1883 prohibiting the repairing of any wooden man-of-war the expense of which should be more than twenty per cent. of the cost of the construction of a new ship of the same type and displacement. The operation of this law caused forty-six vessels to be immediately dropped from the service. Congress subsequently directed that no wooden vessel should be repaired when the cost of repairs was in excess of ten per cent. The observance of this policy has removed from the navy list many of the old ships of memorable achievements, and an examination of the register to-day shows the names of but a few of the mighty fighters of the past. Those still carried on the register are used as training or receiving ships. The double-turreted monitors Puritan, Miantonomoh, Terror, Amphitrite, and Monadnock, reconstructed as a part of the new navy, are the only vessels laid down in the period of iron and wood which are capable of rendering effective service.

The birth of the new navy occurred in the administration of President Arthur. "I cannot too strongly urge upon you my conviction," he said in his first annual message, "that every consideration of National safety, economy, and honor imperatively demands a thorough rehabilitation of the navy." Secretary of the Navy Hunt reinforced this utterance by stating in his annual report that it was a "source of mortification to our officers and fellow-countrymen generally that our vessels of war should stand in such mean contrast alongside of those of other and inferior Powers," and he asserted that the matter required the "prompt and earnest atten-

tion of Congress." Two months later Secretary Hunt made a still stronger appeal to the House Naval Committee. "The creation of a navy," he said, "is a subject which naturally attracts present attention, from the fact that our relations on the Isthmus and our interests may be said to have reached a critical point. It seems to be the pretty well settled opinion of our people that we cannot afford to give up the right of free way across the Isthmus to any foreign power. It seems to be well settled that with our vast possessions on the Pacific, increasing rapidly in population as they are—in population and development—we should have some sure mode of communication across that Isthmus which we may call our own, and which we must, at least for a time, manifest the ability to protect. In order to afford such protection, the construction of the nucleus of a new navy obviously becomes an imperative necessity."

The country was ripe for the recommendations of the President and the Secretary of the Navy. With a unanimity both surprising and gratifying to the Administration, the press supported the recommendations, and in so doing it reflected the real sentiment of the people. Before making any suggestions for the reconstruction of the navy, Secretary Hunt had previously, with the approval of President Garfield, appointed the Naval Advisory Board, which was directed to prepare a "practical and plain statement of the pressing need of appropriate vessels in the service at the present time." This Board comprised some of the ablest officers of the navy. They were: Rear-Admiral John Rodgers, President; Commodore William G. Temple, Captain P. C. Johnson, Captain K. R. Breeze, Commander H. L. Howison, Commander R. D. Evans, Commander A. S. Crowninshield, Lieutenant M. R. S. Mackenzie, Lieutenant Edward W. Very, Chief Engineer B. F. Isherwood, Chief Engineer C. A. Loring, Passed Assistant Engineer C. H. Manning, Naval Constructor John Lenthall, Naval Constructor Theodore D. Wilson, and Naval Constructor Philip Hichborn. Credit belongs to this Board, not only for the part it played in the regeneration of the navy, but for its recommendation that steel be used as the material for the hulls of men-of-war—a

recommendation that facilitated the development of one of the greatest of American industries.

The navy list of 1881 was scanned by the Advisory Board, and it reported that of the sixty-one unarmored cruising vessels composing the apparent effective force of the service, but thirty-two were available or could be made so at a cost low enough to warrant the expenditure. The necessities of the country required, in the opinion of the Board, the watchful care of seventy cruising vessels, and it recommended that thirty-eight unarmored cruisers should be built. It also advocated the construction of five steel rams, five torpedo gunboats, ten cruising torpedo-boats, and ten harbor torpedo-boats. Of the vessels of the cruiser type, it proposed that eighteen should be of steel and twenty of wood. The recommendation that steel be used for some of the projected ships was strenuously opposed—strangely enough—by Naval Constructors Lenthall, Wilson, and Hichborn, and Chief Engineer Isherwood. The majority advocated it because of “the impetus that such a step would give to the general development of steel manufacture in this country,” and “for the reputation and material advantage of the United States it is of prime necessity that in this country, where every other industry is developing with gigantic strides, a bold and decided step should be taken to win back our former prestige as the best ship-builders of the world.” The minority were not as optimistic as their brother officers. They urged that iron be used instead of steel because the material sold for steel was simply a high quality of iron made at greatly increased cost from cast ingots. The report of the minority is interesting as showing the view taken by many people of the American steel industry.

“We assume,” it stated, “that the great National vessels proposed are to be constructed of materials manufactured in the United States, and not imported from Great Britain. Before this material could be constructed of this mild steel, the manufacture of that material would have to be created in this country; enormous plants, at correspondingly great cost, would have to be obtained, and workmen would have to be educated to their use; also, as there is now no demand for this kind of steel for ship-building in the United

States, the cost of educating the workmen and creating the plant to produce it would have to be entirely borne by the few naval vessels that might be constructed of it. Should mild steel be insisted on for the hulls of these vessels, the contracts for it would probably fall into the hands of a few middlemen or speculators, who, instead of having it manufactured here, would import it, while receiving for it an excessive price, based on what would be the reasonable cost of its manufacture here. Under these circumstances no reasonable approximation can be made of the increased cost of our vessels if built of mild steel instead of iron, but evidently the increase would be very great.”

How different is the result from that anticipated by the gentlemen who signed the above statement! At the time the report was made the United States ranked as the second country, and, it was claimed, the first, in the extent of its steel manufactures. Certainly to-day no nation in the world can compete with it in this industry. American rails may be said to gird the earth; American steel bridges span the rivers of Europe, of Asia, and of South America; American machinery is used in every country. In 1880 there were 140,798 persons employed in the iron and steel industry of the United States. Twenty years later this number had increased to 226,161. The value of the iron and steel products in 1880 was \$296,557,685; in 1900 it was \$835,759,034. The navy has played no inconsiderable part in the development of this gigantic industrial movement, which is another evidence of its close relation to the development of the industrial lines of peace.

The recommendation of the majority of the Naval Advisory Board limited the use of steel to eighteen vessels. The House Committee on Naval Affairs went even further. Congress had received with every evidence of gratification the recommendations of the President and Secretary Hunt. In the elections of 1880 the Republican party had succeeded in wresting from the Democrats the control of the House, which the latter had held since 1875. It is a tribute to the wisdom of the party that its representatives placed behind them all memory of the policy of fault-finding with the navy which their

political opponents had observed, and addressed themselves to the work which the country considered so essential and to which the President had invited particular attention. One of the important results of the change of complexion of the House, so far as the navy was concerned, was the assignment of Benjamin W. Harris, of Massachusetts, to the chairmanship of the Naval Committee. Mr. Harris was a close student of naval affairs and an untiring worker. He had entered the Forty-third Congress, and in the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-sixth Congresses had served as a member of the minority of the Naval Committee. His thorough knowledge of matters before it and his consequent equipment for debate caused him to become the leader of his party in replying to attacks upon the Republican administration of the navy. Indeed, his Democratic colleagues on the Committee worked with him, when the control of the House passed to the Republicans, to achieve the rehabilitation of the service. As Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Harris labored zealously. He and other members of the Committee made a careful investigation of the condition and needs of the navy, and, after the receipt of the report of the Advisory Board, conducted a special inquiry into the iron and steel manufacturing industry, the commercial expansion of the United States, and the ship-building industry. Prepared by the facts thus collected, the Committee, in a report which its Chairman submitted to the House in March, 1882, announced that no maritime nation was less able to wage war than the United States. Steel was recommended "without hesitation or doubt" as the "only proper material for the construction of vessels of war." The Committee was not willing to advocate the adoption of the entire ship-building programme of the Advisory Board—probably on the ground that it was not expedient as a matter of parliamentary success to ask so much—but urged Congress to appropriate for the construction of two cruisers capable of an average speed of fifteen knots, four cruisers capable of an average speed of fourteen knots, and one steel ram. The Advisory Board had recommended that five rams be authorized, but the Committee was not disposed to advocate the

building of more than one, because it considered the type experimental. The failure of the *Katahdin*, the name given to the ram built, furnishes evidence of the excellent judgment of the Committee.

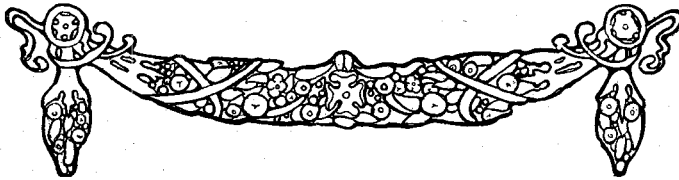
Congress was not even prepared to go to the extent in increase advocated by the Committee. The Act of August 5, 1882 (the Hon. William E. Chandler having then become Secretary of the Navy), which act may be said to be the measure which brought the new navy into existence, provided for only "two steam cruising vessels of war . . . to be constructed of steel of domestic manufacture . . . said vessels to be provided with full sail-power and full steam-power. One of said vessels shall be of not less than five thousand nor more than six thousand tons displacement, and shall have the highest attainable speed; . . . one of said vessels shall be of not less than four thousand three hundred nor more than four thousand tons displacement." No appropriation was made for carrying this act into effect, and, besides, what is known as the Second Naval Advisory Board, organized in accordance with another provision of the same law, recommended that the larger ship be not built, on the ground that such a vessel was not then necessary, and that it would be advisable to begin the new navy with ships of moderate tonnage. The Board suggested that Congress authorize the construction of five vessels—one of about 4,000 tons and three of about 2,500 tons, to be built of steel, and one iron despatch-boat of about 1,500 tons. At the second session of the Forty-seventh Congress an Act was passed, approved March 3, 1883, which provided for the construction of the several vessels recommended by the Board, with the exception of one of the medium-sized steel cruisers. That Congress fully intended that the private enterprises of the country interested in ship construction should participate in the industrial advantages connected with the building of the new navy is shown by the provision in the act of authorization that the Secretary of the Navy "shall invite proposals from all American ship-builders whose ship-yards are fully equipped for building or repairing iron or steel steamships, and constructors of marine engines, machinery, and boilers."

The ships constructed under this Act

were the Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, and Dolphin. In the war with Spain the Chicago and Atlanta were undergoing repairs; the Boston participated with other ships of Dewey's command in effecting the destruction of Spanish power in the Far East; and the Dolphin performed blockade service in Cuban waters. These vessels exercised, however, a far more important influence than that growing out of participation in war. Their construction entirely of American material furnished employment for hundreds of men and distributed several millions of dollars among the people. Furthermore, they marked the resumption of the old policy of the United States of providing itself

with the best weapons of defense, and gave commerce practical assurance of protection in its future operations and exploitation; and American citizens promise of defense of their lives and interests in foreign lands. At the time of their completion there had been a change in the political administration, and one of the least creditable acts of the first Cleveland administration was its unjust depreciation of some of them—a depreciation which, by their splendid record of long and efficient service, has been shown to have been utterly unfounded or founded only on mistaken partisanship.

The New American Navy—a lusty youngster—was born.



“The Blackbird”

By Moira O'Neill

[Lines written to an old Irish melody]

There' a bird that sings in the Narrow Glen,
 The brave black bird with a golden bill,
 He'll call me afther him, an' then
 He'll flit, an' lave me still.
 A bird I had was one'st my own,
 Oh dear my *Colleen Dhu* to me!
 My nest is cold, my bird has flown—
 An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh never think I'll tell her name,
 I'll only sing that her heart was true:
 My blackbird! ne'er a thing's the same
 Since I was losin' you.
 'Tis lonesome in the Narrow Glen,
 An' rain drops heavy from the tree;
 But whiles I'll think I hear her when
 The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
 Her image all its child shall be,
 My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest
 The care that's wasting me.
 A Night of Sleep shall end my pain,
 A sunny Morn shall set me free,
 An' when I wake I'll hear again
 My blackbird sing to me.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

George B. Cortelyou

Mr. Cortelyou has filled the increasingly important office of Private Secretary to Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt with distinction. He has been mentioned by the daily papers as the probable head of the proposed new Department of Commerce.

An Artist's Impressions of Malta

By Ernest C. Peixotto

With Pictures by the Author



THE Mediterranean lies flat to the horizon. Swirling cirrus-clouds, catching the first flush of early morning, cast a rosy tint upon the water. A richer flush in the sky—then a golden glow, and the sun shows an edge above the sea. Slowly it unfolds its fiery rim, until, increasing in intensity, it leaves the water's edge. Glints of golden

light dance down the waves—down to the Asia's side—and warm sunbeams temper the keenness of the frosty wind.

Morning mists gather round a long, low, gleaming streak on the far horizon, the only object to catch the eye in all this waste of waters: the chalky cliffs of Malta—one of the bulwarks of England's strength; with Gibraltar and Port Saïd, the key to the Mediterranean.

As we approach the shore, Valetta's mass detaches from surrounding promontories. Vapory clouds, chased by the moist *sciocco*, float vague shadows over its dazzling houses, emphasizing first one silhouette, then another. Six British soldiers, in khaki, on the forward deck, watch their future home with interest. Two openings in the coast present themselves, one on each side of Valetta, and our steamer, heading between the casemates of St. Elmo and Fort Ricasoli, enters the Great Harbor.

The spacious bay seems narrow, so towering are the masses of construction that surround it. Nature is buried under mountains of masonry. On all sides ramparts and bastions, houses and arcades, and yet more houses, press one upon another's shoulders up to the very heavens. The mind is appalled at this colossal work of man, at these piles of buildings whose powdery whiteness dazzles the eye. Behind each crenelated headland lurks a man-of-war. In the smaller bays around

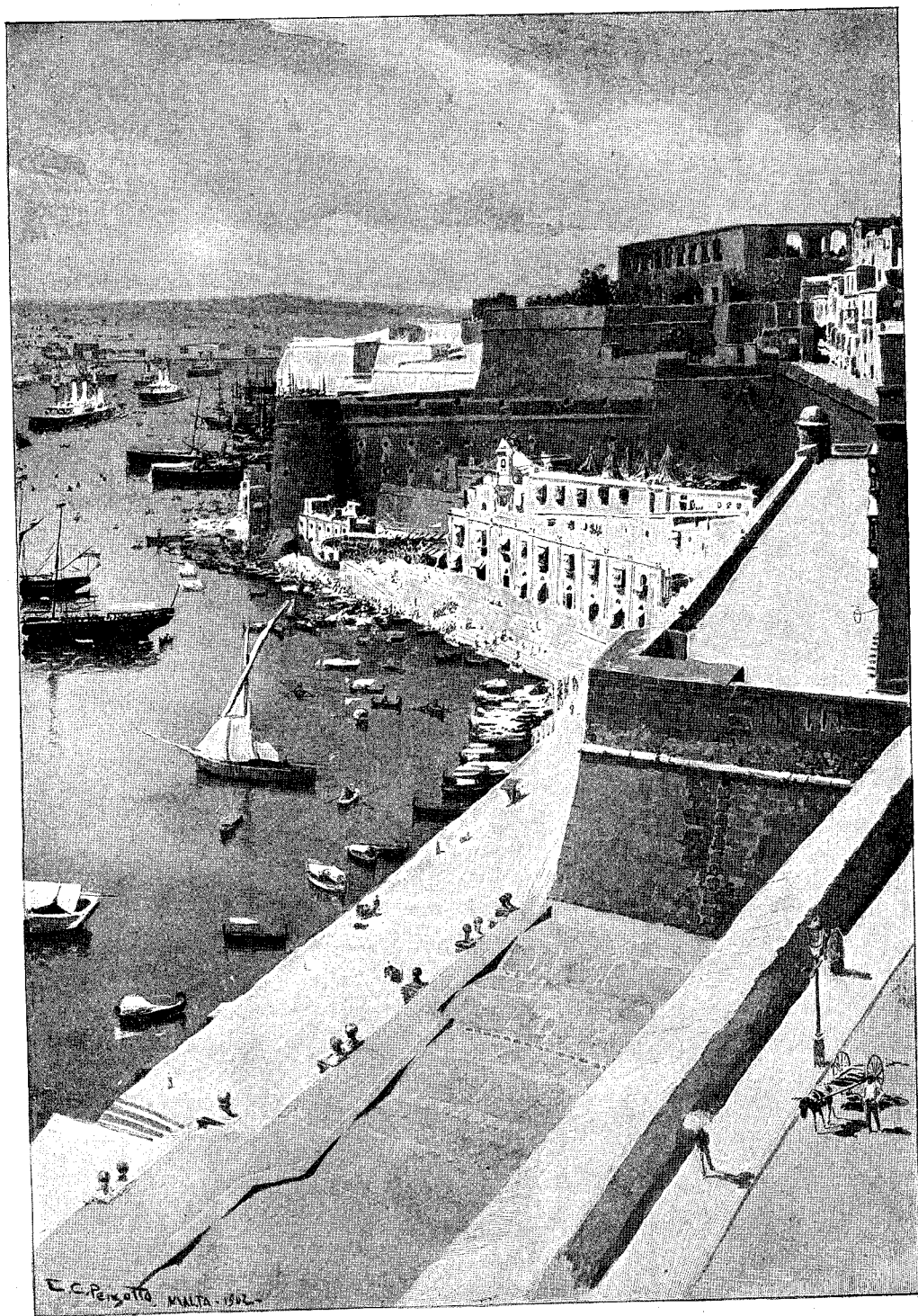
the Borgo, troop-ships and training-ships, cruisers and gunboats, transports and colliers, crowd round naval arsenals and dockyards. Down the center of the bay line England's biggest battle-ships—a dozen of them—their bands playing for morning parade, their decks swarming with "Jackies." We steam slowly past the *Renown*, the flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron, proudly floating at her masthead Admiral Sir John Fisher's flag, the red cross of St. George.

Farther down the harbor, Floriana's mass looms up behind the immense bastions of Fort Lascaris. Everywhere is the same impression of indomitable strength—of a city built for resistance—of a fortress rendered impregnable by every art of war, by centuries of labor.

And the animation upon the water! How can one depict it? The *dghaisas* give the dominant note—native boats like gondolas, not black, however, and slender like their Venetian sisters, but stocky, and striped and painted in many colors. Their rowers stand facing the prow, and propel their heavy craft with surprising rapidity. These boats, everywhere, dart in and out among puffing launches from the war-ships and gigs, manned by trim blue-jackets; among fishing-smacks with lateen sails, and tugs towing long lines of coal-barges. Under the protecting guns of the Upper Barracca lie the merchant craft, moored calm and quiet, as befits such vessels, their cranes swinging to and fro.

The *Asia* has now slowed down; the quarantine officer has come over the side, and, in the smoking-room, has made each passenger take oath that he has not been in Egypt within ten days—for cholera is signaled there.

After an hour's delay our luggage is lowered over the side into a stout *dghaisa*. Two sun-baked sons of Malta speed us over the ruffled water. The sun peeps in and out behind the scurrying clouds. We dodge around the larger craft, and in a few moments are at the landing-steps, where the bustle is indescribable. Crowds are clamoring to be ferried over to the



VALETTA—THE GREAT HARBOR FROM THE LOWER BARRACCA

Borgo and the navy arsenal; other crowds, equally impatient, await their turn to land. The boatmen yell and gesticulate, while trying to keep their craft from scraping on the big stone steps.

After the usual formalities at the custom-house, we are given over to the mercy of a horde of squabbling cabmen. In a daze we rattle past the fish-market, with its motley crowd of every nationality, then rumble over a drawbridge and through the Victoria Gate.

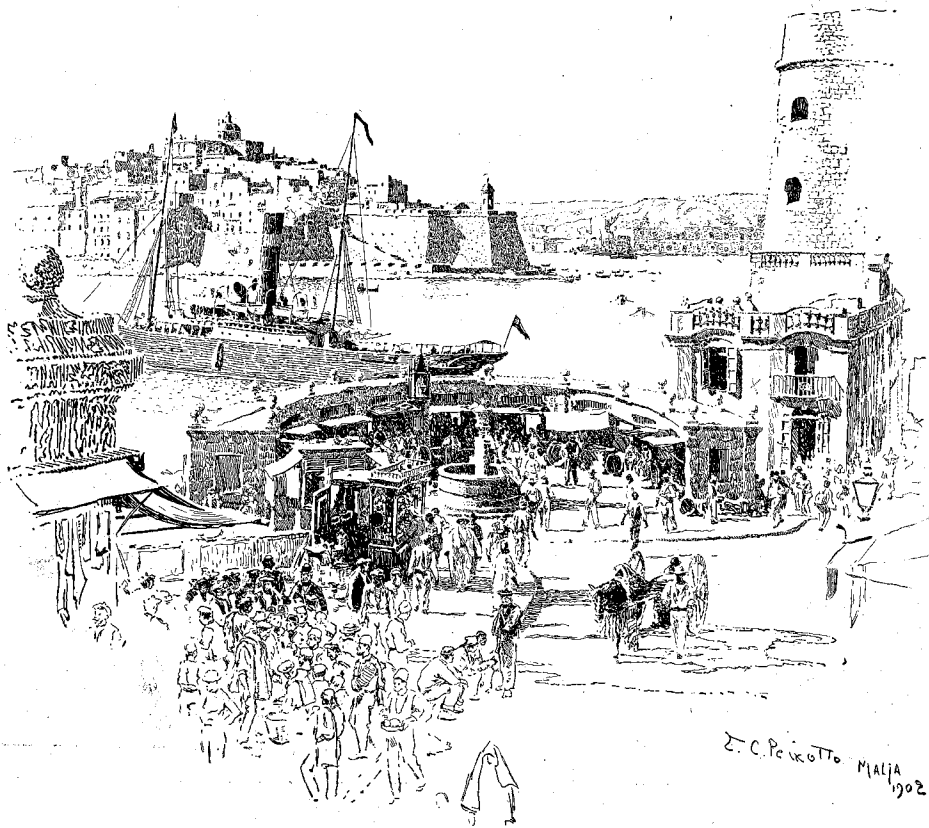
Valetta's streets are busy—almost as busy as the waters of the bay. The main thoroughfares are nearly level, running straight along the crest of the hill, but the cross-streets pitch steep down to the harbors on each side, and are often disposed in steps, their incline is so rapid. The houses are high, flat-roofed, and provided with the balconies that form the leading characteristic of Maltese architecture—balconies roofed over and inclosed by windows and shutters, so arranged as to control the currents of air let in to refresh

the inner apartments—a sort of Moorish *moncharbis*, behind whose blinds the quick glance of a pair of black eyes is often caught.

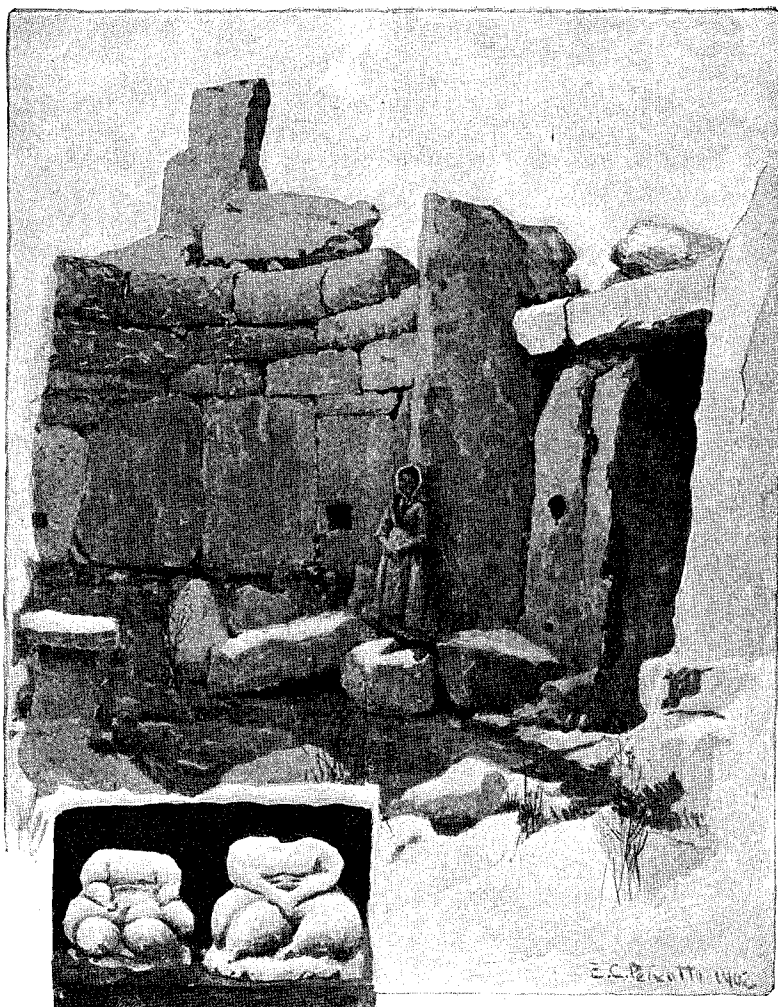
At street corners statues of saints of heroic size, with lighted lamps before them, recall the narrow streets of Naples.

Now and then we pass a big palace—quite sure to be an Auberge of the Knights of one of the seven *langues*—buildings in no way reminiscent of a wayside tavern, as their name would imply, but huge palazzi in a pompous Italian style, with great trophies and escutcheons over the doorways. Now, instead of housing haughty members of the Order—the proud Castilian, the fiery Provençal, the dark Italian, or the blond-bearded German—one Auberge is used by the artillery mess, another by the engineer corps, a third by the Admiralty, while the Auberge de Provence, with its magnificent hall, is now the home of the Malta Union Club.

The Maltese women still wear the *faldetta*, a garment whose somber shadow



THE FISH MARKET WITH ITS MOTLEY CROWD



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HAGIAR-KIM

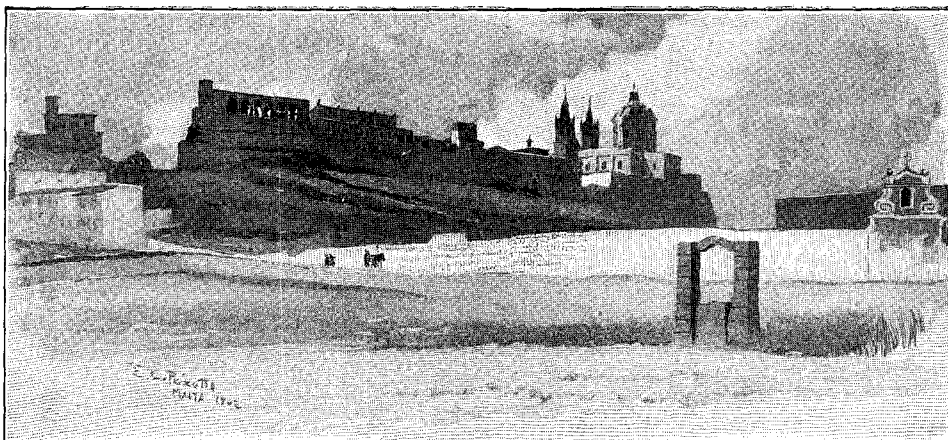
With two of the "Kabiri" or gods.

imparts to them a certain demureness and sobriety. Imagine a great hood of black silk falling to the knee, gathered fanwise on one side of the head and whaleboned out on the other into a full sweeping curve. In this mantle the women drape themselves—gather it round them in the wind, tilt it to ward off the sun's hot rays, or to screen their dark glances; in its ample folds they carry the market-basket or a child whose face peeps out from its black depths. No Maltese woman ever is seen without it. Several came over on our steamer from Sicily, and donned their faldette as soon as we entered port.

The Maltese men wear no distinctive costume, but the streets present the usual

mixed population of Mediterranean ports: Sicilians in yellow kerchiefs and embroidered belts; Arabs and Beduins from Tunis and Tripoli in bournous and gandurah; Greeks and Turks and Neapolitans.

Our carriage swings round a corner and enters St. George's Square, with the Governor's palace on one side and the guardhouse on the other. Before the sentry-box, in the blazing sun, stiff as though made of wood, but neat and smart, a redcoat sentinel stands guard for the King. Under the portico on a stone seat lounge a half-dozen of his comrades. The Strada Reale, broad and straight, leads hence to the Porta Reale, Valetta's main gate, and its only exit to the country. The Strada Reale is a busy



CITTÀ VECCHIA

street, and in its attractive shops we admire exquisite Maltese laces, renowned for centuries and now coming much into vogue.

As we walked out on the Upper Barracca and the five bays opened at our feet; as we looked down into the fathomless moat, hewn in the solid rock from harbor to harbor by the labor of thousands of Turkish slaves; and as, turning in the other direction, we looked toward the mouth of the harbor and the deep blue sea, I was tempted to sketch. I had been at work but five minutes when I caught the eye of a sentry a hundred feet below, on top of Fort Lascaris. Just three minutes later, looking round, I saw two big troopers of the Royal Malta Artillery, who, saluting, politely requested to see my permit! I had not thought of that. As I afterwards found out again and again, every inch of Valetta is under strict military supervision, and sketching is allowed only by special permission of the Governor. My name and address were duly taken, and politely but firmly I was told it must not occur again until a permit was issued.

After luncheon we drove out to see our friends, the C—s, who have a beautiful villa in the country.

On leaving the city gate we remarked the gigantic defenses on the land side of Valetta—moat and abacus and glacis and scarps and counterscarps hundreds of feet in length. Passing through the outer gate, we entered the country—if country it can be called, where even in May only an occasional patch of green

rejoices the eye, where whitish trees line roads deep-powdered with a creamy dust. Even here on the glacis the tents of British soldiers are pitched.

Mr. C— is, I believe, the only American resident of Malta. His villa is one of the most beautiful homes on the island. Seven broad terraces of olive, orange, and lemon trees ascend from the water's edge to a spacious pergola, several hundred feet in length, overgrown with roses and trumpet-vine, and masses of gorgeous purple bougainvillea. The house itself savors of the Spanish—low and rambling—with salon after salon filled with souvenirs of the days of the Knights, with silver of rare workmanship, with portraits of Grand Masters in flowing robes with crosses of St. John upon their breasts. Among pictures by Francia and Robusti, by Caravaggio and Preti, examples of Cropsey, Van Elten, and Bierstadt strike a strange note.

In the well-chosen library I refreshed my memory on the history of Malta, and as I looked from the window could read with new understanding of the heart-sinkings of l'Isle Adam and his brother knights on coming from the gardens of Rhodes to this desert island spot. Prescott's wonderful account of the great Siege took on a fresh interest when I could place St. Elmo, the old city, and the harbors where the swimmers fought in the water with their knives between their teeth. Even in so sober a historian the story reads like a recital of the Knights of the Round Table or the Paladins of Charlemagne. The courage of

Jean de la Valette, his determination in the face of all obstacles, his diplomacy and wisdom, fill the mind with admiration. And as the Valetta bells clang out in the distance in dire confusion, I imagine they are calling the people together on the 8th of September, the anniversary of the end of the Great Siege, when the Turk took to his ships and never again dared face the Knights of Christendom.

I could see the cortège as Prescott describes it—the whole body of the Knights and the people of the capital, walking in solemn procession, with the Grand Master at their head, to the Church of St. John. A knight in full armor bore on high the victorious Standard of the Order. By his side a page walked, carrying the gold-hilted sword, set with diamonds, presented by Philip II. of Spain to Jean de la Valette. As the procession entered the church the Standard was laid at the altar's foot, with a flourish of trumpets and the boom of cannon from the ramparts. The Knights filled the nave of the church, the chaplains and people stood within the chapels. At the reading of the Gospel, the Grand Master, taking the naked sword from the page, held it aloft as a sign that the Knights would ever battle for the Church.

And the same martial tone pervades St. John's Church to-day.

Its exterior, plain and sober as a fortress, in no way prepares one for the blaze of glory within. But once the portal crossed, arches and pillars gleam with the arms of Knights and Grand Masters, with the "pomp of her-

aldry," with trumpets and drums and cannon and floating banners. Il Calabrese's superb ceiling unrolls its glorious length of armored heroes, strangely mixed with figures of saints and angels. The chapel walls, incrusting with martial tombs, bear records of warlike deeds. The pavement, probably the most sumptuous in Europe, is formed by tombstones of Princes of the Order, slab touching slab the length and breadth of the church—one vast mosaic of emblazonment, of colored marbles and precious stones. The furnishings of the church are of the richest. Its crowning glory, however, is seldom seen by the traveler; it was, notwithstanding, our good fortune to behold it.

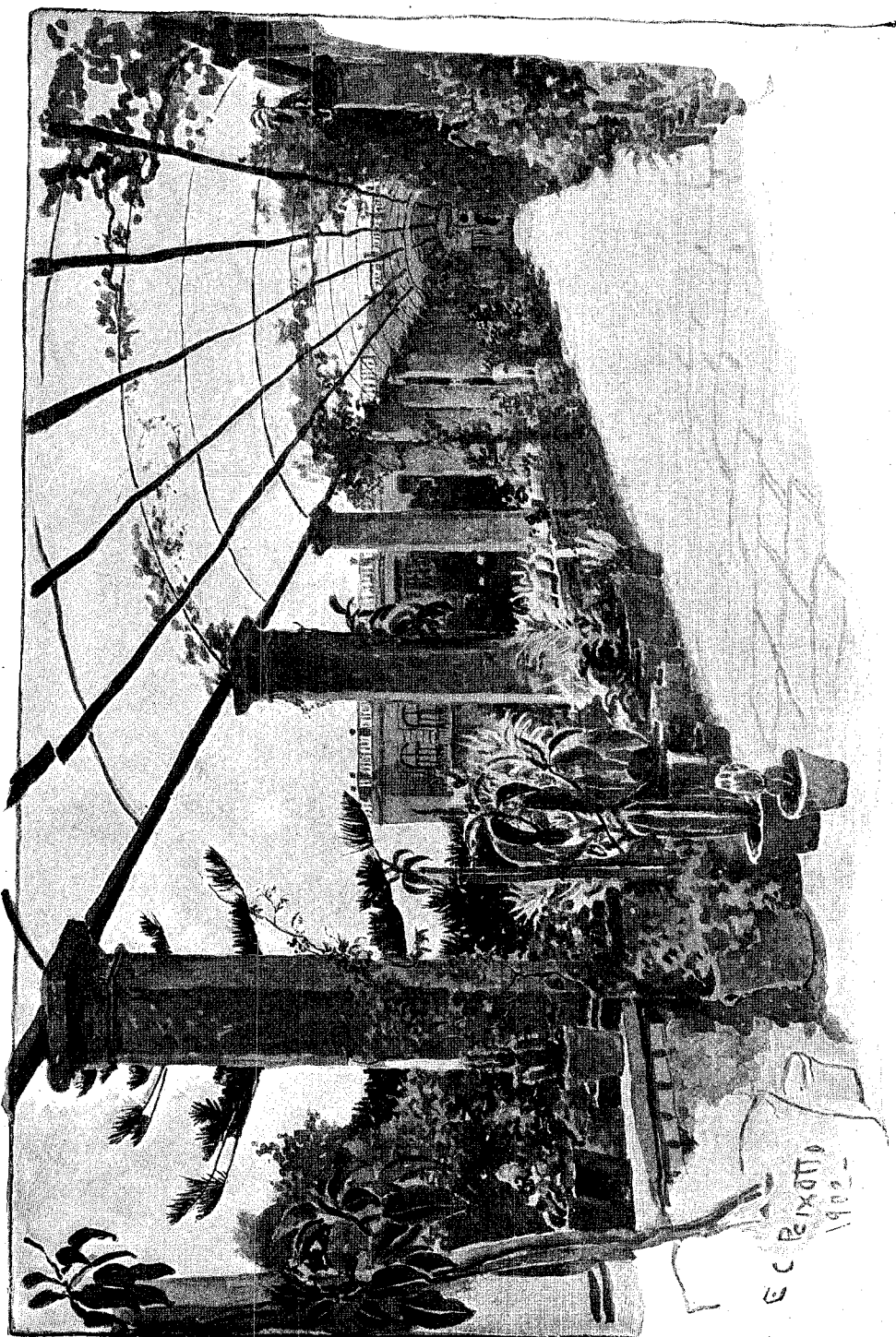
During our stay the Archbishop celebrated his jubilee—the fiftieth anniversary of the celebration of his first mass. For

this event a magnificent series of fêtes was organized, and for them the church was hung with tapestries woven for it in Flanders by the brothers De Vos—a series of pictures each more than twenty feet square, hanging the entire length of the nave and made to tone in perfect harmony with their surroundings.

On the day of the jubilee a special invitation admitted us to the nave. Imagine that nave in all its glory of color, filled with the representatives of Malta's social, political, and ecclesiastical life—officers of the army and navy in full dress, their scarlet coats rich with gold-lace; magistrates in flowing black gowns and white neckcloths; groups of Franciscan and Benedictine friars and Dominican brothers in black and



WOMAN WEARING THE FALDETTA



TERRACE OF A MALTESE VILLA

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white. Imagine the chapels packed to overflowing with a sea of Maltese faces. Imagine between the double pile of Maltese police a grand procession entering the church, amid a burst of music from the organ-loft and a chorus of many voices; lines of choir-boys, of clergy in rich robes edged with precious antique Malta laces; of mace-bearers in full-bottomed wigs and robes of purple and scarlet carrying huge maces of silver and gold; then the Chapter of St. John—abbots in white miters and robes of cloth of silver, followed by bishops in golden miters and robes of cloth of gold. Lastly, the Archbishop, alert and erect in spite of his age and his burden of embroidered vestments studded with precious stones, his sharp gray eyes turning right and left as he blesses the kneeling multitude. During the singing of the *Te Deum* a flutter runs over the congregation, and the Governor of Malta, Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, walks up the aisle to his raised dais opposite the Archbishop's throne. A fine type of British officer he is—straight in his tight-buttoned coat, simply trimmed with gold—a fine head, set bull-dog fashion well down into his shoulders, clean-featured and clear-eyed, with a nervous habit of biting at his mustache.

Mid clouds of incense, the chorus of many voices, the organ's pealing notes, the display of richest vestments, the solemn *Te Deum* is rendered, and at its close Governor and Archbishop walk from the church together.

In spite of these occasional official *rapprochements*, the English have not succeeded in making themselves any too popular with their Maltese subjects. Few Maltese have taken the trouble to learn the English language. Even the policemen can scarcely answer an English question. Much feeling has recently been caused by a decision to substitute officially English for the Italian language, to which the Maltese have been accustomed for centuries. Feeling has run so high that the natives refuse to commemorate the coronation of King Edward, their Council professing that they have more cause for tears than for rejoicing. English and Maltese mingle little socially, and there are but few mixed marriages.

Valetta is not the only considerable town in Malta. The original capital,

Città Vecchia, still crowns its hill-top some eight miles away. It can be reached by the carriage road or by a little railway running across the island,

Città Vecchia still justifies its second appellation, *La Notabile*, for even to-day it presents an imposing appearance, girdled with ramparts and crowned with the spires and domes of the Church of St. Paul. It is entered by crossing a deep moat now cultivated as a vegetable garden. The streets are wide for a mediæval city, and its houses, of a warm, golden hue, retain a certain air of grandeur, with their rows of spacious windows, their coroneted portals, and great doors ornamented with finely chiseled bronze knockers.

One day we drove to Hagiar-Kim—a temple, or rather two temples, built by the Phœnicians nearly four thousand years ago. Happily we had with us a friend, a man well able to describe these interesting remains—Monsignor D—. By his aid we were enabled to comprehend the strange arrangements of egg-shaped chambers, joining one upon the other, and the uses of holes to admit the oracle's voice—with a little closet behind where the "oracle" hid. He also pointed out to us mushroom-shaped altars for human sacrifices. The ruins are extensive, and are, I believe, the best preserved of their kind in existence. Their situation is desolate in the extreme; on the slopes of a stony waste of coast overlooking the African Sea, whose wild expanse is broken by but a single object—the rocky islet of Filfla—washed like some storm-tossed galley by the angry waters.

In the temple seven little sandstone figures have been found—the Kabiri, now preserved in the museum of Valetta—idols probably connected with the worship of abundance or fertility, devoid of heads, but with holes in the neck where a nodding head was inserted.

Malta boasts of other remarkable attractions for the archaeologist. Its southern and western shores are riddled with Phœnician tombs and dwellings. Some notable Roman remains—villas and early Christian catacombs—have recently been unearthed near *La Notabile*. There is St. Paul's Bay to be visited—where the Apostle landed after his shipwreck—and the cave in which he preached while the guest of Publius at Città Vecchia.

The Earl of Aberdeen¹

By Justin McCarthy

THE Earl of Aberdeen will always be associated in my mind with a most hopeful season of our political life, a season none the less cherished in memory and none the less auspicious because its hopes were doomed to temporary disappointment. That bright season was the time when Mr. Gladstone was endeavoring to carry out his policy of Home Rule for Ireland. I need hardly tell my American readers that Gladstone's policy was condemned to failure, partly because of a secession of Liberals who went over to the Conservative ranks for the purpose of opposing the measure, and then because of the attitude taken by the House of Lords, who, thus encouraged, rejected the bill after it had passed the House of Commons. The season, therefore, which I am now recalling to memory was that which came between Mr. Gladstone's promulgation of his Home Rule policy and the rejection of his second measure of Home Rule. The interval was one full of the brightest hopes for all true British Liberals and all Irish Nationalists. For the first time during my recollection, British Liberalism and Irish Nationalism were in true companionship and concord. We fraternized as English and Irish politicians had probably never fraternized before. On both sides we were filled with the fond belief that the disunion of Great Britain and Ireland was soon to come to an end, and that the true and lasting union of the two peoples would be accomplished by Gladstone's policy of giving to Ireland her national self-government. It was a season of much festivity in London, and the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament were welcome guests in all the great Liberals' houses. No figures are more thoroughly associated in my memory with that time than those of Lord Aberdeen and his gifted and noble-minded wife.

Lord Aberdeen is the grandson of that Earl of Aberdeen whose coalition ministry, a luckless effort at a temporary compromise between hostile political forces, came to a disastrous end during the Crimean War. The present Earl succeeded to the title in 1870. He was educated at the University of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, and afterwards at University College, Oxford. Lord Aberdeen was a Conservative in his political principles when he entered the House of Lords. But he had too much intellect and too much independence of mind to remain long in subserviency to the traditional creed of a mere party. He differed from his leaders on several important questions before he had fully seen his way to take up his position as a recognized member of the Liberal organization. Most of us who had followed his career thus far with any attention felt sure that the Conservatives would not long be able to keep such a man among their slow-going and unenlightened ranks, and no surprise was felt on either side when he took his natural place as a follower of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Aberdeen became an earnest advocate of the Home Rule policy, and all the noble influence that he and his wife could bring to bear publicly and privately was exerted in support of the cause. Then it was that I first came to know Lord and Lady Aberdeen. I have before me just now a book called "Notables of Britain," described on its title-page as "An Album of Portraits and Autographs of the Most Eminent Subjects of Her Majesty in the Sixtieth Year of Her Reign." This book was published at the office of the "Review of Reviews," and was understood to be the production of Mr. W. T. Stead. It contains an excellent full-length photograph of Lord Aberdeen, who, I may say, has a face and figure well worthy to be preserved by painter and photographer for the benefit of those who in coming days are interested in the notables of Britain. The portrait, like all the other portraits in the volume, is accompanied by an autograph line or two. Lord Aberdeen's written words seem to me pecul-

¹This forms the fifth of a series of articles on living British statesmen. The first, on Mr. Balfour, was printed in *The Outlook* for August 16; the second, on Lord Salisbury, in *The Outlook* for September 6; the third, on John Morley, in *The Outlook* for October 4; the fourth, on Henry Labouchere, in *The Outlook* for October 18. Other subjects of articles will be James Bryce, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir William Harcourt, John Burns.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

LORD ABERDEEN

ially characteristic of the writer's bright and hopeful spirit. I quote his words—the writing is clear and well formed:

I think this is a good motto:

"Transeunt nubes—manet cælum."

ABERDEEN.

The temper in which Lord Aberdeen conducted all his political intercourse during this period of promise was one of unchanging courage and hopefulness. He was one of the most active and ready among the supporters of Mr. Gladstone, and he found an untiring and invaluable companion in his charming wife. At that time we used to hold political gatherings in private houses as well as in public halls, and I have taken part in more than one Home Rule demonstration held in the private dwellings of some of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in office. We used to have many social meetings for the purpose of bringing Englishmen and Irishmen into close association. Even Parnell himself was prevailed upon to abandon for the time his rule of seclusion from society, and to meet Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer and other leading Englishmen at private dinner-parties. Lord Aberdeen was one of the most conspicuous and one of the most attractive figures in these political and social gatherings, and I could not, indeed, recall that period to memory for a moment without finding his figure photographed prominently in it. It was an interesting sight during all that time to see some of the most extreme and most aggressive members of the Irish Parliamentary party mingling in social life with British Peers and magnates who only a few years before would probably have regarded those Irish members as traitors to the Queen and fitting inmates of the prison cell. On the other hand, too, it must be said that only a very few years before the Irish Nationalist member who was known to make his appearance in the London drawing-rooms of English aristocracy would have been set down by the majority of his countrymen as a flunkey in spirit and a traitor to his cause. There was a time not long before when an Irish Nationalist member would have needed some courage to enable him to meet his constituents on election day if the local papers had made it known that he was in the habit of showing himself in the drawing-rooms of English Peers. All this

sudden and complete change had been brought about by the genius and policy of Gladstone when he came to see the true meaning and the true claims of the demand for Irish Home Rule. My memory goes back with a somewhat melancholy pleasure to those days of hope and confidence when the true union of Great Britain and Ireland seemed actually on the verge of consummation. Nor have I the slightest doubt that the lessons taught during that season will have their full influence once again when the period of reaction is over, and that Gladstone's policy of 1886 will come to life again before very long and will accomplish its work once for all.

In that year, 1886, Gladstone appointed Lord Aberdeen to the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The position was given to Lord Aberdeen with the frankly proclaimed purpose that he was to be the Lord-Lieutenant of a Home Rule policy, and, indeed, on no other conditions would Lord Aberdeen have consented to accept the office. Lord Aberdeen's short term of rule in Ireland was a complete success. There was not much that the most Liberal Lord-Lieutenant could do in the way of positive administration for the benefit of the island. There was already in existence a whole code of repressive legislation compiled during successive ages of despotic government, and this existing code it was not in the power of Lord Aberdeen or any other Viceroy to abolish or even to modify. All that the new Lord-Lieutenant could do in the way of political relief to the Irish people was to discourage as much as possible the too frequent application of the coercive laws and to make it known that the sympathies of the new Government were in favor of political freedom for Ireland, as well as for England and Scotland. Lord Aberdeen fulfilled this part of his public duty with a brave heart and with all the success possible to the task. Every one who had any acquaintance with the state of Ireland at the time must have known what difficulties were likely to be set in the way of Lord Aberdeen's endeavor to mitigate the severities of the coercion system. The most serious of those difficulties would in all probability have come from the permanent official staff in Dublin Castle. American readers in general can have but little idea as to the peculiarities of that singular

institution Dublin Castle, the center and fortress of Irish government. It has become, from generations of usage, a very bulwark against the progress of Irish national sentiment. The fresh current of feeling from the outside seems to make little impression on its stagnant and moldy atmosphere. It is ruled by tradition, and to that tradition belongs the rule of hostility to every popular feeling and every national demand. Lord Aberdeen had to encounter all the resistance which the dead weight of Dublin Castle's antiquated systems could bring to bear against his liberal and enlightened efforts at the pacification of the country. He carried out his purpose with unflinching resolve and unruffled temper, and, so far as the existing laws allowed him, he mitigated the harshnesses of the system under which Ireland had been governed since the Act of Union. But there was, of course, much more within Lord Aberdeen's capacity to accomplish than the mere mitigation of existing laws which it was not in his power to abolish. His presence and the entire conduct of his viceroyalty were as a proclamation to the Irish people that the whole sympathies of the Gladstone Government went with the national demands.

Then, indeed, a strange sight was to be seen in Dublin—the sight of a thoroughly popular welcome, a national welcome, given to the representative of English rule in Ireland. A new chapter in Irish history seemed to open, and the heart of Ireland was filled with hope. It is told of Swift that when Carteret, Earl Granville, was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Swift afterwards became one of Granville's close friends—he exclaimed in his sarcastic fashion that he could not understand why such a man should be appointed to such an office, and he thought the Government ought to keep on sending its bullies and blockheads just as before. A satirical Nationalist might have been expected to break forth into a similar expression of wonder when a man like Lord Aberdeen was sent to Ireland to carry on the rule of Dublin Castle. Lord Aberdeen and his wife made themselves popular everywhere among the Irish people, showed a living and a constant interest in everything that concerned the welfare of the population, and did all they could to break down the

long-existing barricades which made England and Ireland hostile nations. When Mr. Gladstone failed in carrying his Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons and his Government came to an end, Lord Aberdeen took his leave of Ireland amid demonstrations of popular regard, affection, and regret which must have deeply touched his generous heart. In 1893, when the Liberals were again in power, Lord Aberdeen was made Governor-General of Canada, and he held that position until 1898. His term of service in Canada was as successful as might have been expected, and the French as well as the other provinces looked up to him with admiration and gratitude. Then, for the time, his official career came to an end. In the interval between the Irish and the Canadian appointment Lord Aberdeen and his wife made a tour round the world, visiting on their way India and most of the British colonies. The name of Lady Aberdeen is associated with all great movements which have to do with the education and the general advancement of women, and with many good works undertaken for the benefit of the Irish peasantry. Lady Aberdeen, it should be said, is the youngest daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth, and is sister of the Lord Tweedmouth who, as Edward Marjoribanks, was so well known for a long time as one of the leading Whips of the Liberal party. Lady Aberdeen's name is Isabel Maria, and I may ask my American readers not to make the mistake, sometimes made even in England, of assuming her name to be the more familiar one of Isabel. She has always been one of the most prominent, influential, and graceful figures in English society, and every charitable association which deserves her support has the advantage of her help, her protection, and her guidance. I know from my own experience what valuable and untiring service she has given to the promotion of the lace-making and the cottage industries of Ireland. I had the great honor of being associated with her in some of these efforts, and I never can forget her unsparing devotion to the best interests of every such effort. I have among my books a series of large and handsome volumes devoted to a record of the proceedings which took place at the International

Council of Women held in London during July of 1899 and presided over by the Countess of Aberdeen. This series, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is edited by Lady Aberdeen and has an introduction written by her. I may quote the closing paragraph of the introduction:

It is a great inspiration to be bound together in the pursuance of high ideals; it is also a grave responsibility—and during our recent Council meeting both these thoughts have been made very real to us. I pray God that they may abide within the hearts of all who, in every country, are the guardians of the honor of our Council, so that it may prove true to the lofty profession it has made.

The series contains seven volumes, every one of which has been carefully edited by Lady Aberdeen, and is enriched with many commentaries of her own. One can easily imagine the amount of time and trouble which such a work must have imposed on a busy woman, and those who know anything of her will know the thought and care and devotion which she must have given to such a labor of love.

Not a few persons are still apt to associate the idea of a woman advocating the advancement of women with something unfeminine, ungracious, self-assertive, and overbearing. When Lady Aberdeen first began to be known in social movements, the memory of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton's diatribes about "the Shrieking Sisterhood" was still fresh in the public mind, and much prejudice yet lingered against the women who publicly devoted themselves to the advancement of their sex. Lady Aberdeen might have seemed as if she were specially created to be a living refutation of all such absurd ideas. No fashionable woman given up to social success and distinction in drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, balls, and Court ceremonials could have been more feminine, graceful, and charming in her ways and her demeanor than this noble-hearted woman, who was not afraid to advocate the genuine rights of women, and who stood by her husband's side in all his efforts for political reform. One might adopt the words which Sheridan has made the opening of a song in "The Duenna," and proclaim that a pair was never seen more justly formed to meet by nature than Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Such an impression was assuredly formed in Ireland and in Canada, and indeed in every place where

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were able to assert their unostentatious and most beneficent influence.

Lord Aberdeen succeeded to the title and its responsibilities at too early an age to allow him any opportunity of proving his capacity for Parliamentary life in the House of Commons. His elder brother was drowned on a voyage from Boston to Melbourne, and the subject of this article then became Earl of Aberdeen, with, as a matter of course, a seat in the House of Lords. There is nothing like a real Parliamentary career to be found in the House of Lords. A man of great natural gifts can, of course, give evidence even there that he is born for statesmanship and can command attention by his eloquence. Lord Aberdeen made it certain even in the House of Lords that he was endowed with these rare qualifications. But the House of Lords has no influence over the country, unless, indeed, when it exerts itself to stay for the time the progress of some great and popular measure. Even this is only for the time, and if the measure be really one of national benefit and deserving of public support, it is sure to be carried in the end, and the Lords have to give in and to put up with their defeat. But the hereditary chamber is not even a commanding platform from which an eloquent speaker can address and can influence the whole country, and the temptations there to apathy and indolence must often be found to be almost irresistible. On rare occasions, two or three times in a Session, perhaps, there comes off what is popularly called a full-dress debate, and then the red benches of the House, on which the Peers have their seats, are sure to be crowded, and the galleries where members of the House of Commons are entitled to sit and the galleries allotted to strangers are also well occupied. The Lords have even the inspiring advantage, denied to the House of Commons, of open galleries where ladies can sit in the full glare of day or of gas-light, and can encourage an orator by their presence and their attention. In the House of Commons, as everybody knows, the small number of ladies for whom seats are provided are secreted behind a thick grating, and thus become an almost invisible influence, if, indeed, they can hope to be an influence at all.

Yet even this inspiration does not stir the Peers to anything more than the rarest attempts at a great debate. On ordinary occasions—and these ordinary occasions constitute nearly the whole of a Session—the Peers sit for only an hour or so every day, and then mutter and mumble through some formal business, and the outer public does not manifest the slightest interest in what they are doing or trying to do. There are many men now in the House of Lords who proved their eloquence again and again during some of the most important and exciting debates in the representative chamber, and who now hardly open their lips in the gilded chamber, as the House of Lords has been grandiloquently titled. A rising member of the House of Commons succeeds to the family title and estates, and as a matter of course he is transferred to the House of Lords, and there, in most cases, is an end to his public career. Or perhaps a rising member of the House of Commons has in some way or other made himself inconvenient to his leading colleagues who have now come into power and are forming an administration, and as they do not know how to get rid of him gracefully in any other way, they induce the Sovereign to confer on him a peerage, and so he straightway goes into the House of Lords. Perhaps, as he had been an active and conspicuous debater in the House of Commons, he cannot bring himself to settle down into silence when he finds himself among the Peers. So he delivers a speech every now and then on what are conventionally regarded in the House of Lords as great occasions, but his career is practically at an end all the same. I have in my mind some striking instances of this curious transition from Parliamentary prominence in the House of Commons to Parliamentary nothingness in the House of Lords. I know of men who were accounted powerful and brilliant debaters in the House of Commons, where debates are sometimes great events, who, when, from one cause or other, translated to the House of Lords, were hardly ever heard of as debaters any more. Probably there seemed no motive for taking the trouble to seek the opportunity of delivering a speech in the hereditary assembly, where nothing particular could come of the speech when delivered, and the new Peer

allows the charms of public speaking to lose their hold over him, to pass with the days and the dreams of his youth.

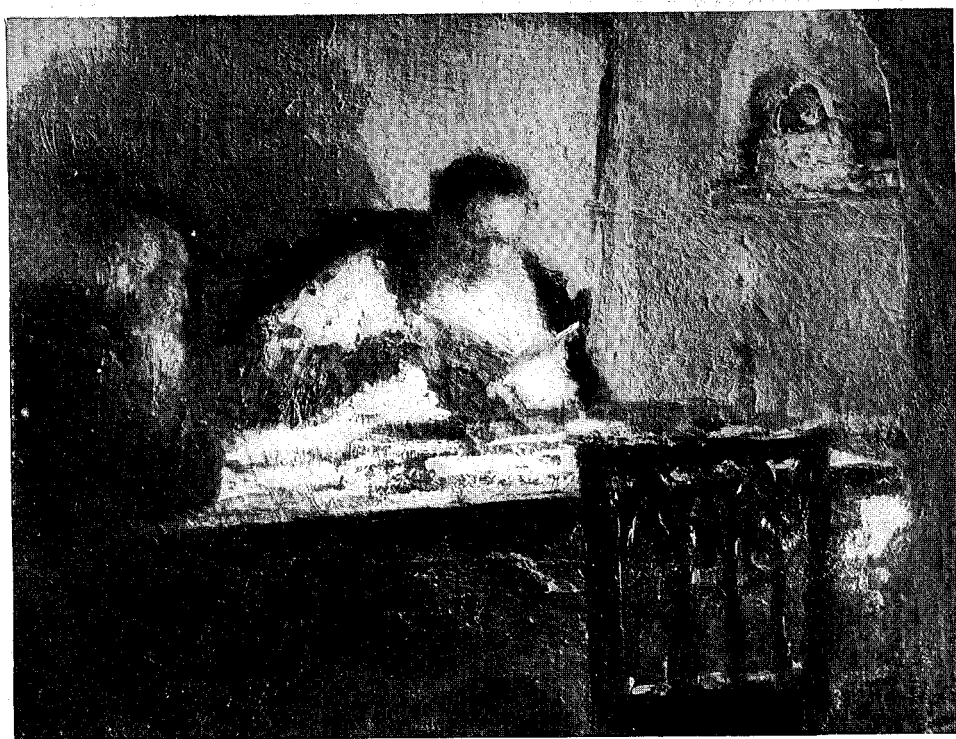
Lord Aberdeen would in all probability have made a deep mark as a Parliamentary debater if the kindly fates had left to him the possibility of a career in the House of Commons. He has a fine voice, an attractive presence, and a fluent delivery; he has high intellectual capacity, wide and varied culture, and much acquaintance with foreign States and peoples. Probably the best services which Lord Aberdeen could render to his country would be found in such offices as Ireland and Canada gave him an opportunity of undertaking; viceroyalty of some order, it would seem, must be the main business of his career. But I must say that I should much like to see his great intellectual qualities, his varied experience, and his noble humanitarian sympathies provided with some opportunity of exercising themselves in the work of domestic government. I may explain that I do not call the administration of Ireland under the old conditions a work of domestic government in the true sense. The viceroyal system in Ireland is a barbaric anachronism, and the abilities and high purposes of a man like Lord Aberdeen were wholly thrown away upon such work. There is much still in the social condition of England which could give ample occupation to the administrative abilities and the philanthropic energies of Lord Aberdeen. The work of decentralization in England is rapidly going on. The development of local self-government is becoming one of the most remarkable phenomena of our times. Parliament is becoming more and more the fount and origin of national rule, but it is wisely devoting its energies to the creation of a system which shall leave the working out of that national rule more and more to localities and municipalities. At one time, and that not very long ago, it was believed even by many social reformers that, while self-government might easily be developed in the cities and towns, it would not be possible, during the present generation at least, to infuse any such principle of vitality into the country districts.

Of late years, however, it is becoming more and more apparent that the principle of local government is developing itself

rapidly and effectively in the rural districts, and that the good old times when the squire and the rector could manage by divided despotism the whole business of a parish are destined soon to become a curious historical memory. The system of national education, established for the first time in England by Gladstone's Government in 1870, has naturally had much to do with the quickening of intelligent activity all over the British islands. A new generation has grown up, in which localities are no longer content to have all their business managed for them by their local magnates, and the recent statutes passed by Parliament for the extension everywhere of the local government principle are a direct result of the legislation which has made education compulsory in these countries. All over the agricultural districts we now find county boards and parish councils conducting by debates and divisions the common business of each district, just as it is done in the great cities and towns. It seems to me that this spread of the principle of local self-government opens a most appropriate field for the intellect and the energies of such statesmen as Lord Aberdeen. Only in recent times have great noblemen condescended to trouble themselves much, so far at least as their Parliamentary careers were concerned, with municipal or other local affairs. A Peer, if he happened to have any taste or gift for Parliamentary and official work, was willing to become Foreign Secretary, Viceroy of India, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, or Governor of a colony. Not infrequently, too, he consented to devote his energies to the office of Postmaster-General. But he was not likely to see any scope for a Parliamentary career in the management of local business. In his own particular district, no doubt, he was accustomed to direct most of the business in his own way and might be a local benefactor or a local mis-manager, according as his tastes and judgment qualified him. But the general business of localities did not create any Parliamentary department which seemed likely to deserve his attention. The condition of things is very different now, and Lord Aberdeen is one of the men to whom the country is mainly indebted for that quickening and outspreading of the local

self-governing principle which is so remarkable and so hopeful a phenomenon of our national existence at present. In every movement which pretends to the development and the strengthening of that principle Lord Aberdeen has always taken a foremost part.

I am not myself an unqualified admirer of that part of the British constitutional system which makes the House of Lords one of three great ruling powers. I should very much doubt whether Lord Aberdeen himself, if he were set to devise a constitutional system for these countries, would make the House of Lords as at present arranged a component part of our legislative system. But I am quite willing to admit that, since we have a House of Lords and while we have a House of Lords, a man like the Earl of Aberdeen does all that can be done to turn the existing constitution to good account and make it in some degree worthy of national toleration. While there exists an aristocracy of birth, even the most uncompromising advocate of democracy and the equal rights of men might freely admit that a career like the political and social career of Lord Aberdeen does much to plead in defense of the system. Lord Aberdeen has always proved that he thoroughly understands the responsibilities as well as the advantages of his high position. Not one of the Labor Members, as they are called, of the House of Commons—the chosen representatives of the working classes—could have shown a deeper and more constant sympathy with every measure and every movement which tends to improve the condition and expand the opportunities of those who have to make a living by actual toil. Lord Aberdeen has yet, I trust, a long and fruitful career before him. The statesmanship of England will soon again have to turn its attention to the social movements which concern the interests of the lowly-born and the hard-working in these islands. If a better time is coming for the statesmen of England, whether in office or in opposition, who love peace and who yearn to take a part in measures which lead to genuine national prosperity, we may safely assume that in such a time Lord Aberdeen will renew his active career, to the benefit of the people whom he has served so faithfully and so well.



TOLSTOÏ IN HIS STUDY WITH HIS FRIEND GUÉ

PASTERNAK. THE PAINTER OF TOLSTOÏ

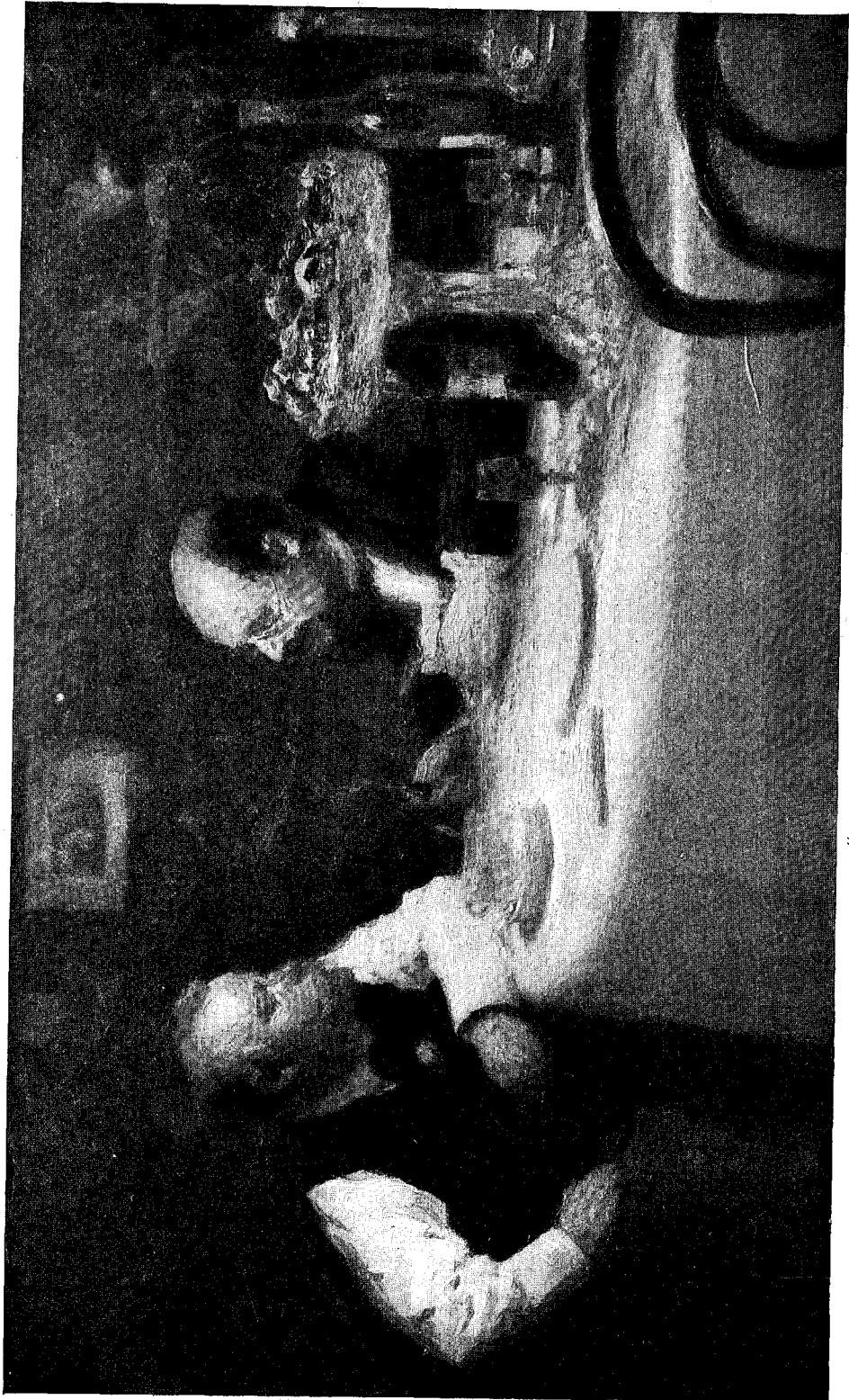
BY PAVEL PAWETTI



RUSSIAN inn with its crowd of vodka-drinking peasantry is a poor place for artistic inspiration, and if the innkeeper be a Jew whose mind is seldom lifted above the vodka he sells, the peasants who swear at him, and the gendarmes he has to bribe, one would not easily believe that one of Russia's greatest modern artists was born there and spent his early years among such surroundings. Indeed, Russian art has oftenest sprung from the very lowest sources, and at its height has returned to them for its greatest inspiration. Leoned Ossipowitch, Pasternak's father, recognizing his son's talent, sacrificed not a little to send him to school and college, where he also took drawing-lessons. The Mecca of the Russian art student is Moscow, and although there was no vacancy for a Jew, Professor Sorokin, a rather large-hearted man, over-

came his racial prejudices and took the young man as his private pupil.

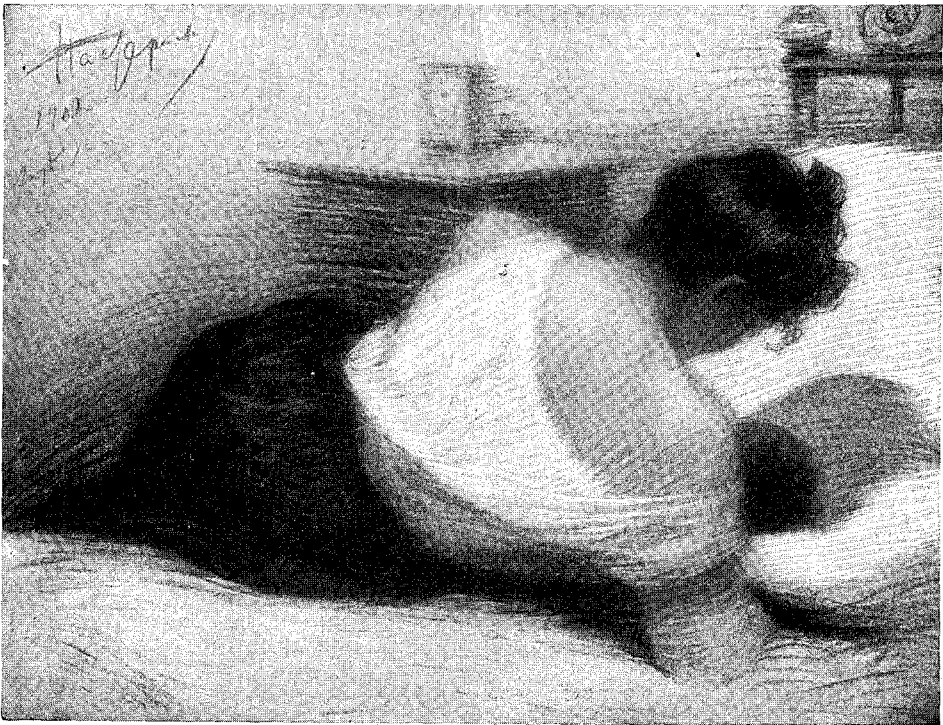
After three years Pasternak went to Munich, and there, under Leizen-Meyer, Herterich, and Löffitz, completed his art education and returned to Russia a master. A Jew, in order to be able to reside in Moscow, must have a profession, so he passed a University examination and became a lawyer, although he never practiced; and in 1889 painted his first large picture, "Letters from Home." The picture was exhibited in Moscow, and was bought by Tretjakoff for his famous private gallery, which has since been given to the city of Moscow. For a beginner this was a great triumph, and, stimulated by it, he painted his now famous "Prayers in the Blind Asylum" and his equally well-known "A Young Widow with Nurse and Baby in a Railway Carriage." A gold medal was awarded him in Munich for his "Students before the Examination," and the French



“ THE AFTER-DINNER TALK ”



TOLSTOI IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE



MOTHER AND CHILD

Government purchased it for the Luxembourg.

In America Pasternak first became known through his characteristic drawings for Tolstoï's "Resurrection." His close relation to Count Tolstoï and his insight into the Russian character made it possible for him to do that which is rarely done in these days—namely, illustrate a novel and not merely fill it with pictures. Such peasants, soldiers, judges, and gendarmes as were in the mind of Tolstoï, and can really be seen anywhere in Russia, were drawn by Pasternak, and he may be said to be the first Russian artist who has drawn the common Russian as he is. The drawings and paintings of Tolstoï, of which the one in his study with his friend Gué is the most familiar, were conceived and executed during that period in which the author and illustrator were living together upon the most intimate terms. In any biography of Tolstoï this pictorial material will be of the greatest importance, because he has succeeded in catching the spirit of his subject, and has imbued him with the mystic halo which always surrounds him. His latest picture, "Tolstoï in the Family Circle," marks the height of his genius, and this fact was recognized by the Rus-

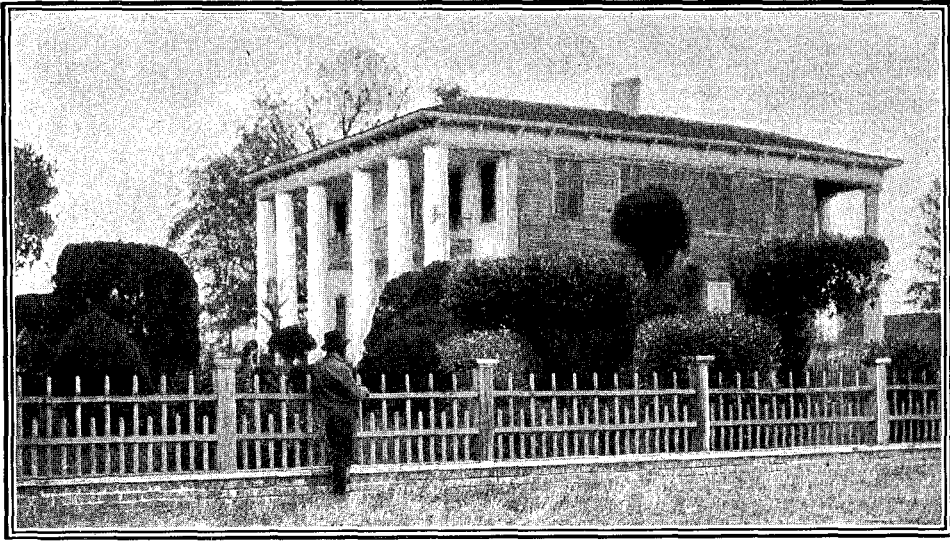
sian Government, which purchased the painting in spite of the fact that the artist was a Jew, and his subject—the Anarchist, Tolstoï.

Pasternak's talent has always been the power to wield the pencil rather than the brush, and although he has risen to great heights even among the colorists, he still excels in his drawing, which, while boldly realistic, is remarkably sane and thorough. He knows no tricks; and although his work seems to be done simply and easily, it represents infinite patience, which is, after all, nothing less than artistic honesty.

Pasternak is a member of the Russian society of realistic painters called the "Predwijniki," organized as a protest against the stiff Academic spirit of Russia's art world; but as it has fallen into a dogmatism and intolerance of its own, he does not maintain close relations with it. He has shaken off not only the old Academic stiffness, but also the modern enslavement of art to certain social problems, and has remained himself, the exponent of his own genius. He is now Professor of Art in the Moscow Academy, and has won for himself a large place in Russia's artistic and social world. He is only thirty-eight years of age.



"LETTERS FROM HOME," PASTERNAK'S FIRST LARGE PICTURE



AN OLD MANSION OF TUSKEGEE

TUSKEGEE, A TYPICAL ALABAMA TOWN

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



TUSKEGEE is best known as the home of Booker T. Washington's famous negro school, but the school is on the village outskirts, and the place has a well-defined character of its own. It is a typical Southern county town, with a broad public square at its heart, bounded about by brick and wooden stores, livery stables, law offices, etc. These structures are one and two stories high, and are pretty sure to have projecting from their fronts, across the sidewalk, an ample board roof to furnish shade; and between the supports of the roof, on the outside of the walk, is usually a plank seat. The walk is a good deal encumbered with displays of various goods, and here and there are careless

huddles of empty whisky-barrels and other receptacles. The barrels and boxes, in common with the plank seats and sundry doorsteps and benches, are utilized very generally by loungers. The populace likes to sit and consider, and they like to take their ease when talking with their friends; while it occasionally happens that a darky will be so overcome by weariness or *ennui* that he will stretch out on one of the larger boxes to enjoy a nap. A more aristocratic loitering-place than any provided by chance or intention as adjuncts of the stores is a group of chairs at the rear door of the court-house. Every pleasant day these chairs are brought out into the shadow of the building and the near trees, where they are occupied by some of the village worthies for purposes of mild contemplation and discussion.

The court-house stands in the center of the square, on a generous grassy oval that is separated from the rutted sandy earth of the rest of the square by a low fence. The building is a solid but rather battered structure of brick, with quite a pleasing air of sedate age. On the lower floor are the county offices, and among the other

rooms is one reserved for the grand jury—a most rudely furnished apartment with a small fireplace and a deeply sanded floor. This sand is, I believe, intended to ameliorate the unevenness of the original floor of brick, which is badly worn, but it makes the room look as if it had been prepared for the caging of wild beasts.

Upstairs is the court-room—a plain, old-fashioned apartment, heated by two small stoves. Its most noticeable characteristic is its odor of nicotine. The Southern men are famous smokers and chewers, and they spit copiously and emphatically all day long. If they are where a fireplace or stove is handy, they make that their target, but in public buildings or conveyances they drench the floors, and the court-room had been thus soaked for two generations. I remember with what serious thoughtfulness and regularity the judge expectorated on the occasion when I was present. I had followed a squad of shackled negroes whom I happened to see conducted to the hall of justice from the jail, and I went in and looked on until their lawyer—a young white man—was well started in his attempt to clear them. He was a shouter, and he made himself heard through the open windows all over town. I tired of his ranting, and came away, but it was explained to me that he just suited the negroes. They had a feeling that a plea which wasn't violent-voiced and accompanied by wild gestures wasn't worth paying for. Sense was a minor consideration. "The louder a man holler, and the mo' he tear aroun', the better they like him. They think he's gettin' thar then."

The business square on which the court-house looks out from its environing trees with serene though antiquated dignity is usually very quiet. The town life is not very strenuous. A good many of the stores get along without signboards, and I frequently heard their proprietors whiling away their leisure in the recesses of their shops with a guitar, or cornet, or fiddle. They had plenty of time to visit with those who wandered in, whether to trade or to chat. Saturday is, however, an exception. That is market day, and attracts the country people from miles around. Public ways and hitching-places are crowded with mules and horses, many of them merely saddled, others attached

to vehicles—vehicles that are occasionally modern, but oftentimes are otherwise, and that include some very curious makeshifts. Ox teams are common, and once in a while a negro drives a single ox harnessed between his cart-shafts.

I often lingered on the square and talked with other lingerers. One day an ancient, who said he had been a preacher in his younger days, started a conversation by voicing the opinion that it was "goin' to rain. The sky's cl'ar overhead, but I been hearin' these old heavy thunders 'way off yonder, and that means rain. Yesterday morning it done that trick, and we had a right smart shower befo' night."

Just then a colored man came along and the preacher accosted him. "What's that I hear about your trickin' your next neighbor with a conjure-bag?" he inquired.

But the negro disclaimed all knowledge of such a proceeding, and as to the conjure-bag he affirmed, "That 'ar's some-thin' I never tote."

"Oh, no, of co'se not!" responded the preacher, sarcastically, and then, turning to me, he added, "They won't own to it, but they're plumb full of such superstitions."

"I doan' believe in 'em," said the negro.

"Yes, you do. If you was to wake up and find some one had sprinkled a line of salt aroun' your doorstep, and put a little bit of hair inside the line of salt, you'd think there was bad things goin' to happen to you. I know you, and I know your conjure-bags—they little bags with a few roots and things in 'em."

"I ricolict a circumstance," said a tall man sitting on a near doorstep. "About a year ago a few of us thought we'd have some fun with that ole nigger that lives all alone about a mile beyond the depot. We went one night and hitched a waxed string onto his cabin, and we'd scrape a stick across the string, and the noise it would make was something awful."

"The nigger he pricked up his ears and he began to look aroun' this way an' that, and then he got a big club and sat there so scared it nearly took the curl out of his hair. Finally he went to prayin', and he put up a hot prayer, too, and we 'most killed ourselves laughin'."

"The nex' day I met him and I asked



THE HOTEL COOK

him what was the matter at his house las' night, and tol' him I was goin' pas' an' heard him prayin' so loud it made the shingles rattle on his roof, and he said: 'The devil done come to my place las' night, an' he was boun' he gwine get me, an' I tried ev'ythin' to get quit of him, but he wouldn't go till I prayed the Lord, and then I heard him movin' off down towards the swamp.'"

"Well, he's a good ole nigger," commented the preacher. "He never had any education and never wanted any. You take some of these young niggers that get a little learnin' and thar ain't no

gittin' along with 'em. I'll say one thing, though, for this nigger school of Washington's hyar—they won't let 'em be too uppity thar. I know a young nigger was one time comin' back from vacation, and the train was so crowded a good parcel of 'em had to stand, and some of 'em ladies. This fellow he had a seat, and he said he wa'n't goin' to give it up. He'd paid his fare and he'd just as much right to sit as any one. That's like the way you do in the North, but there ain't a white man in the South would sit a minute while a lady was standin'. Well, Booker was on that car and the young chap didn't know it, and Booker heard what he said and ask, says he, 'Whar are you goin'?'"

"And the young fellow says, 'To the school.'

"And Booker says, 'No, you ain't. We don't want your sort hyar. You can turn aroun' and go home.' Yes, Booker's got some good ideas, if he is a nigger."

"Thar's Jake Darkin down at the corner," remarked the tall man on the doorstep. "He ain't been in town befo', I reckon, since his horse trade."

"What was the trouble?" I inquired.

"Why, Tuskegee is a great place for tradin' horses. They're at it all the time round back of the hotel. Jake's young as yo' are, but he thought he could do as well as the nex' man in the horse business, an' it was time he had a try. So he drove into town, and the horse he come on was a crackerjack—a first-class good horse, right in his prime. Jake he went to the stable of one of our experts and he says, 'I've started out to do some horse-trading. Now,' he says, 'hyar's my horse. What have you got to put up against him?'

"'Oh,' the man says, 'I don't want to trade.'

"But that wouldn't do. It only made Jake mo' anxious, and he kep' urg'in' till the man says, 'Well, hyar's a good horse, and I don't mind tradin' him if I can get my price.

"The horse looked fine in the stall, though he was thirty years old—a good deal older'n Jake was—and the man had paid about fifteen dollars for him.

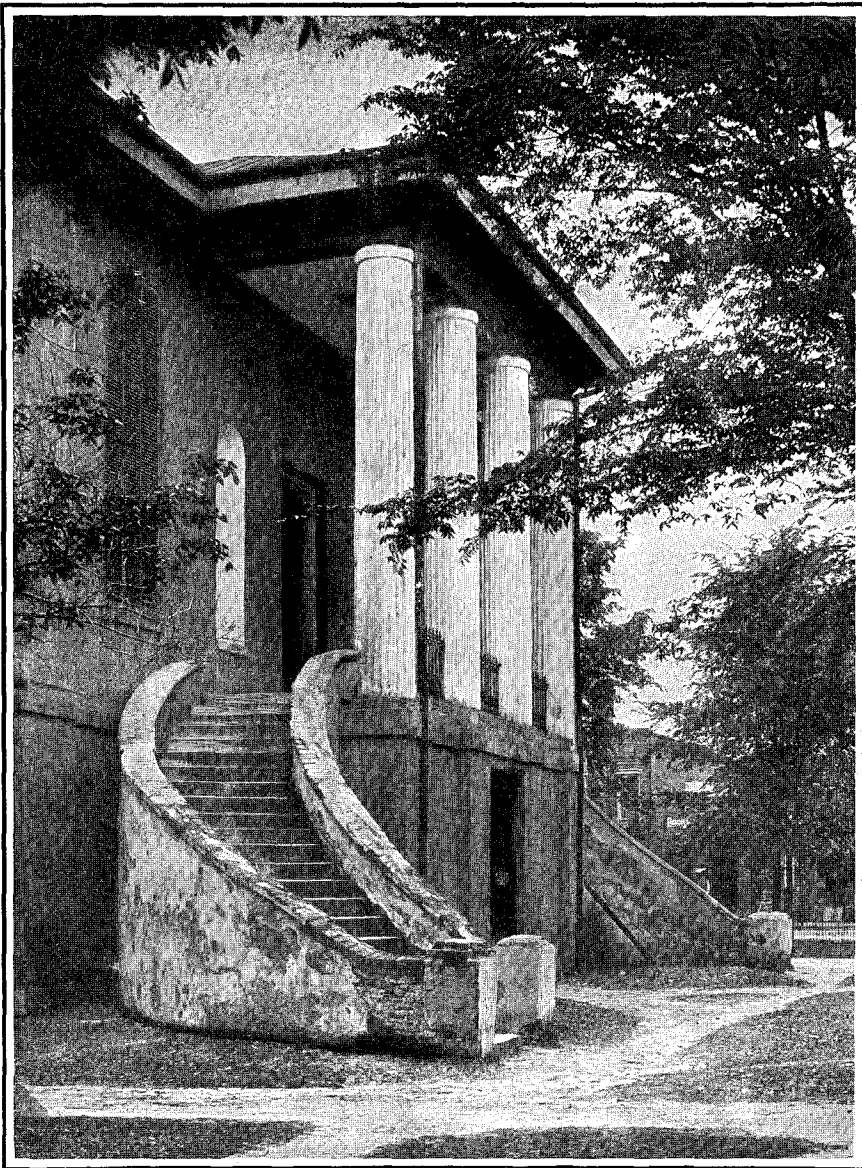
"'Well, how'll yo' trade?' says Jake.

"'Why, I'll give you five dollars to boot.'

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' says Jake; 'you make it ten and it's a go.'



HANGING OUT THE WASH



THE FRONT OF THE OLD COURT-HOUSE

"And the man did, and Jake changed his saddle on to the new horse and went off, feelin' putty well satisfied with himself. But everybody in town geyed him. They said he couldn't get home with such a horse, and finally it kind of dawned on him he'd made a mistake, and he went back to the stables. 'See hyar,' he says, 'they're all a-tellin' me I can't get home with this horse.'

"Well, I don't care,' says the man. 'That's nothing to me. It makes no dif-

f'rence to me whether yo' go home or whar yo' go."

"But I traded yo' a fine young horse,' says Jake.

"And I traded yo' a fine old horse,' says the man.

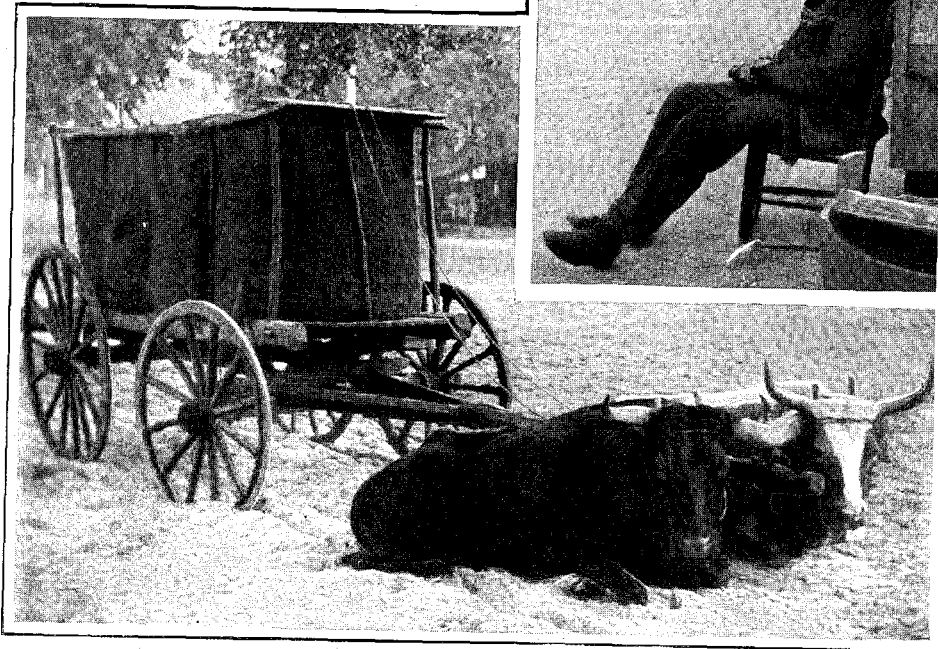
"Well, I want to trade back,' says Jake.

"But I don't; I'm satisfied,' says the man.

"And so they had it back and forth until the man said if Jake would pay him back the ten dollars he'd give him and

twenty besides he'd trade. 'I only do it for one thing,' he says—'because yo're young. Yo've got back the horse now yo' had in the first place, but it's cost yo' twenty dollars for bein' so confounded smart.' "

At the conclusion of this narrative the preacher rose, saying he must go over to the bank to see about a loan he had made there. The president of the bank was an old schoolmate of his, and the preacher mentioned with pride that, as a special favor to him, the loan had been made at ten per cent. Interest rates are high in all parts of the South, and in many sections one to two per cent. a month is



FAMILIAR TUSKEGEE STREET SCENES

commonly charged. The man who will loan at ten per cent. is regarded as a public benefactor.

The principal streets radiating from the Tuskegee town square are broad and tree-lined, and are flanked by fine old mansions, some in serene retirement beyond a formal garden, some approached by an avenue of great trees. Tuskegee was one of the richest towns in the State "befo' the war;" but, while the vicinity was never fighting-ground, the conflict left it devastated and ruined in common with the rest of the Confederacy, so that, although you still find the old-time mansions and the ample grounds, they are

not, as a rule, well kept up, and some are far gone in decay and dilapidation. The dwellings are of two types—the low and spreading with wide piazzas, and a higher and more imposing style with pillared fronts like Greek temples. On warm days the doors are thrown wide open and you can see straight through the central hall which penetrates and ventilates these homes of the sunny South from front to rear.

Just outside of the village is the white folks' cemetery, of which they are very proud, for it is full of monuments and receives constant care; but to me it looked like a desert—as if the spot was blasted.

It is a wholly grassless waste of sand, relieved only by clumps of flowering shrubs and scattered trees. Roads and paths are marked by bordering lines of bricks set up on edge so as to overlap each other in saw-toothed fashion, and family plots are ordinarily inclosed either by a brick wall or, more likely, by a forlorn-looking wooden fence. An old negro is kept busy hoeing up such stray spears of grass and sproutings of weeds as chance to start, and owners of plots often supplement his labors in keeping the earth befittingly barren by bringing rakes and brooms and giving the sand above their family graves a thorough scratching and brushing. Then it appears beautiful in their eyes. Grass seems to them unkempt.

A great deal of money has been spent on the monuments, and the desire to emulate others in funeral display has plainly resulted in expenses far beyond the means of many who have put up these fine stones. Very few of them date back more than thirty or forty years. They have nearly all been bought in the period of the town's poverty.

The negroes have a separate cemetery. If a colored person was to be buried among the whites, the latter would all rise from their graves in indignation. How they tolerate the "niggers" in heaven is a mystery, unless there is a kitchen there. But, whatever the state of affairs in heaven, no mixing is allowed in this Tuskegee burial-place, and the negro dead are interred a half-mile further on where cultivated fields give way to scrubby woodland. In a humble way, their cemetery is a copy of that of the whites. Fences have been built around quite a number of family plots, and the ground in some cases is kept free from greenery by occasional hoeings and sweepings. Several of the graves were marked with diminutive slabs of marble; others had neatly painted white boards set up; but most, if marked at all, had only bits of wood, though not infrequently the graves were outlined by a border of bricks or bottles. The cemetery was not inclosed, and many of the rude fences about the family plots were falling to wreck. Its pleasantest features, as I saw it, were the tufts of wild violets growing here and there and two black-gum trees all ahum with honey-gathering bees.

While I was loitering here an elderly negro came along the path leading through the brush from the town. Over his shoulder he carried a spade, under his arm a box, and in one hand a piece of board. He approached me, and, holding out the piece of board, said, "Would yo' write on this yere for me, Cap? When I war young I war that triffin' I learnt every kind of divilment, but I didn't learn to read an' write, an' I wish yo'd copyfy the name on this yere box."

The box was a coffin and contained the body of a child. It was a slight affair obtained at a grocer's, and some printing on the end in red and black showed it had originally held canned tomatoes. After I had copied the name the old man poked around considering where he had better dig the grave. He soon selected a spot, and was not long in making a shallow trench in the sandy earth. Then he put in the coffin, shoveled back the sand, set up the headboard with its penciled lettering, and at the foot of the grave stuck in a stick he picked up near by. That done, he plodded off toward the town, and the melancholy little funeral was ended.

Off on another road, well away from the village, is a colored folks' camp-meeting ground. It is on a hill-slope with a thin growth of woods round about and not even a negro house in sight. Here stands a great, low, wide-spreading shed of a building, open on all sides. The seats for the worshipers are rough planks, some of them a sawmill product and others hewed out with axes, and very thick and clumsy. The pulpit platform and furnishings were scarcely less rude. Just outside the building at the rear was what looked like a sacrificial altar. It was a slight platform of short boards supported on four stakes and covered with a few inches of earth and a strewing of coals. No doubt a fire was built on it nightly to light the approach to the evening meetings. At a little remove were several ruinous cabins. They had bunks in them and fireplaces, and would be repaired when the time of need came to serve as lodgings for those who came from a distance. The annual midsummer meetings are very picturesque; yet they are not nearly so wild and barbaric as such meetings were formerly, and decorous intelligence is everywhere

becoming constantly more characteristic of the negro religious gatherings.

I returned from the camp-grounds by a field-path. On the dry slopes hugging the earth grew numerous spiny cacti of the prickly-pear order, and they were loaded with fruit. Southern children sometimes eat the pears, though there is not much to them save seeds and a tang of acidity. The woods were gay with the blooming dogwood that one might easily mistake at a little distance for bushes full of white butterflies, and there were pink azalias and hawthorn, and a multitude of lesser blossoms, while along the fences in the opens were coral honeysuckle, blackberries, and wild roses all in flower. For a portion of the way I followed one of the brooks, or "branches," as the smaller streams are called in the South, through a loosely wooded hollow. On the hill-tops the wind blew a chilly gale, but here the air was quiet and tinged with spring-like warmth. Best of all, I came on a "mocker" in full song—a changing, eloquent song with many surprises, trills, whistles, and snatches of melody.

I left the hollow not far from Mr. Washington's school, and, on climbing a high zigzag fence, startled a young negro student who had secretly constructed here an amateur hothouse. He had taken

some discarded windows and other odds and ends and tinkered up a structure three or four feet square and six or seven high, that was quite ingenious. To a certain extent this was a plaything, yet he was by its means doing some genuine investigation into the principles of plant growth and nurture. He was perhaps making more out of his school opportunities than most; but the students, as a whole, are remarkably earnest, and are intent on getting all the good they can out of their course. I doubt if there is a white school in our entire country where the mental and moral atmosphere is so good. The students are not merely working to help themselves, but to be uplifters of their race. They are obliged to subsist on the plainest fare, to learn order, cleanliness, industry, and promptness. Small vices are not tolerated, nor any tendency to foppish display.

The school is an inspiration, and the master spirit is Booker T. Washington—a man who, in spite of his fame, continues unspoiled; a man of rare simplicity and ability and hard sense, giving his life to stem the tide of ignorance and poverty and the attendant evils that weigh down his people. One does not have to be long in the South to appreciate the immense need and importance of his work.





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Joseph Wingate Folk

If the newspapers of St. Louis were as widely read as those of New York, the name of Circuit Attorney Folk would be as familiar to the people of the United States as that of Mayor Low. For nearly a year he has been the central figure in the most remarkable prosecution of political knavery since that of the Tweed Ring in the early seventies. This prosecution has resulted in the conviction, not only of bribe-takers, but of bribe-givers, and has brought home to the rich and influential classes of St. Louis the extent to which the responsibility for civic corruption rests upon them. Mr. Folk was nominated for his present office against his protest, but, having been elected, has discharged its duties against still stronger protests from party leaders who put him in nomination. Democratic corruptionists as well as Republican have been prosecuted without fear or favor.

The Russian and Polish Jew in New York

By Edward A. Steiner

With Photographs by Henry Hoyt Moore



“YES, you were right, this is like heaven,” were the words which greeted me from the lips of a young Russian Jew the morning the ship stopped its ceaseless throb and lay like a sleeping giantess before her giant castle, the city of New York. A stormy voyage across the Atlantic has untold terror for the steerage passenger who is a stranger to the sea, and who lives during his journey in quarters too often unfit for human beings, with little breathing-space, and in company with eight hundred or often one thousand men, women, and children. The Russian or Polish Jew has his hardships infinitely increased, first by his ritualistic scruples, which forbid the eating of food not cooked according to the law, and secondly by the rigor, strengthened by prejudice, with which he is treated by the ship’s crew. To bring these people a drink of sweet, cool water, a lump of sugar, or a bit of fruit, is to earn their everlasting gratitude and to open the door to their heart’s secrets. Each one has a story, pitiful often to the heart-breaking, sometimes amusing, but always one into which can be thrown a ray of hope. “It will look to you like heaven when you reach New York,” I said, during a storm which made the cabin decidedly uncomfortable, but which made the steerage a hell.

A dense fog hung over the harbor, and the expectant passengers in their best

garments stood upon the deck trying to penetrate the veil which hid from them their promised land. A gentle breeze at last lifted the fog from the water; it had lost the deep color of the sea, the waves were broken and gentler, and as the mist rose higher and higher, and the veil at last was torn into fleecy shreds, low hills were seen at one side, and at the other a shining plain, while before us lay revealed the city of refuge, the gateway to the land of hope.

Some day there may rise a poet who will be able to give expression to the feelings of these thousands who come each year, out of darkness, distress, sorrow, painful labor, and hopelessness, and who stand with throbbing hearts before their life’s dream. Hundreds of such hearts have revealed themselves to me in my journeys across and in my companionship with them, and to all of them this moment was the most glorious of their lives, somewhat like a new birth, a feeling too sacred and solemn to be expressed. Yes, it was almost like heaven.

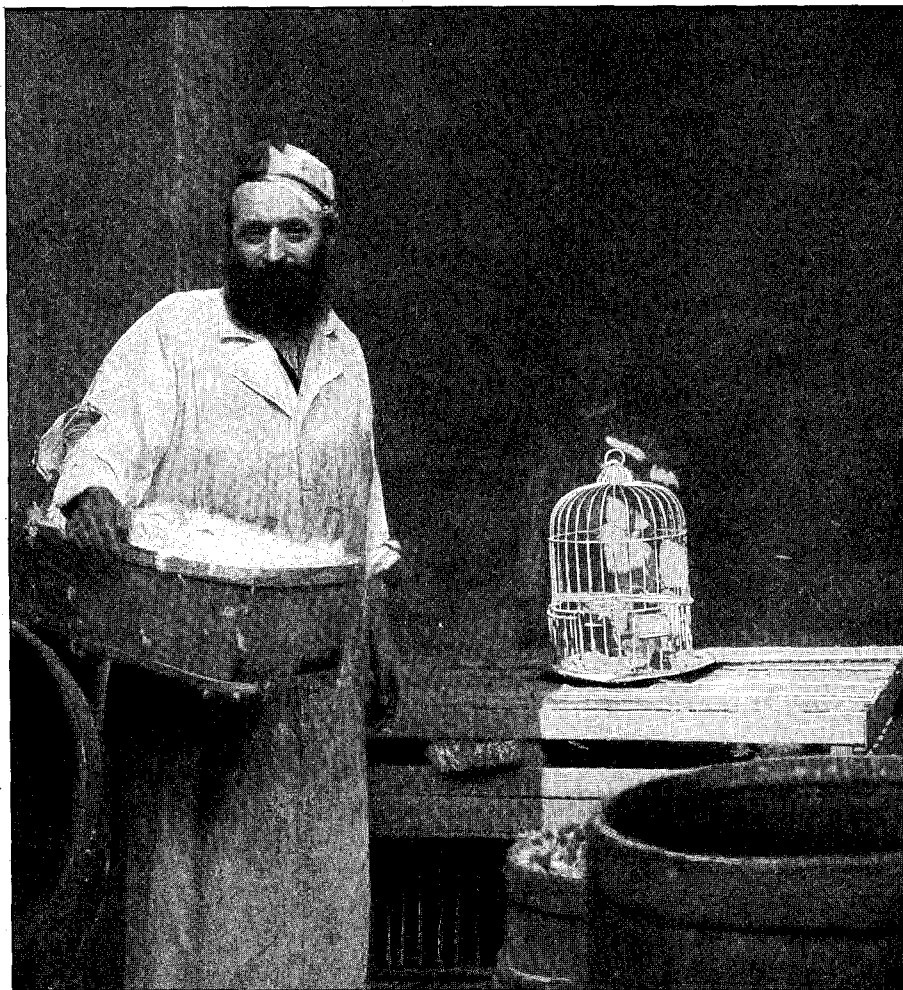
When we passed the Goddess of Liberty, my young enthusiast cried out, “I could embrace her!” and thousands of hungry eyes looked at her who had opened the gates of a new paradise to millions of the oppressed and poor.

The first cloud passed over the face of my friend when the physician boarded the vessel, when, pushed by the thousand eager shoulders, he had to pass review, and, finally, when those who had had money enough to pay for second cabin (a difference of only ten dollars) were permitted to go ashore unhindered, while he and all his comrades were driven into a barge and finally landed at Ellis Island, there to remain in seeming imprisonment. Having passed myself, with this friend and his thousand or more fellow-passengers, through all the channels which finally lead to freedom, I can say that there is much unnecessary rigor and roughness, a degree of profanity totally uncalled for, a pushing and beating often which give

the young stranger from Russia the idea that he has landed in the Czar's domain and not in the United States of America. There are many excuses for the rigor, some for the roughness, but none for the profanity and useless chicanery. I suppose that everything is being done to protect these helpless wards of ours, but many of the men employed are totally unfit for the task, morally and intellectually. I bought bread at the lunch-counter and received less than half the change due me, and in this way the pittance of the stranger is often drained before he reaches the shore. On the boat which brought us from Ellis Island to New York, where there was no more necessity for any kind of supervision, two burly officials passed away their time by

driving the men into a rather close apartment and forcing them back whenever they tried to catch a glimpse of their paradise.

On the Battery, hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children were waiting; there was much weeping and rejoicing, for each passenger had some one there, some one who had prepared the way, and in whose house he would have the first glimpse of American life. The express company which carries the baggage of the immigrants from the steamer sends ninety per cent. of it to the East Side, and eighty-six per cent. to that portion of it known as the Ghetto, which lies between City Hall and Fifth Street and between the Bowery and the East River. This Ghetto is twice as large as that of Warsaw,



A POULTRY DEALER IN THE GHETTO

This man also deals in feathers, which, by the Jewish law, must be plucked from the fowls without the usual steaming process.

Russia, where there are 250,000 people; it is less dirty, less suspiciously fragrant, but has enough of all these old-country characteristics to keep the young immigrant from being homesick.

The climate here being warmer, there is more life on the streets, and sidewalks and driveways are packed by humanity, most of it children, for the Abrahamic promise that his seed shall increase like the sands of the sea has not yet departed from Israel—only the illustration is not quite complete, for while the Ghetto children are as numerous as the sands (I counted nearly two thousand in one block), they are not nearly so clean.

The language of the Ghetto is Yiddish, a mixture of German, Hebrew, and Russian, but with enough English mixed with it to make the immigrant halt before such words as "gemovet," "gejumpt," "ge-trusted," which sooner or later will become part of his own vocabulary.

Street signs are written in Hebrew letters, and the passer-by is invited by them to drink a glass of soda for a cent, to buy two "pananas" for the same sum, to purchase a prayer-mantle or "kosher" meat, to enter a beer-saloon or a synagogue. Many of these signs are translated into English, and Rabbi Levinson on Cannon Street has in large English letters, "Performer of Matrimony;" in the same house one finds "wedding dresses for hire," and can have his "picture photographed," and also may buy "furnitings for bedrooms and parlors."

Everything is for sale on the street, from pickled cucumbers to feather beds, and almost all the work done in this Ghetto is done by Jewish workmen. There are Jewish plumbers, locksmiths, masons, and of course tailors, and work and trade are the watchwords of the Ghetto, where, in all my wanderings through it, I have not seen that genus Americanum, the corner loafer.

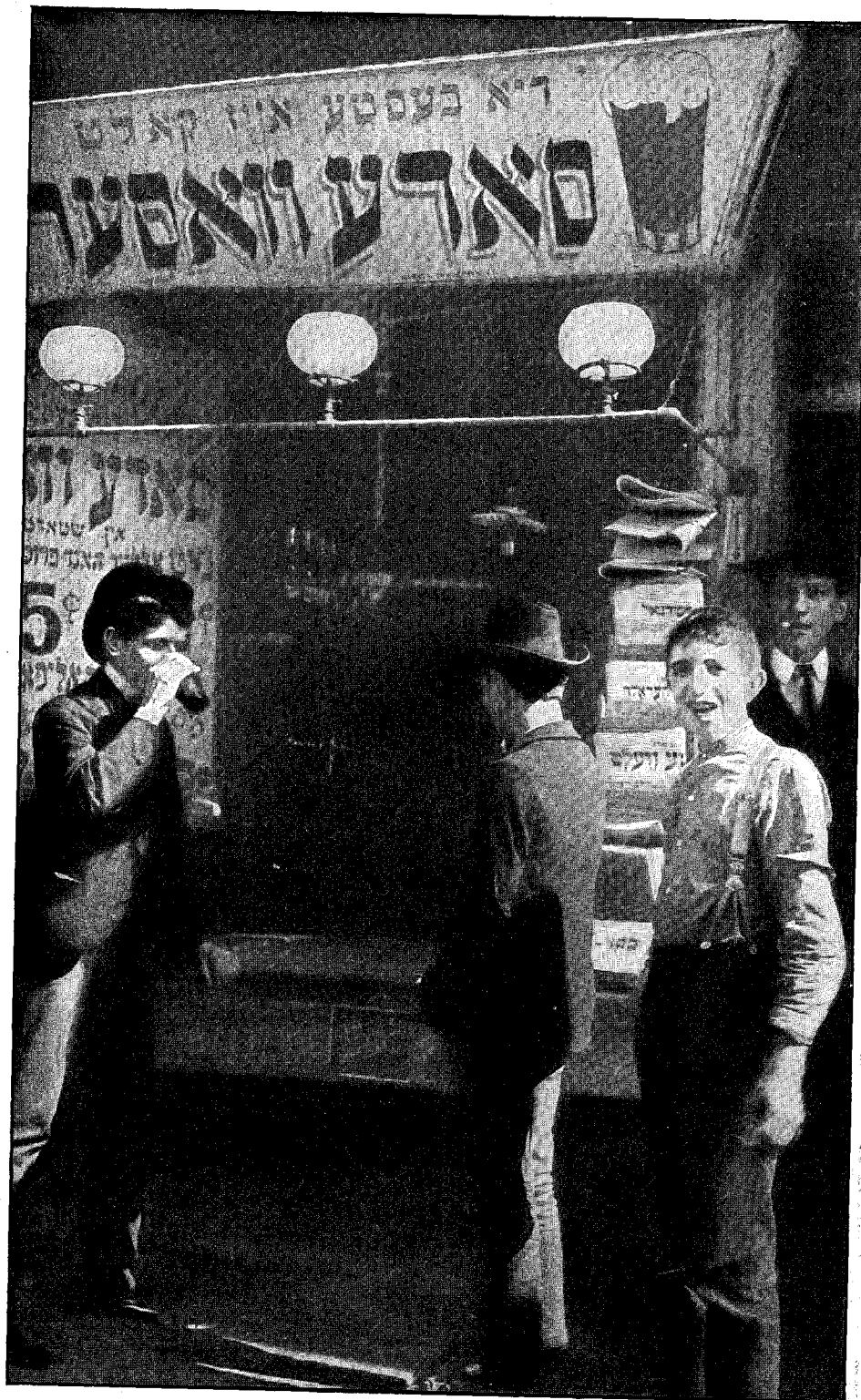
The immigrant moves into a tenement-house, which, even after tenement-house legislation, is much too crowded and too dirty. The New York Ghetto looks remarkably decent from the outside, but pharisaic landlords have beautified the "outside of the cup and platter," while within, the house is poorly prepared for human habitation. A good example is the house into which one of these my

friends moved, and into which over two hundred souls are crowded.

During my stay there, in the hottest part of the month of July, the water supply for the two upper stories failed at ten o'clock in the morning, and unflushed closets and accumulating filth made the whole house a pest-hole. A complaint to the landlord brought the reply that the pump was broken, and that it would cost too much to repair it. The newcomer moves into the home of relatives or former townsmen, and I have counted three "greeners," as they are called, with a family which already had the blessing of five children, the oldest being eight years of age.

The "greener" is treated with kindness, but is made to feel his greenness at every point. There is an unwritten law in the Ghetto that for two days he must not work, but must eat all he can, for usually he arrives hungry to the starving point. His countrymen come to see him during that time, ask all sorts of questions about the old home, give much advice, and show a great deal of superior wisdom in the use of English, upon which they pride themselves, and with which they freely sprinkle their Yiddish. The more English they can display the smarter they are, and usually in two years the "greener" has mastered this difficult language. He is put to work after the two days are over, and this process is called "ausgreenen"—getting a chance to shed old-country clothes and habits, and becoming like us; generally he goes into a sweat-shop as an "aprater," which means that he learns to run a sewing-machine, and for two weeks he receives no wages, but a good deal of a certain kind of training. In the rarest instances is he a tailor, being almost always unused to manual labor, and those two weeks are the hardest of his existence; after that time he earns from one dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day, and reaches the goal of two dollars after a long apprenticeship. Out of his wages he sends money to wife and children, or aged parents whose support he is, and to whom America is still a large gold-field where money is picked up. The wife and children are anxiously waiting to join him, and he is saving money for their tickets.

Pitiful was the story of a cloak-presser who has a wife and four children on the



A SODA-WATER FOUNTAIN IN SUFFOLK STREET
A familiar street-corner scene of the Ghetto.

other side and who has been almost heart-broken because he has been here two years and has been kept by "hard luck" from sending for them. I worked by his side for a day, receiving my first lessons in cloak-pressing from him, and the last letter from his wife was so pathetic that it drew tears from my eyes and money from my pocketbook towards those tickets. When the day's work was over, and the possibility of soon seeing his family was almost realized, he said as we parted, "I shall sleep happily to-night;" and so did I, in spite of heat and sore muscles.

From a presser the man may become a cutter, then a designer, and at last own a shop himself, live in Harlem, and his

wife wear diamonds. Harlem is the goal, and the further uptown he moves the larger, one may be sure, is his bank account; if he moves back, it is a sign of hard times or of bankruptcy. Not seldom he begins his career by selling suspenders, and I have seen Russians only five days in this country standing on Broadway with their stock in trade, eloquently inviting the passer-by to purchase their wares.

Out of four hundred Russian Jews who came to this country in one day, three hundred and fifty stayed in New York, and three hundred of that number moved into the Ghetto; of those whom I traced, seventy-five per cent. began life doing the hardest kind of manual labor, and the rest devoted themselves to petty trading.

I dropped into a pawnshop on Avenue C one day, and after I made some purchases the proprietor grew friendly and introduced me to his family. He is the happy father of seven sons, all of them "smart as a whip," and all of them doing well. The youngest one, Charles T., is the smartest, is still in school, and, like all the Yiddish boys, is at the head of his class. Charles T. knows everything, from Marquis of Queensberry rules to the schedule of lectures at the Educational Alliance building. "What are you going to be, Charles?" I asked. "A business man like my father," and the keen look in his big eyes, the determination of his whole frame and face, showed that he would succeed even better than his father, who is beginning to think of "being at ease in Zion," and retiring from business. Charles T.'s father began life by buying rags on Houston Street; his sons will sell bonds on Wall Street.

The Ghetto is not all barter and manual labor, for there are over one hundred synagogues in which prayers are said every day, although only a few of these synagogues are



A JEWISH TOWEL-VENDER



A TYPICAL JEWISH FAMILY OF HESTER STREET

Near the door hangs a portrait of Isaac Alchanan, the greatest Jewish rabbi of the last century. The picture hangs in a majority of the Jewish homes.

anything more than halls or large rooms in tenement-houses, sometimes above or below a drinking-place, and in a few instances in a ball-room, which on Saturdays puts off its unholy garb.

If all the population of the Ghetto attended to its religious duties, these one hundred synagogues would have to be increased to at least a thousand; but on Saturday many have to work and more wish to work, and no more than twenty per cent. of the Ghetto population attend religious services, except on the two great

feast-days, New Year's Day and the Day of Atonement, when everybody goes, and synagogues are established wherever there is room enough for ten men (the legal number) to stand together and say their prayers.

Most of the Ghetto rabbis, like Mr. Levinson, are "performers of matrimony" and not much else; they are pious, but not deeply religious, and measure a man's religion by his observance of feasts and fasts; they are ignorant of all literature except the Talmud, that treasure-house

of Jewish thought and prison-house of Jewish souls. They are as superstitious as their constituency, and often less honest, but in not a few cases truly devout and charitable. There is no ecclesiastical control over these rabbis, and they are in some cases self-made men in the worst sense of the word, and their influence upon the ethical life of the Ghetto is almost "nil." They are the Jews' law court and judges in matters which pertain to ritualistic questions, but they are almost nothing to them in life. There is very little preaching, less pastoral visitation, and much useless bending of the back over musty books full of "dry bones" of rabbinical lore.

The one great intellectual and ethical center of the Ghetto is the Educational Alliance building, with its various scattered branches; it is everything which a Young Men's Christian Association is to a Gentile community, only more, inasmuch as it ministers to all, from childhood to old age. Israel's intellectual hunger is as great as its proverbial greed for wealth, and this gigantic building, covering a block and containing forty-three classrooms, is entirely inadequate to meet the demand. The main entrance is always in a state of siege, and two policemen are stationed there to maintain order and keep the crowding people in line. I visited it on a hot Sunday afternoon in July, and I found the large, well-stocked reading-room uncomfortably filled by young men. The roof-garden is a breathing-place for thousands, and is always crowded by children, who are supervised in their play and who enjoy it eagerly.

The annual report reads like a fairy tale. Many of the lectures and entertainments have to be given a number of times to give all an opportunity to hear and to see, and some of the most difficult subjects discussed find the most numerous and enthusiastic hearers. Baths, sewing and cooking schools, are maintained, and to give even a list of all the agencies employed to lift this population would exhaust my space. There has been marked improvement among its constituency mentally and ethically, and the redemption of New York from Tammany was in no small measure due to the faithful work done by this and other similar centers, and not

the least among them the University settlement.

There are several Christian churches in this district, but what their influence upon the newcomer is I could not determine, although in the main it may be said that the churches do not concern themselves regarding this problem around them, although there are a few notable exceptions.

The following letter does not give one a hopeful view of the situation. The gentleman to whom this letter was written, Mr. User Marcus, was actively engaged in the kind of politics in which the churches ought to have an interest. He organized a club, and through one of its members secured a room in the Woods Memorial Church on Avenue A. After the first meeting Mr. Marcus received the following letter:

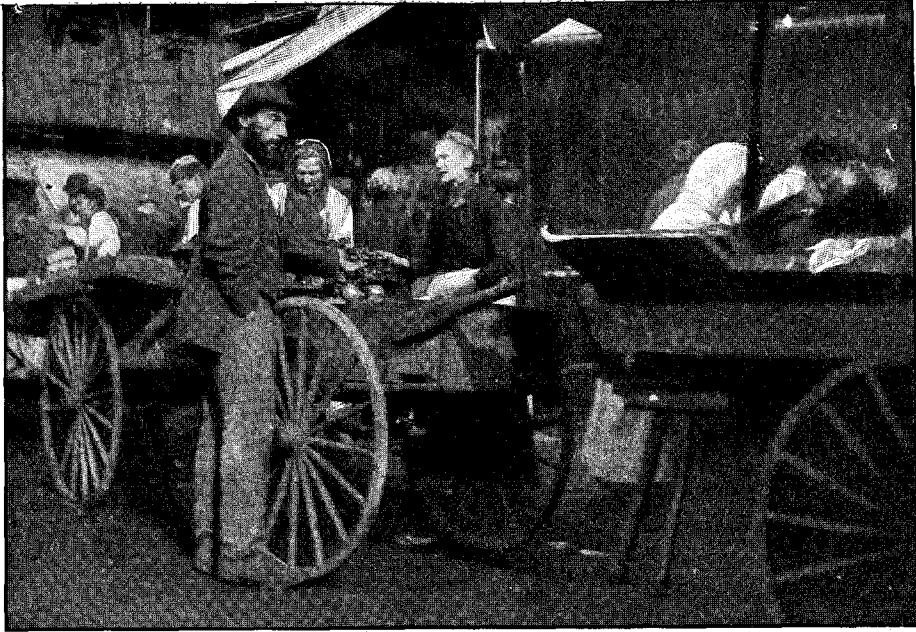
New York, Nov. 1, 1901.

Mr. User Marcus, 157 Second Ave., City:

Dear Sir—Word has just come to me that your club will mainly consist of Jews, also that you are acting independently of the club already formed. Now you must know that the young men who have the club are the men of our church, and therefore it would not be right to oust them for strangers, and especially Jews. The men are quite worked up about it, and came to see me about it the other night, and this is my decision: that you get another place of meeting other than ours. I have issued orders that you cannot meet again. And another thing: I told you strictly that you must be out by 10 P.M., which you were not, as you kept the room open until eleven o'clock. All these things have determined me on my course, and I hope that you will not take it in a wrong spirit, as I am acting simply for the best interests of my church, and feel that this is the best way for all concerned.

It seems to me that, being Jews, you would scorn to accept any favors from Christians. I should certainly be pretty far gone before I should ask or even accept a favor at the hand of a Jew, knowing as I do the feeling which exists between them and the people of our religion. Yours respectfully,

The Jew suspects every convert and suspects and hates the missionary. His own religious faith may have little hold upon him, but he is hostile to the attempt to proselyte him and his brethren. He knows Christianity from its worst side, and he does not always see it in these missions from its best side, for all religious work which bends its effort toward making a big annual report must be superficial if not dishonest, and the temptation



THE OPEN-AIR MARKET IN LUDLOW STREET



WHERE THE GHETTO PEOPLE BUY THEIR LINENS AND UNDERWEAR

to make converts is very great, even if the methods employed are not above suspicion.

The work of the Jewish Mission in the Ghetto ought to be the interpretation of the spirit of Christianity, so that it might remove suspicion and prejudice, and not increase them. Making converts in that mechanical way used in the revival service of the past is as obnoxious to the sensible Christian as it is to the sensitive Jew; while the coddling of the convert and his exhibition as an example do more harm than good. A true interpretation of Jesus in and out of the churches by Christian people, a touch of kindness here and there without a thought of definite results, the treating of the Jew as a man and not as a special species, would do more to reach the Jewish soul than any organized missionary effort with which I am acquainted.

I do not wish to close this subject without a tribute to two missionaries engaged in this work. There are others, no doubt, equally earnest, but these two men I know. They are the Rev. Bernhard Angell, in

New York, and the Rev. Isidore Cohen, of Brooklyn. They are both sensible men, earnest without being fanatical, and are scrupulously honest.

The most important social factor in the Ghetto is the newspaper, of which there are four or five in Yiddish, all of them ably edited. The paper most in evidence on the street is the "Jewish Vorwaerts," the Social Democratic organ; if all its readers were adherents of this political faith, its strength would be enormous. A careful examination of this subject shows that there are about three thousand Social Democrats in the Ghetto, and that three hundred of that number are of the extreme type. The politics of the Ghetto used to be very uniform; they were Democratic; years ago a Jewish Republican was a curiosity, to-day he is a very important minority. Tammany had a very strong hold upon this district, and even to-day Patrick McKane, the "Irish Jew," as he is called, is its political patron saint. "To fix and be fixed" used to be considered



AN INTERESTING CHARACTER OF THE GHETTO

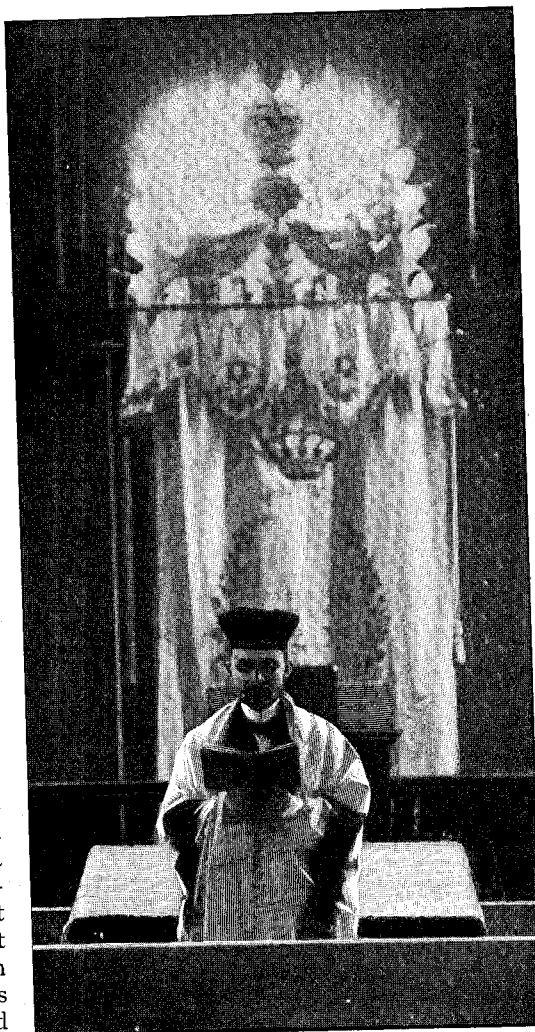
For years this Russian Jewess has kept her stand at the corner of Ludlow and Hester Streets, where she sells the "Sabbath candles" which, according to the Jewish custom, are lighted every Friday evening at six o'clock.

no crime, and is still winked at with both eyes, although since Tammany's defeat the political backbone of the Ghetto has a few less crooked windings. "I voted the Democratic ticket straight for three years," said a Jewish laborer to me; "one year I voted with the Social Democrats, now I am a Republican."

Charles T.'s father, the pawnbroker, is a Democrat of the Tammany stripe, although not a leader; Tammany can be "fixed," and the pawnbroker's business requires it. I visited a number of their shops, and found that, although the law requires that no pledges shall be taken from children under sixteen, children five or six years old come with armfuls of household goods which are readily accepted. To Charles T.'s father Patrick McKane is a great man; "he would go a thousand miles to do something for a Jew," and so would the Jew for him, and that covers the multitude of sins. Patrick McKane is a type of the successful boss who is "all things to all men" and everything to himself. He loves the Jew, and if the Chinaman were as numerous and could vote he would love the Chinaman, for, although he is a good Roman Catholic, he has no such religious scruples as have some Protestant propagandists, and is, therefore, a great factor in the making of American citizens. He has no prejudices, has a big heart and a big pocketbook, and the latter is the biggest thing about him.

I found much rebellion against Tammany in the Ghetto, which indicates the dawn of a better day. The majority of the older emigrants take no part in politics, and about seventy-five per cent. of those of voting age are not citizens and do not care to be, and many are not fit to be: they leave this task and privilege to their children who have gone through the public schools and have received some training in citizenship. The Jewish emigrant receives his first training for citizenship in one of the lodges or societies of which there are legions. Here he receives his first individual consciousness, for he can vote, and, above all, he can talk, and unlock the flood-gates of suppressed emotion.

There are especial Jewish fraternities



THE RABBI OF A RIVINGTON STREET SYNAGOGUE

such as the "B'nai B'rith," as well as Odd Fellows' lodges and Daughters of Rebekah in which the Jews predominate. I attended a "meetunk," as it is called, of a Sick and Benefit Society, and I think that it is typical of all of them. The "meetunk" was held on Lewis Street, in a hall which is in the top story of a rather old and rickety building; underneath the lodge-room is a dance-hall, beneath that a synagogue, and a saloon in the basement. The "meetunk" was a public installation of officers, and the ladies were invited. To one who has seen these people in their old environment the change seems miraculous. The men wore the very best and cleanest clothing, and the women were inoffensively stylish.

All the red tape of the American lodge was observed in this society, in which most of the members knew nothing of parliamentary law and had never taken part in debate. Unfortunately for the decorum of the ladies, there was a wedding ball in the room below, and the Polish mazurka kept their feet in motion and did not seal their lips. The President used the gavel freely, and, in spite of stamping feet and wild-measured music, the installation services were carried out. The personnel of this society is of some interest; its eighty members are drawn almost entirely from one district in the old country; with the exception of three or four men, they are all engaged in manual labor. The retiring President is a graduate of a gymnasium, speaks four languages poorly and English very well, is a Republican, is thoroughly Americanized, and, although not active in politics, is an influence for good in their affairs. He neither smokes nor drinks, and manages to save money from his meager wages. The newly installed President is a Hungarian Jew, a wood-turner by trade, earns eighteen dollars a week, is also a Republican, not active in politics, but a conscientious citizen. The newly elected Vice-President is a cloak-presser, a strong Social Democrat, and would die for his political faith. He belongs to the Social Labor wing, and he hates the Social Democratic wing with a desperate hatred; he is a good speaker, honest though fanatical, and yet one who might be made to see the weakness of his political creed. The Secretary is a Polish Jew, a dealer in plumbers' supplies, a Democrat not of the Tammany order, a stereotyped Anti-Imperialist and Free-trader, speaks English fluently although only ten years in this country, and is on the road to Harlem—that is, to wealth. The Treasurer is a Russian Jew, an "apurator," earns eight dollars a week, speaks English very well, has been six years in the country but is not yet a citizen; he will be a Social Democrat first, and a Republican when he has a bank account. Of the eighty men present, fifteen were Republicans, twenty were Democrats, two were Socialists, and the rest were not yet citizens.

Most of them spoke English fairly well, and some could understand a few words although only four months in this country.

Of the married women the fewest could speak English, but the young girls knew it well enough—slang, vaudeville songs, and all.

After the installation services there was much useless discussion (under the "good of the order") upon minor points, so typical of such meetings outside the Ghetto. Characteristic of the "meetunk" was the fact that the leaders were all members of other lodges. Of the women who spoke for "the good of the order," a "Daughter of Rebekah," the wife of the President, made a capital speech. The "meetunk" adjourned for a banquet served in the basement, where a Hungarian stew and beer cheered and filled but did not inebriate or cause indigestion. National songs were rendered by the young people as the sprit moved them, and after the banquet the whole "meetunk" invited itself to the wedding ball up stairs, where with czardash and mazurka they drove time away wildly, and prepared themselves badly for the next day's hard labor.

In the Ghetto, Friday, the day before the Sabbath, is a day of agitation, of scrubbing, cooking, baking, and merchandizing; Saturday is the day of meditation, when the faces are solemn and the step is slow, and although many must work, there is a perceptible stillness everywhere. With shuffling step and pious mien the rabbis and members go to the synagogue, and with much wailing and lamentation praise and bless Jehovah.

The second generation of the immigrant Jew has lost its adherence to the solemn observance of the day of rest; eats and drinks whenever and wherever opportunity offers, smokes cigars on the Sabbath (a most heinous sin), and as Charles T.'s father told me, "we go to the synagogue twice a year, give them some money, and are done with it." Americanization means to the Jew in most cases dejudaising himself without becoming a Christian. There is a painful eagerness on the part of some of the younger generation especially to cast aside everything which marks it as Jewish, and I have heard some of the severest criticisms of the Jews from the lips of such people. The American Jew becomes over-conscious of the faults of his race, and not seldom hates the word Jew and feels himself insulted if it is applied to him. "I hate them all," I

heard a number of the younger Jews say, and there was no vice in the calender of Hades which they did not ascribe to their own race.

If, as some people claim, the Jews are discriminated against in New York by the Gentile business firms, I have positive proof that there are a number of Jewish firms that do not employ any Jews and very many that prefer Gentile help. The Jews who come from various European countries hate one another on general principles, and a Hungarian or German Jew looks down in the greatest derision on the Pole and the Russian. These latter two nationalities are mentally and physically stronger, their needs are smaller, their wits are sharper, and as getting ahead always starts calumny, the Russian Jew gets a good share of it. His is not a prepossessing nature; his form and face are often repulsive and his habits are none the less so, but he has an abundance of ambition and a superabundance of sharpness, which, when they are led into right channels, become an ennobling talent. East Broadway, the wholesale district of the Ghetto, suffers from overmuch such talent, and its capacity for shrewd trading and quick thinking cannot be excelled anywhere in New York outside of Wall Street.

The Polish and Russian Jews are under strong suspicion of making money out of fires and bankruptcies, and the suspicion must be well founded, for the insurance companies discriminate against them and many of them refuse to take the risks.

Great crimes are seldom laid to the charge of the Russian Jew, although too often he lends himself to rather shady business transactions. Taking him as a whole, however, he is honest, industrious, and frugal, and has, above all, the making of a man in him. It is true that he works for small wages, but he soon wants more; he lives on little money, but he soon spends more. He does not have as many faults as his enemies assert, and he has as many virtues as one might reasonably expect. He is to be feared, not for his weakness, but for his strength; not for his faults, but for his virtues; he is here to stay, he does not care to return to Russia, and he can't if he wishes to. The Russian Government sees to that. If he wishes to return home for a visit, he changes his name, puts a big cross around the necks of his children, and says he is a Protestant; but he has a hard time to convince the officials, and often is forced to return without seeing his native village. The Ghetto is not an ideal dwelling-place; its nearness to the Bowery, the crowded condition of its tenement-houses, its inherited weaknesses and sins, are against it, yet I have never seen a drunken man on any of its streets, and I have witnessed only one quarrel, but that was worth a great many of its kind in other places.

Yet the Ghetto is a peaceful community, if not an ideal one; it is a great problem for the city of New York and for the whole country, for it is the great catch-basin from which little streams percolate through our country and through our social fabric.

Music

By Frank Dempster Sherman

In vain the quest: no mortal eyes may know
 The secret haunt wherein by day and night
 She shapes her dreams of audible delight
 And sends them forth to wander to and fro:
 Spirits of Sound, invisible they go
 To fill the world with wonder in their flight;
 Voices of Heaven, from whose starry height
 Strange hints of song steal down to earth below.
 Listen and hear the rhythmic echoes fall,—
 The winds and waves and leaves and bees and birds,—
 The blended harmony of reeds and strings,—
 Chorus and orchestra,—the voice and all
 The miracle of melody and words,—
 Music herself it is who dreams and sings!

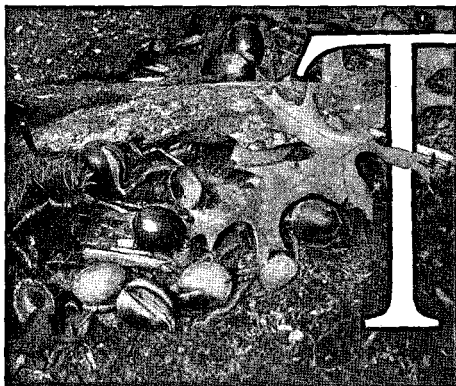


THE BLACK OAK

THE GROWTH OF THE OAK

BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE BEGINNING OF THE RED OAK

THE old saw has it, "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and all of us who remember the saying have thus some idea of what the beginning of an oak is. But what of the beginning of the acorn? In a general way, one inferentially supposes that there must be a flower somewhere in the life-history of the towering white oak that has defied the storms of centuries and seems a type of everything sturdy and strong and masculine; but what sort of a flower could one imagine as the source of so much majesty? We know of the great magnolias, with blooms befitting the richness of the foliage that follows them.

We see, and some of us admire, the exquisitely delicate blossoms of that splendid American tree, the tulip or whitewood. We inhale with delight the fragrance that makes notable the time when the common locust sends forth its white racemes of loveliness. But we miss, many of us, the flowering of the oaks in early spring, and we do not realize that this family of trees, most notable for rugged strength, has its bloom of beginning at the other end of the scale, in flowers of delicate coloring and rather diminutive size.

The reason I missed appreciating the flowers of the oak—they are quite new to me—for so many years of tree admiration is because of the distracting accompaniment the tree gives to the blooms. Some trees—most of the maples, for instance—send out their flowers boldly ahead of the foliage, and it is thus easy to see what is happening above your head, as you stroll along drinking in the spring's nectar of spicy air. Others, again, have such showy blooms that the mass of foliage only accentuates their attractiveness, and it is not possible to miss them.

But the oak is different; it is as modest as it is strong, and its bloom is nearly surrounded by the opening leaves in most seasons and in most of the species I am just beginning to be acquainted with. Then, too, these opening leaves are of such indescribable colors—if the delicate chromatic tints they reflect to the eye may be so strongly named—that they harmonize, and do not contrast, with the flowers. It is with them almost as with a fearless chipmunk whose acquaintance I cultivated this summer—he was gay with stripes of soft color, yet he so fitted any surroundings he chose to be in that when he was quiet he simply disappeared! The oak's flowers and its exquisite unfolding of young foliage combine in one effect, and it is an effect so beautiful that one easily fails to separate its parts, or to see which of the mass of soft pink, gray, yellow, and green is bloom and which is leafage.

Take the pin-oak, for instance, and note the softness of the greenery above its flowers. Hardly can we define the young leaves as green—they are all tints, and all beautiful. This same pin-oak, by the way (I mean the one the botanists call *Quercus palustris*), is a notable contradiction to the accepted theory that an oak of size and dignity cannot be reared in a lifetime. There are hundreds of lusty pin-oaks all over the Eastern States that are shading the homes of the wise men who planted them in youth, and they might well adorn our parks and avenues in place of many far less beautiful and permanent trees. With ordinary care, and in good soil, the pin-oak grows rapidly, and the characteristic spreading habit and the slightly down-drooping branches are always attractive. In its age it has not the ruggedness of its kin, though it assumes

a stately and somewhat formal habit, and, I must confess, accumulates some ragged dead branches in its interior. I like to see the smooth little acorns of the pin-oak, too, before the leaves drop; they seem so finished, and altogether pleasing.

While I am innocent of either ability or intent to write botanically of the great oak family, I ought perhaps to transcribe the information that the flowers we see—if we look just at the right time in the spring—are known as “staminate catkins,” which, being interpreted, means that there are also pistillate flowers, much less conspicuous, but exceedingly necessary if acorns are to result, and also that the familiar “pussy-willow” of our acquaintance is the same form of bloom—the catkin, or ament. I ought to say, too, that some of the oaks perfect acorns from blossoms in one year, while others must grow through two seasons before they are mature. Botanically, the oak family is nearly a world family, and we Americans, though possessed of many species, have no monopoly of it. Indeed, if I may dare to refer the reader to that great storehouse of words, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I think he will find that the oak is there very British, and that the English oak, surely a magnificent tree in England anyway, is patriotically glorified to the writer.

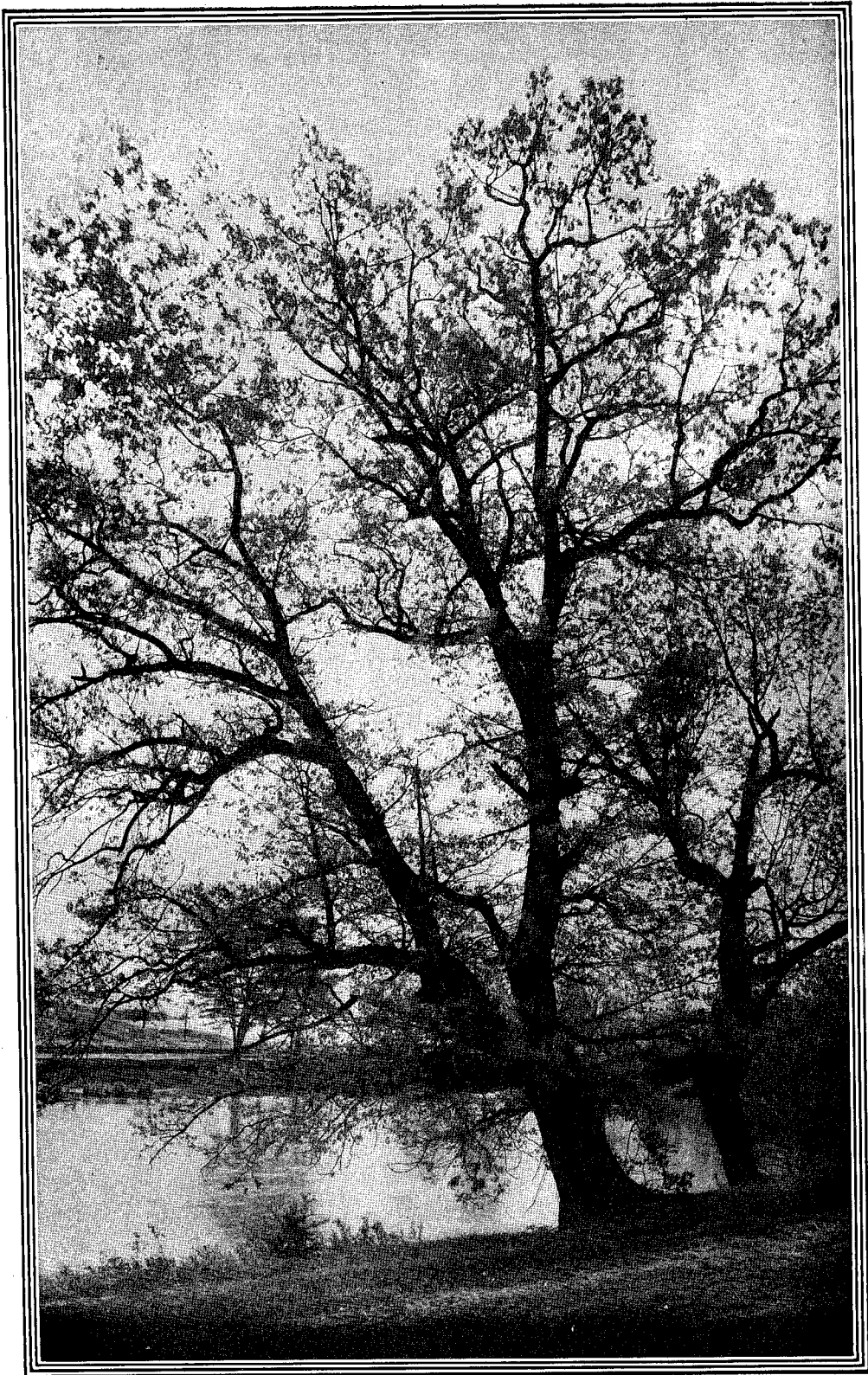
But we want to talk of some of our own oaks. The one thoroughly characteristic is surely the noble white oak, a tree most admirable in every way, and most widely distributed over the Northern States. Its majestic form, as it towers high above the ordinary works of man, conveys the repose of conscious strength to the beholder. There is a great oak in Connecticut to which I make pilgrimages, and from which I always get a message of rest and peace. There it stands, strong, full-powered, minding little the most furious storms, a benediction to every one who will but lift his eyes. There it has stood in full majesty for years unknown, for it was a great oak, so run the title-deeds, way back in 1634, when first the white man began to own land in the Connecticut Valley. At first sight it seems not large, for its perfect symmetry conceals its great size; but its impression grows as one looks at it, until it fills the whole landscape. I have sat under it in spring, when yet its leafy canopy was incomplete; I have looked into

its green depths in midsummer, when its grateful shadow refreshed the highway; I have seen the sun set in redness beyond its bare limbs, the snowy countryside emphasizing its noble lines; I have tried to fathom the mystery in its sturdy heart overhead when the full moon rode in the sky; and always that “great oak of Glastonbury” has soothed and cheered and rested, and taken one nearer the Giver of all such good to restless humanity.

Do I wonder at my friend who has built his home where he may look always at this white oak, or that he raged in anger when a crabbed neighbor ruthlessly cut down a superb tree of the same kind that was on his property line, in order that he might run his barbed-wire fence straight? No; I agree with him that this tree-murderer has probably a barbed-wire heart, and we expect that his future existence will be treeless, at least.

Sometimes this same white oak adapts itself to the bank of a stream, though its true character develops best in the drier ground. Its strength has been its bane, for the value of its timber has caused many a great isolated specimen to be cut down. It is fine to know that some States—Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island also, I think—have given to trees along highways, and in situations where they are part of the highway landscape, the protection of a wise law. Under this law each town appoints a tree-warden, serving without pay (and therefore with love), who may seal to the town by his label such trees as are truly the common possession, regardless of whose land they happen to be on. If the owner desires to cut down a tree thus designated, he must first obtain permission, after stating satisfactory reasons, of the annual town-meeting, and this is not so easy as to make cutting very frequent. The whole country should have such a law, and I would enjoy its application right here in Pennsylvania, where oaks of a hundred years have been cut down to make room for a whisky sign, and where a superb pin-oak that I passed to-day is devoted to an ignominious use.

The white-oak leaf is the most familiar and characteristic, perhaps, of the family; but other species, close to the white oak in habit, show foliage of a very different appearance. The swamp white oak, for



THE WHITE OAK IN EARLY SPRING

instance, is a noble tree, and in winter particularly its irregular branches give it an especial expression of rugged strength as it grows along a brookside; but its leaves smooth up on the edges, giving only a hint of the deep serrations that typify its upland brother. Deeply green above are these leaves and softly white below, and in late summer there appears, here and there, on a stout stem, a most attractive acorn of large size. Its curious cup gives a hint, or more than a hint, as to the special designating character of another oak, the mossy-cup, or bur. This latter species is beautiful in its habit, rich in its foliage, and the fringed or mossed acorns are of a remarkable size.

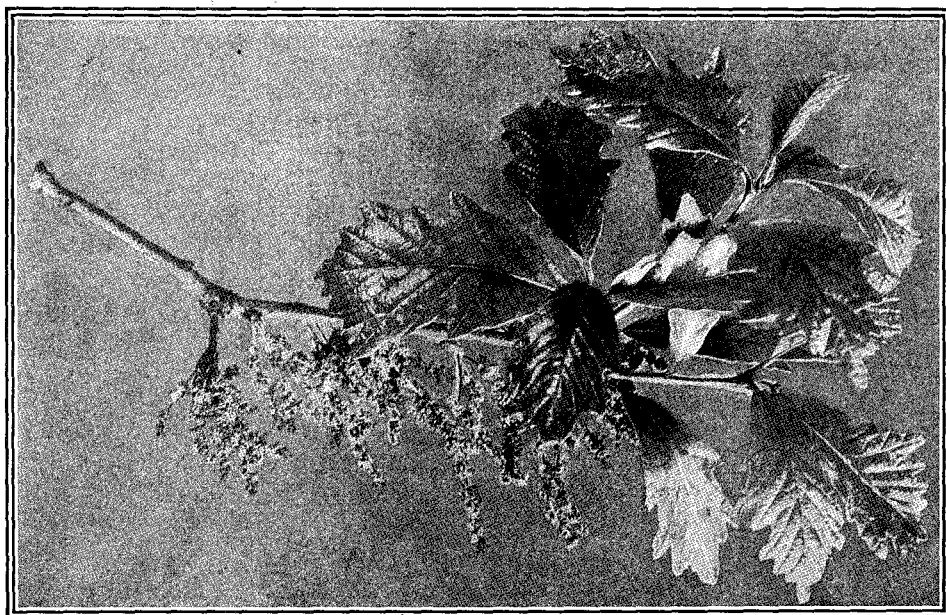
Of all the oaks, the sturdy but not lofty post-oak spreads the richest display of foliage. Its peculiar habit leads to the even placing of its violoncello-shaped leaves, and its generous crop of acorns gives added distinction in late summer. It is fine in the forest, and a notable ornament on any lawn.

It has been said that a proper penance for an offending botanist would be a compulsory separation and description of the involved and complicated goldenrod family; and I would suggest that a second edition of the same penance might be a requirement to name offhand the first dozen oak-trees the same poor botanist

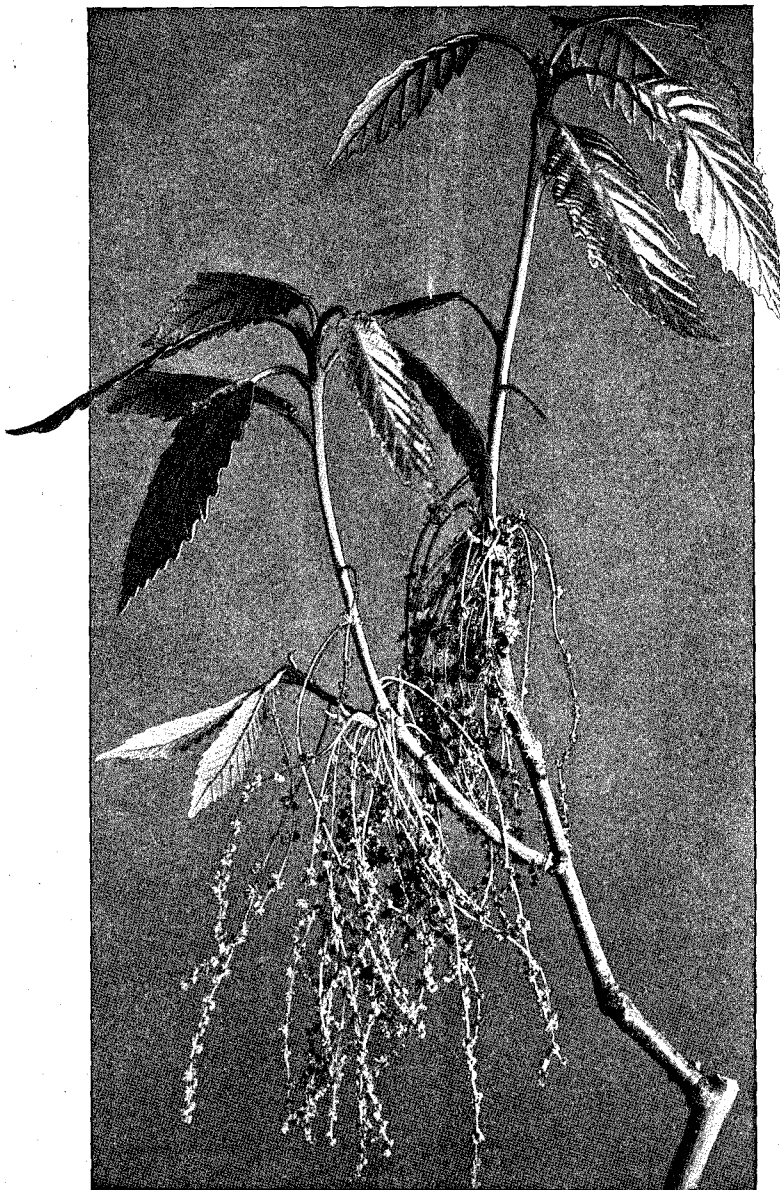
might meet. So much do the foliage, the bark, and the habit of growth vary, and so considerable is the difference between individuals of the same species, that the wisest expert is likely to be the most conservative. An unbotanical observer, who comes at the family just because he loves trees in general, and is poking his eyes and his camera into unusual places, doesn't make determinations; he tells what he thinks he sees, and leaves the outcome to the scientists.

There are some oaks, however, that have borrowed the foliage of other trees so cunningly that one at first scouts the possibility of the *Quercus* parentage, until he sees an undeniable acorn thrusting itself forward. Then he is sure that what seemed a rather peculiarly shaped chestnut-tree, with somewhat stumpy foliage, is none other than the chestnut-oak. A fine tree it is, too, this same chestnut-oak, with its masquerading foliage of deep green, its upright and substantial habit, its rather long and aristocratic-looking acorns. The authorities tell that its wood, too, is brownish and valuable; but we tree-lovers don't enthuse over mere timber, because that means the killing of the trees.

The willow-oak will not deceive, because its habit is so oak-like and so willow-less; but its foliage is surely borrowed



A BLOOMING TWIG OF THE SWAMP WHITE OAK



FLOWERS OF THE CHESTNUT-OAK

from its graceful and more rapidly growing neighbor. Not so large, by any means, as the white oak or the chestnut-oak, it has somewhat rough and reddish bark, and its acorns are perfected in the second year of their growth, close to the twigs, in the way of the pin-oak. The general aspect of the tree is upright, rather than spreading, and it partakes thus of the maple character in its landscape effect. The willow-oak is one of the species I would, if I were writing a tree-planting

article, heartily commend to those who wish to add adornment to the countryside that shall be permanent and satisfactory. Just a hint here: nursery-grown oaks, now obtainable from any modern establishment, have usually been frequently moved, or transplanted, as the trade term goes, and this means that they have established a somewhat self-contained root system, which will give them far greater vigor and cause them to take hold sooner when finally placed in a



STAMINATE BLOSSOMS OF THE PIN-OAK

situation where they are to be permanent features. The reason is plain: the forest seedling, in the fierce struggle for existence usually prevailing, must send its roots far and wide for food, and when it is dug out their feeding capacity is so seriously curtailed as to check the growth of the tree for many years. The nursery-grown tree, on the contrary, has been brought up "by hand," and its food has always been convenient to it, leading to more rapid growth and a more compact root system. I only interject this prosaic fact here because I hope that some of the family of Outlook tree-lovers will undertake to plant some oaks instead of the softwooded and less permanent maples, poplars, and the like.

Another simulative leaf is that of the laurel-oak, and it is color and gloss as well as shape that have been borrowed from its humbler neighbor in the forest. The shining green of the laurel is seen in these oak leaves; they are also half evergreen, thus being one of the family particularly belonging to our Southern States, and hardly enduring the chill of the winters north of Virginia. It is one of the galaxy of oaks I remember as lending a special charm to the Georgia forests, where the long-leaved pine gives a new tree sensation to the visitor from the North, who at first can hardly imagine what those

lovely little green fountains of foliage are that he sees along the roadside and in the woods. The Georgia oaks seem to me to have a richness of foliage, a color and substance and shine, that compare only with the excellence of two other products of the same State—the peach and the watermelon. The long summer and the plenitude of sunshine seem to weave into these products luxuriance found nowhere else; and when one sees for the first time a happy, rollicking bunch of round-eyed negro children, innocent alike of much clothing or any trouble, mixing up with the juicy Georgia melon under the shade of a luxuriant oak, he gets a new conception of at least one part of the race problem!

One of the things I wanted much to see when I first traveled South was the famed live-oak, the majesty and mournfulness of which had been long sung into me. Perhaps I expected too much, as I did of the palmetto, another part of my quest, but surely there was disappointment when I was led, on the banks of the Manatee River in Florida, to see a famous live-oak. It was tall and grand, but its adornment of long, trailing gray Spanish moss, which was to have attached the sadness to it, seemed merely to make it unkempt and uncomfortable. I was instantly reminded of a tree at home in the far North that I

had never thought particularly beautiful, but which now, by comparison, took on an attractiveness it has never since lost. Imagine a great spreading weeping willow turned dingy gray, and you have a fair picture of a moss-covered live-oak; but you will prefer it green, as is the willow, I believe.

One day a walk about Savannah, which city has many splendid live-oaks in its parks and squares, involved me in a sudden shower, when, presto! the weeping willow of the North was reincarnated before my eyes, for the falling rain turned the dingy moss pendants of the live-oak to the whitish-green that makes the willow such a delightful color-note in early spring. I have been thankful often for that shower, for it gave a better feeling about the live-oak, and added a dignity to the willow.

The live-oak, by the way, has a leaf very little like the typical oak—it is elliptical in shape and smooth in outline. The curious parasitic moss that so frequently covers the tree obscures the really handsome foliage.

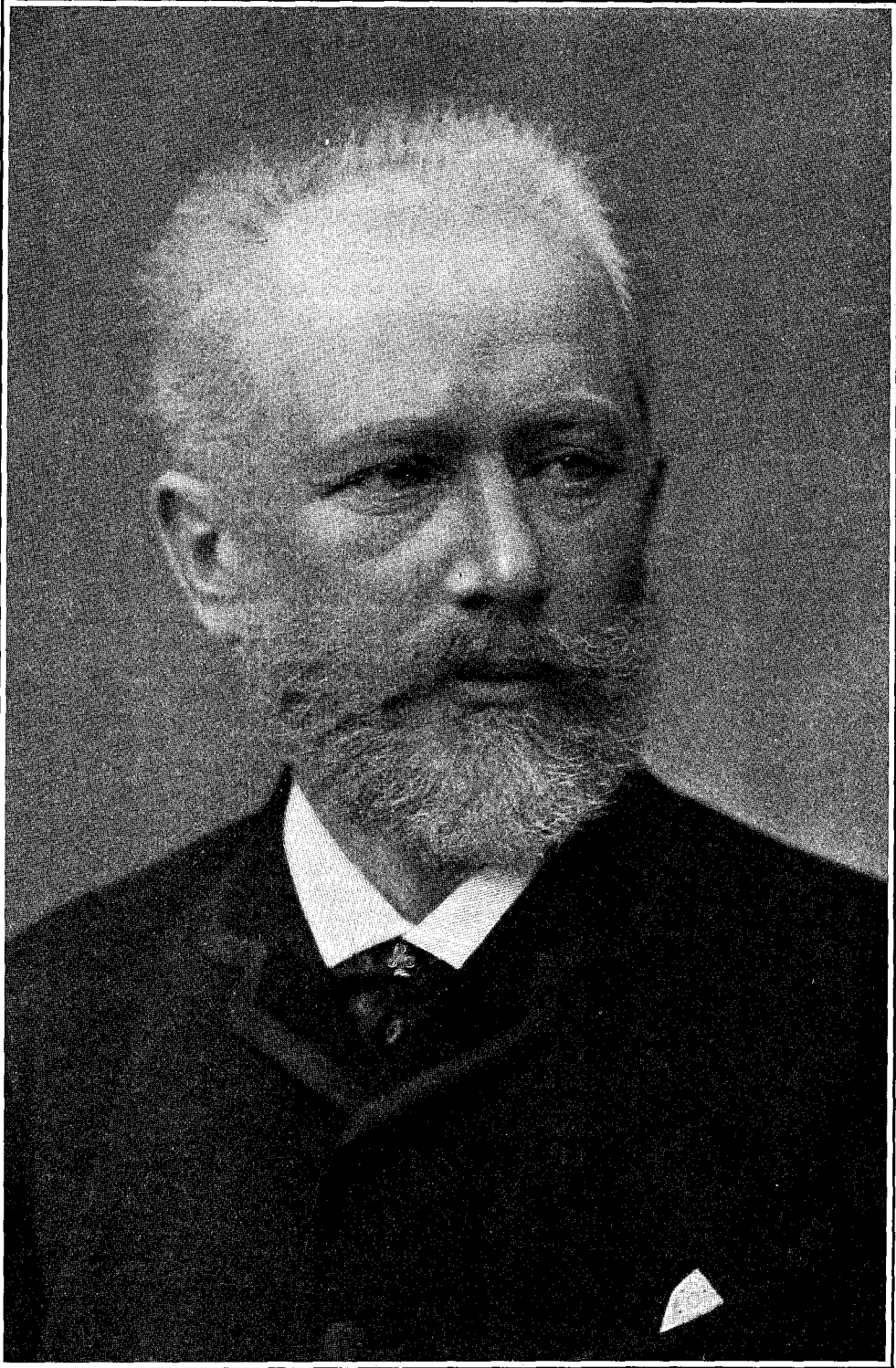
The red oak, the black oak, the scarlet oak, all splendid forest trees of the Northeast, are in the group of confusion that can be readily separated only by the timber-cruiser, who knows every tree in the forest for its economic value, or by the botanist with his limp-bound Gray's Manual in hand. I confess to bewilderment in five minutes after the differences have been

explained to me, and I enjoyed, not long ago, the confusion of a skillful nurseryman who was endeavoring to show me his young trees of red oak that the label proved to be scarlet. But the splendidly effective trees themselves can be fully appreciated, and the distinctions will appear as one studies carefully the features of these living gifts of nature's greenness. The trees wait on one, and once the habit of appreciation and investigation is formed, each walk afield, in forest or park, leads to the acquirement of some new bit of tree-lore that becomes more precious and delightful as it is passed on and commented upon in association with some other member of the happily growing fraternity of nature-lovers.

Now, these oak notes are not intended to be complete, but only to suggest some points for investigation and appreciation to my fellows in the brotherhood. I have never walked between Trenton and New York, and therefore never made the desired acquaintance with the scrub-oaks along the way. Nor have I dipped into the oak treasures of the Arnold Arboretum, as I want to one day. But my camera is yet available and the trees are waiting; the tree love is growing and the tree friends are inviting, and together we will add to the oak knowledge and to that thankfulness for God and life and love and friends that the trees do most constantly cause to flourish.



FRUITING BRANCH OF THE POST-OAK



PETER ILYITCH TSCHAÏKOWSKY

Tschaïkowsky and His Music

By Daniel Gregory Mason

ONE of the constant temptations of the biographer is that of seizing on some salient trait in his subject, magnifying it beyond all relation to others which supplement or modify it, and portraying an eccentric rather than a rounded personality, a monster rather than a man. Human nature is complex, many-sided, even self-contradictory to any but the most penetrative view; and so slender are the resources of literature for dealing with such a paradox as a man, that writers, resorting to simplification, sacrifice fullness to intelligibility. In books, Napoleon is apt to be denied all scruples, Keats' all virility, Marcus Aurelius all engaging folly; the real men were probably not so simple. It is certain, at any rate, that Tschaïkowsky, the greatest of Russian musicians, one of the two greatest of all composers since Wagner, cannot have been the mere incarnation of concentrated gloom that his critics have drawn. Some worthier powers than that of eloquent lamenting must have contributed to mold him. He was not simply a sort of neurasthenic Jeremiah with a faculty for orchestration.

It is only too easy and plausible, to be sure, to label him with one of those insidiously blighting epithets, "neurasthenic," "decadent," or "morbid." He was, in fact, of an unfortunate heredity; his grandfather was epileptic, and his own symptoms pointed to an inherited nervous irritability. He was troubled more or less, all his life, by sleeplessness, fatigue, depression; and in his thirty-seventh year had a complete nervous collapse. But to discredit a man's insight by pointing out his physical misfortunes is as misleading as it is unkind. The fact that Schopenhauer, with whose temperament Tschaïkowsky's had much in common, had some insane and idiotic ancestors, and suffered much from his own unusual sensitiveness, does not in the least abate the truth of his philosophic teaching, though it may call attention to its one-sidedness. And so with the musician; knowledge of his personal twist ought not to make us deaf to whatever is universal in his utterance. We may re-

member that he reports but one aspect of the truth; but if he reports that truly, we may supply the other, and need not carp at the way he got his information. And, indeed, is it not, after all, an artificial circumscription of life to ignore its sadder verities, however moral Pharisees may stigmatize the perception of them as "morbid"? Has not disease, as well as health, its relation to our fortunes? Is not man's weakness an organic part of his strength, his fear of his courage, his doubt of his faith? That mere facile optimism which smiles blandly at all experience, with unseeing eyes, is as partial and false as the unrelieved pessimism into which the contemplation of it sometimes drives the sensitive. The world is no more all light than it is all shadow. All human life, with its suffering as well as its happiness, is one, and every sincere human experience has its own weight. And so Tschaïkowsky, in spite of grandfathers and symptoms, has a right to be respectfully heard.

The tendency to depreciate men like Tschaïkowsky and Schopenhauer generally rests on a confusion between what may be called sentimental and rational pessimism. The sentimental pessimist, the weak malcontent, who sees everything through the blue spectacles of egotism, or, like the cuttlefish, muddies his world with a black humor of his own, deserves indeed nothing better than a shrug. Like all other forms of sentimentality, his pessimism is based on selfishness. It is an emanation, not an insight. It is that form of colic, to use the figure of Thoreau, which makes him discover that the world has been eating green apples. Quite different from such a sentimentalist, however, is the sensitive man who feels impersonally the real evils of life. Such a man's experience is viewed by him, not as the end, but as the means, of insight. His own pains, however keen, appear to him but as symbols of the universal suffering of humanity, and, however much his view may be subjectively jaundiced, it does not terminate in, but only begins with, the petty self. He is not a devotee

of the luxury of woe. "A very noble character," says Schopenhauer, "we always conceive with a certain tinge of melancholy in it—a melancholy that is anything but a continual peevishness in view of the daily vexations of life (for such peevishness is an ignoble trait, and arouses suspicions of maliciousness), but rather a melancholy that comes from an insight into the vanity of all joys, and the sorrowfulness of all living, not alone of one's own fortune." And Tschaikowsky, in describing Beethoven's Choral Symphony, writes, one can see, from precisely the same standpoint: "Such joy is not of this earth. It is something ideal and unrealizable; it has nothing in common with this life, but is only a momentary aspiration of humanity towards the holiness which exists only in the world of art and beauty; afterwards, this vale of earth, with its endless sorrow, its agony of doubt and unsatisfied hopes, seems still more gloomy and without issue. In the Ninth Symphony we hear the despairing cry of a great genius who, having irrevocably lost faith in happiness, escapes for a time into the world of unrealizable hopes, into the realm of broken-winged ideals." Now undoubtedly these passages, especially the latter, are guilty of false emphasis; undoubtedly one can truly reply to Tschaikowsky that the ideal is necessarily fairer than reality, as the flower is fairer than the soil from which it springs, that "this vale of earth" is not "without issue," however gloomy, since it does in fact produce the ideal world of art and beauty, and that it is precisely the glory of hopes that they are unrealizable, and of happiness that it exists only on a level higher than that of finite life. But, however one-sided may be the opinions expressed, the attitude of mind is free from the taint of petty selfishness; it is frank, open-eyed, and manly. Such utterances proceed only from natures nobly human, however burdened with a greater sensibility than is common among men.

Of the extraordinary sensibility of Tschaikowsky, his emotional intensity and impetuosity, which, discerning truly, critics have so often falsely interpreted, there can be no doubt. He was the subject, and in some ways the victim, of hereditary instability, a tendency, so to speak, to go off at half-cock. In his life no trait comes

out more conspicuously, and its association with his powerful intellect, with which it was always at odds, goes far to explain the anomalies and paradoxes of his music. We see it constantly in his acts, where, if we always remember that we are studying a great nature, which must be analyzed respectfully and without vulgar curiosity, we may learn much from observing it.

Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky was born in a small Russian town in 1840. As a very small boy he showed his ardent patriotism by kissing the map of Russia, in his Atlas, and spitting at the rest of Europe. When his French nurse remonstrated, he explained that he had been careful to cover France with his hand. There already is his temperament—passionate and tender. The Tschaikowsky family early moved to St. Petersburg, where Peter at first entered the School of Jurisprudence, and later obtained a post in the Ministry of Justice. All through his youth he was indolent, popular, fond of society, a graceful amateur who played *salon* pieces at evening parties. That his serious interest in music was first aroused by his cousin's showing him how to "modulate" is rather amusing when we remember the virtuosity and daring of his mature harmonic style. "My cousin said it was possible to modulate from one key to another," he says, "without using more than three chords. This excited my curiosity, and to my astonishment I found that he improvised whatever modulations I suggested, even from quite extraneous keys." In 1861 he wrote to his sister that he was meditating a musical career, but was still in doubt whether he could pursue it successfully. "Perhaps idleness may take possession of me, and I may not persevere." But a little later all doubts had vanished, he had given up his official work, withdrawn from society, and thrown himself with characteristic ardor into his studies. He now sometimes sat up all night working, and Rubinstein, his composition teacher at the Conservatory, tells how on one occasion he submitted no less than two hundred variations on a single theme. He made such good progress that in 1866, a few years after his graduation, he was appointed professor of harmony in the Moscow Conservatory.

From about this time date his first important compositions. "When first he

came to live in Moscow," writes his friend M. Kashkin, "although he was then six-and-twenty, he was still inexperienced and young in many things, especially in the material questions of life; but in all that concerned his work he was already mature, with a particularly elaborate method of work, in which all was foreseen with admirable judgment, and manipulated with the exactitude of the surgeon in operating." M. Kashkin's testimony is a valuable corrective to the widespread impression that Tschaïkowsky composed in a mad frenzy of passion. No good work, in art any more than science, is done without that calm deliberation which his strong mental grasp made possible to him. His early compositions were for the most part operas, and, it must be added, unsuccessful operas. "The Voievoda," written in 1866, did not satisfy him, and he burned the score. "Undine," composed in 1870, was not accepted by the theatrical authorities, who moreover mislaid the manuscript; Tschaïkowsky, years later, recovered and destroyed it. In 1873 "Snegourochka," a ballet, in spite of some musical beauty, failed for lack of dramatic interest. The success of "Kouznetz Vakoula," produced a year later, was ephemeral. Thus it was not until "The Oprichnik," which still holds the stage in Russia, was brought out, when Tschaïkowsky was thirty-four, that he made a pronounced success. The persistence with which he continued to labor during these years seems to be overlooked by those who consider him a mere prophet of lassitude and discouragement. Nor would such a man have undertaken and discharged the drudgery of journalistic criticism as did Tschaïkowsky in the four years, from 1872 to 1876, when he was writing critiques for the Moscow papers. Whatever fluctuations of mood he may have undergone in these early years, and we may be sure they were many, his outward life was an example of equability, diligence, and patience.

In 1877, however, there was some sort of tragic happening. That it was somehow connected with an unhappy marriage, that it resulted in a complete nervous breakdown, these things we know. It is unnecessary to probe for more specific details; it is enough to note that for a long time he was broken and despairing,

that through all the rest of his life his mental temper, never bright, was shadowed with a pathological gloom. He left the Conservatory suddenly, and was abroad a year. He wrote one of his friends, "On the whole, I am robust; but as regards my soul, there is a wound there that will never heal. I think I am *homme fini*. . . . Something is broken in me; my wings are cut and I shall never fly very high again." He says that had he remained a day longer in Moscow he should have drowned himself, and it is said that he did go so far, in his terrible depression, as to stand up to his chest in the river one frosty September night, "in the hope of literally catching his death of cold, and getting rid of his troubles without scandal."

But he took the better way; indeed, the best years, the quietest and most fruitful years, of his life were yet before him. As robust in character as he was sensitive and impetuous in temperament, he pulled himself together, and wrote in the next year his masterly Fourth Symphony, his best opera, "Eugene Oniegin," said to be the second most popular opera in Russia, and many other strong works. He returned also, in the fall of 1878, to his post at the Conservatory, but, by the generosity of an anonymous lady, was soon enabled to give up teaching and devote himself entirely to composition. From this time on, except for a conducting tour through western Europe in 1888, and one to America a few years later, he stayed chiefly in the country, in studious solitude. His mode of life at Maidanovo, a little village where in 1885 he took a house, has been described by M. Kashkin, who often visited him. After working all the morning, and taking a simple but well-cooked dinner, Tschaïkowsky always went for a long walk, no matter what the weather. "Many of his works were planned and his themes invented," we are told, "in these long rambles across country." After tea he worked again until supper-time, and after supper the two friends, ordering a bottle of wine and dismissing the servant, would devote themselves to playing four-hand music. M. Kashkin tells one or two interesting stories of Tschaïkowsky at this period. His impulsiveness, it seems, took the form in money matters of a fairly reckless gen-

erosity. So lavishly did he shower copers on all the peasant children in the neighborhood that he could not go for his walk without being surrounded by them. In one afternoon he is said to have dispensed fourteen shillings of his own and all of M. Kashkin's small change. A friend once asked him where he "invested his capital." Convulsed with laughter, he answered that his last investment of capital had been in a Moscow hotel, and that where his next would be he did not know.

The events of his tour in 1888 he has himself narrated with characteristic modesty and charm, in a fragment of diary. One can read between the lines that he was everywhere the center of admiring interest, but, with fine literary instinct, he constantly subordinates himself to the people and events through which he moved. How lovable are his vainly continued efforts to enjoy the music of Brahms, his eagerness to record the little kindnesses of his friends, his dignified reticence about his enemies, his hearty appreciation of work far inferior to his own! "I trust," he says, "that it will not appear like self-glorification that my dithyramb in praise of Grieg precedes the statement that our natures are closely allied. Speaking of Grieg's high qualities, I do not at all wish to impress my readers with the notion that I am endowed with an equal share of them. I leave it to others to decide how far I am lacking in all that Grieg possesses in such abundance." This warm appreciation of others, combined with so pathetic a lack of self-confidence that on more than one occasion he burned the score of a work which was coldly received, was so extreme in Tschaiikowsky that one of his friends pronounced him the least conceited of composers. Like all sensitive people, indeed, he was painfully conscious of social bonds; what was due him from others, and what in turn was due them from him—these intangibles, so easily forgotten by most men, were to him heavy realities. It is touching to see how dependent he was on the friendliness of the orchestra he was leading, and he was so impressible by criticism that long after his fame was established he could repeat word for word Hanslick's and Cui's early

attacks upon him. On the other hand, M. Kashkin says that when he was conducting the works of others he was so sensible of his responsibility that his face wore a look of physical pain. When he was dying of cholera, in terrible agony, he thanked all about his bedside for the consideration they showed him, and his last remark reminds one of Charles the Second's "I am afraid, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying." He turned to his nephews after an unusually severe attack of nausea with the exclamation, "What a state I am in! You will have but little respect for your uncle when you think of him in such a state as this!" He died at St. Petersburg, in October, 1893.

By this time it will be clear enough that this was no puling complainer, but a delicate, high nature of great emotional intensity, subjected to a cruel interaction of temperament and circumstances, and yet capable of nobly constructive artistic work. His life, candidly examined, reveals modesty, dignity, elevation of ideal and of character. Yet it does illustrate, too, in many ways, that lack of emotional balance which underlies the peculiar quality of his music.

His mere method of approaching his art, in the first place, is significant. All his early efforts, as we have seen, were operas; he wrote altogether ten operas, and the Pathetic Symphony is the last fruit of a genius dramatic rather than symphonic. At thirty Tschaiikowsky was unable to read orchestral scores with ease, and preferred to study the classics through four-hand arrangements, while his distaste for the purest form of music was so great that he protested he could hardly keep awake through the performance of the masterly A-minor Quartet of Beethoven. This attitude toward the string quartet, which is in music what engraving or etching is in representative art, is very anomalous in a young composer, and shows so disproportionate an interest in the merely expressive side of art that it is hard to understand how Tschaiikowsky ever became so great a plastic master as his last two symphonies, for all their freight of passion, show him to be.

He never, in fact, wholly outgrew certain peculiarities which are direct results

of his emotional instability, his slavery to mood. His persistent use of minor keys, for example, is, as the doctors say, symptomatic. The minor is naturally the medium of vague, subjective moods and fantasies, of aspiration, longing, and doubt; it is the vehicle of morbidly self-bounded thoughts, whose depressing gloom is equaled only by their seductive and malign beauty. Such thoughts we find too often in Chopin, Grieg, and, it must be added, in Tschaikowsky. Of the first thirty songs he wrote, seventeen are in the minor mode. Of course too much should not be argued from a detail of this sort, but the major system is so naturally the medium of vigorously objective thought that we instinctively suspect the health of a mind which harps continually upon the minor. By a somewhat similar tendency towards self-involution, the natural result of intense emotionality, Tschaikowsky inclines to monotony of rhythm; he gets hypnotized, as it were, by the regular pulsation of some recurring meter, and he continues it to the verge of trance. An example is the long pedal-point on D, in the curious 5-4 measure of the second movement of the Pathetic Symphony. This is like the wailing and rocking of the women of a savage tribe over the death of a warrior; it is at once wild and sinister. But perhaps the most striking evidence of this servitude to passion we are trying to trace in Tschaikowsky is his constant use of climax. It seems to be quite impossible for him to preserve a mean-tone; he is always lashing himself into a fury, boiling up into a frenetic fortissimo, after which he lapses into coma until some phrase of melody or impulse of rhythm jostles his imagination again and he presses on toward a new crisis. The effect of these cumulative whirlwinds of passion is often tremendous, is unique, indeed, in music; yet one longs sometimes in the midst of them for a less turbulent attitude, for the equable beauty of Bach or Mozart. The atmosphere is surcharged. One feels that this noble but willful spirit has sat too long in the close chamber of personal feeling, that one must throw wide the windows and let in the fresh winds of general human existence.

Yet, after all, the imperfections of

Tschaikowsky's music are due rather to the overwhelming richness of his emotions than to any shortcomings of mind; his case is an artistic embarrassment of riches, and his critic must avoid the fallacy of supposing, because his constructive power is sometimes inadequate, that it is ever meager. On the contrary, he is a man of great intellectual force. It is too bad to be so busy with Tschaikowsky the pessimist that one forgets Tschaikowsky the artist. His melodic fertility alone is enough to rank him with the great constructive musicians. His devotion to Mozart, and to the Italian opera-writers, was no accident; by the spontaneity and beauty of his melodies he has "approved himself their worthy brother." Few more inspiring tunes can be found anywhere than the opening theme of his B-flat minor Piano Concerto, with its splendid and tireless vigor, or the broad, constantly unfolding cantilena of the second theme in the Fifth Symphony. His pages are plentifully scattered with phrases of rare grace, of a fresh and original charm. His harmony, too, for all its radicalism, is generally firm and well controlled, and his rhythm, however monotonous at times, is never vague. In polyphony (the simultaneous progress of different melodies) he is a powerful master, as any one may see by examining, for example, the masterly variations in his Orchestral Suite, opus 55. He is probably, on the whole, a greater master of general construction than any of his contemporaries except Brahms.

It is evident, then, that this curiously paradoxical personality was gifted with an intellectual strength that went far toward dominating the turbulent passions which, on the whole, it could not quite dominate. But one needs, after all, no careful statistical proof of the rationality of Tschaikowsky's music. The fact that it survives, that it is widely listened to and loved, proves *a priori* that, however tinged it may be with personal melancholy, it is not ultimately pessimistical or destructive in effect. For it is the happy fortune of art that it cannot fully voice the destructive forces of anarchy and despair. Its nature precludes the possibility, for anarchy is chaos, despair is confusion, and neither can be the subject of that clearly

organic order which is art. The artist may, of course, express sadness; his work, if it is to be comprehensively human, must be reflective of the ebb as well as the flow of vital power. But it cannot mirror complete dejection, the absolute lapse of power; for without power there is no organization, and without organization there is no art. The melodic invention, the harmonic grasp, the rhythmic vigor, in a word the powerful musical articulation, everywhere present in Tschäikowsky's best work, remove it far from the inarticulate moanings of despair. Such faculties as his are anything but disintegrating or decadent; however much individual sadness may attend their exercise, they are upbuilding and creative. Tschäikowsky commands our admiration more than our pity because, in spite of the burdens of his temperament and the misfortunes of his experience, he contributed

to beauty, and beauty is the standing con-
futation of evil.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Much of Tschäikowsky's early work was for piano, but most of his piano pieces are light if not trivial in character. They are amusing to play over, but do not fairly represent his genius. Seventeen of them are to be had in an album in the Collection Litoff. The Sonata, opus 37, on the other hand, in spite of its marked resemblance to Schumann's F-sharp minor Sonata, is one of the finest of modern sonatas for piano. The Concertos are masterly, but very difficult. Most of the important orchestral works are arranged for four hands. The most interesting are the Pathetic Symphony, the Fifth Symphony, which should be equally well known, the Orchestral Suites, particularly the third, opus 55, with its charming *Tema con Variazioni*, and the Overture, Romeo and Juliet. Of the chamber-works, the third String Quartet, opus 30, and the Trio, are especially good. Twenty-four of Tschäikowsky's songs are published in an album by Novello, Ewer & Co., and many separately by G. Schirmer and others.

The Poems of Edward Rowland Sill¹

By William Frederick Dix

SIDNEY LANIER, in an exquisite little prose-poem, has written: "Measure what space a violet stands above the ground. 'Tis no further climbing that my soul and angels have to do than that." I do not quite know how to apply the analogy, but I am sure there is one between this allegory and the poems of Edward Rowland Sill—those delicate, fragrant violet-poems, lifting their sweet faces toward God and helping, in their gentle way, to make sweet the world. There is no pomp nor the sounding of trumpets among them. They do not break into the world with shouting, nor demand attention. So gentle and shy are they that not many have noticed them, and, like Lanier's violets, they blossom in the quiet woods, happy in their own loveliness, each a little note of beauty rising from the quiet recesses of the soul toward God.

Their author was as modest as his work. Of enthusiastic disposition and a strong personality, he never intruded himself nor his writings upon the world, and so many of his verses were published

anonymously or under a *nom de plume* that it was not till after his death in 1887 that even his friends knew how much he had written. Born in Windsor, Conn., in 1841, and educated at Yale, he spent most of his life teaching in Ohio and California, and died, after living remote from the activities of life, but close to its currents of intellectual and spiritual thought, at the age of forty-six. His life was absolutely uneventful, but Mr. Aldrich expresses the influence of it in his lines:

I wondered what it was that died!
The man himself was here,
His modesty, his scholar's pride,
His soul, serene and clear.

These neither death nor time shall dim,
Still this sad thing must be—
Henceforth I may not speak to him,
Though he can speak to me!

Unconsciously, perhaps, Mr. Aldrich caught the spirit of simplicity of Sill in these lines. They might almost have been written by the author of "A Morning Thought," so unaffected are they, so direct and simple.

What if, some morning, when the stars were
paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was
clear,

¹ *Poems*. By Edward Rowland Sill. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$5.

Strange peace and rest fell on me from the
presence

Of a benignant Spirit standing near:

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth,
and fair;

Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships
dear;

But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee
here!"

And what if then, while the still morning
brightened,

And freshened in the elm the Summer's
breath,

Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, "My name is
Death."

This little lyric is an example of Sill's simplicity and directness. Verse-writing was to him the most natural way for him to express himself. There is absolutely no striving after effect, no hesitancy, no artificiality. The rhymes seem to come spontaneously, no word is chosen because it rhymes with another, there is no noticeable hampering of the expression because of the necessities of meter. Rhyme and rhythm were not fetters to this poet, they were the easiest possible vehicles for the thoughts. The form of the poems was perfectly suited to the ideas they expressed, which were never involved nor vague. Each of his lyrics was the perfectly natural and poetic expression of a perfectly natural and poetic idea. The poet's eye never in fine frenzy rolled; it looked calmly, yet with eagerness, at the phase of life that presented itself; it was always sane and clear, and not dimmed by morbid introspection or self-consciousness. How could the Christian idea of Sunday in its best interpretation be more happily described than in the following two stanzas?

Not a dread cavern, hoar with damp and mold,
Where I must creep, and in the dark and cold
Offer some awful incense at a shrine
That hath no more divine

That that 'tis far from life, and stern, and old;

But a bright hill-top in the breezy air,
Full of the morning freshness, high and clear,
Where I may climb and drink the pure new
day,

And see where winds away
The path that God would send me, shining
fair.

And life to Sill was never "a dread
cavern, hoar with damp and mold," but

always "a bright hill-top full of morning
freshness." His muse never offered
"awful incense" at mysterious shrines.
It never called him to walk in shadowy
lanes of speculation and occult imagin-
ings. He exclaims in "Tranquillity:"

There is no room for care or woe
Or wish, apart from that one Will
That doth the world with music fill.

The poem which is one of Sill's longest, and which perhaps best expresses the purity of his thought, is the "Venus of Milo," in which he contrasts the influence of the sensuous love represented by the Venus of Medicis with the holy and chaste love represented by the Venus of Milo. In reading this strong poem, with its subdued passion, its earnestness and deep purpose, one is reminded of Titian's picture of Sacred and Profane Love; to me the poem is far more expressive and uplifting than the painting. The poem describes first the Medicean statue on her altar, surrounded with scented cedar and Tyrian purple.

Here honey-hearted Greece to worship came
And on her altar leaped a turbid flame,
The quickened blood ran dancing to its doom,
And lip sought trembling lip in that rich gloom.
But in sea-girt Melos the shepherds found
that other Venus, pure with love celestial
revealing

The soul beneath the form; the serene will;
The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers, and waters where they
roll;

The unheard music whose faint echoes even
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter, till he follows it to heaven.

The poet continues:

One is the spirit of all short-lived love

Just a soft hint of singing to beguile
A man from all his toil.

Then if across the parching plain
He seeks her, she with passion burns
His heart to fever, and he hears
The west wind's mocking laughter. . . .

But to the other, "the soul of all things
beautiful the best," he cries:

Abide with me, and let thy calm brows beam
Fresh hope upon me every amber dawn,
New peace when evening's violet veil is drawn.
Then, though I see along the glooming plain
The Medicean's waving hand again,

I shall not turn, nor yield.

And here is all the philosophy of this
poet's life and work—an avoidance of false
beauty, of the empty mockeries of false

love, false fears, and false ambitions, a yearning with "the inner passion, pure as very fire" for purity, simplicity, and the joys and beauties of life.

In the little poem, "An Ancient Error," he exclaims:

The "sobbing wind," the "weeping rain"—
'Tis time to give the lie
To these old superstitious twain,
That poets sing and sigh!

Taste the sweet drops, no tang of brine;
Feel them—they do not burn;
The daisy buds, whereon they shine,
Laugh, and to blossoms turn.

If winds have wailed and skies wept tears,
To poet's vision dim,
'Twas that his own sobs filled his ears,
His weeping blinded him.

There are no sobs in this poetry, nor morbidity, nor sentimentality. It is all as sweet as the violets in the wood, as clear as the dewdrops upon them, and, like the dewdrops, each thought and each

poem reflects truly, if one will examine it closely, a tiny but perfect picture of the life about it.

It was not until some time after the death of Edward Rowland Sill that his vagrant verse could be collected, because he had sent it broadcast, and often unsigned. It was not the fame that might come to him that caused him to write them, not the love of seeing his name in print, himself extolled, but the very joy of writing. They were the perfectly natural and spontaneous expression of his own personality and of his thoughts on life. And these scattered poems, appearing here and there after his death, in the magazines, made it seem as if his spirit were still in the world, as if he were still singing to us. And those to whom these lyrics in their new form appeal appreciate Aldrich's lines:

Henceforth I may not speak to him,
Though he can speak to me.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

A Brief Course in Qualitative Chemical Analysis: For Schools and Colleges. By John B. Garvin, B.S. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 241 pages. \$1.10.

Adventures of Torqua (The). By Charles Frederick Holder. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 282 pages. \$1.20, net.

Two Spanish boys banished from their native land, who escape from a Jesuit mission and live a free life among the Indians of two hundred years ago, are the heroes of this story. The scenes are in the islands of the Pacific. The story is well and spiritedly told, bustles with adventure, and, as the ground is somewhat new, some unhackneyed information may be gained.

Aladdin O'Brien. By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 298 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Morris's "Tom Beauling" was a lively and amusing book. Like it, his new story has the freshness and vigor of youth, but it has also some of the faults of youth—exaggeration and lack of finish. It is a story of love and war; most of its scenes are placed in a New England town just before the breaking out of the Civil War.

American Diary of a Japanese Girl (The). By Miss Morning Glory. Illustrated by Genjiro Yeto. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 7×10 in. 261 pages. \$1.60, net.

This is the attractive title of a book dedicated to Haruko, Empress of Japan. The text is interesting because it seems genuine; it is

uninteresting because the Japanese girl is tiresomely immature. The fad for illustrated page-borders is evident in many of the season's books, and is oppressively so in the present volume. The borders are supposed to emphasize a certain tone of Japanese yellow; it is a pity that this could not have been matched by the yellow of the cover.

Balloon Ascension at Midnight (A). By George Eli Hall. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 6½×9½ in. 19 pages. \$1, net.

Mr. Hall's "Balloon Ascension at Midnight" is a clever bit of pen-picturing. It is appropriately illustrated by a series of silhouettes in color done by Mr. Gordon Ross. The volume is thus realistic in a double sense.

Bayard's Courier. By B. K. Benson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 402 pages. \$1.50.

As the sub-title tells us, this is a story of love and adventure in the cavalry campaigns of the Civil War. Mr. Benson, in "Who Goes There?" and its sequel, really brought into existence a new type of the military novel—one in which realistic, detailed accounts of an army's strategic movements were infused with the thrill of romance. "Bayard's Courier" is another creation of the same order. Only an American soldier could have acted so independently and self-reliantly as does this "courier;" and the romantic touch is given by the fact that, unknown to himself, he has a twin brother,

easily mistaken for him, in the opposing army. The story has life and truth; old soldiers especially will relish it greatly.

Bible for Children (The): Arranged from the King James Version. Introduction by the Rev. Francis Brown, D.D. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 7×10 in. 475 pages. \$3.

The compiler and the publishers have done their best to produce in a child's Bible an intrinsically valuable and an externally attractive work. In this abridgment the aim has been to omit only what is unsuitable for young minds, and to introduce such selections as a judicious parent might make if reading aloud to them. The narrative portions of the Scriptures bulk largely in the volume, with some additions from the poetical and prophetic books. The old divisions of chapter and verse give place to a continuous arrangement of some two hundred and fifty sections, printed in good-sized type. The life of Jesus is given in a single narrative composite of the four accounts. While King James's version has been adhered to, it seems that the cautious example of the American Revisers should have been followed in substituting modern for archaic terms, as "boiled" for "sod." Why ancient spelling should be followed in such a word as "music" is not clear.

Captain Macklin: His Memoirs. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 329 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Catharine's Proxy. By Myra Sawyer Hamlin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 219 pages. \$1.20, net.

Children of the Frost. By Jack London. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 261 pages. \$1.50.

Imaginative power of a high order marks these strange stories of the dealings of Alaskan Indians with the whites. Mr. London has extraordinary and minute knowledge of his subject, but he is in fiction much more than a reporter of facts and a painter of local color. These he but uses as the groundwork for tales in which love, hatred, and romance play their parts with dramatic and sometimes poetical effect. There is a unity of design in the book which quite removes it from the order of most collections of short stories.

Colonial Children. By Albert Bushnell Hart and Blanche E. Hazard. (Source Readers in American History—No. 1.) Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 233 pages. 40c.

This volume is the first in the series entitled "Source Readers in American History." It has been compiled for children, who are naturally unfamiliar with the thought of three centuries ago; hence the book, while made up from the sources, now hundreds of years old, has been put into modern shape largely by the omission of a good deal of text. It has not been the intention of the compiler to add anything to the original; and the original, as he presents it, stands out with great clearness and color. Professor Hart aptly says: "If children are interested in this book, it will be because their ancestors were interesting." And their ancestors *were* interesting! The American child—and especially the par-

ents of the child—could hardly wish for a more instructive story-book than this.

Comprehensive Method of Teaching Reading (The). By Emma K. Gordon. Book One. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 102 pages. 35c.

Diary of a Saint (The). By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 310 pages. \$1.50.

A readable story in diary form of an eventful year in a New England girl's life. The conventional and old-fashioned theology prevailing in the little village stands in contrast to the simple life of the heroine, who earns the title of saint by her helpfulness in the community.

Doctor Bryson. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 308 pages. \$1.50.

This is the author's first novel, but he has written a number of excellent short stories of railroad life. Dr. Bryson is a young eye surgeon in Chicago who holds the highest position in his specialty in the country. By an unusual and difficult operation he saves the eyesight of the little daughter of a woman who has not lived with her husband since the birth of her child. He falls in love with her and she is soon in love with him. The story deals with his efforts to persuade her to secure a divorce and her persistent refusal, in spite of her love, to do so. She feels that she has no right to marry again while her first husband is alive, although he has forfeited all claim on her love and respect. The story moves rapidly and holds the attention, but it is marred in places by incidents that are unnatural and not in good taste. Mr. Spearman shows familiarity with medical subjects, and he describes scenes in the hospital and the clinic realistically and vividly but with reserve.

Eagle Blood. By James Creelman. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 470 pages. \$1.50.

The vigor which characterized Mr. Creelman's journalistic work may be found in full measure in this story. A young English Viscount, descendant of the ancient Crusaders, who is ruined through American enterprise, comes to America to retrieve his fortunes; dropping his title *en route*, he brings with him all his prejudices. How the lion is conquered by the eagle furnishes the theme of the story. All told, the work shows more strength than art, the latter being overcome by the amount of melodrama introduced into scenes whose action calls rather for the coloring of every-day life.

Eight Girls and a Dog. By Carolyn Wells. (St. Nicholas Books.) Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 268 pages. \$1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

This story, which ran its course in "St. Nicholas" under the title of "Hilarity Hall," will be found to have gained by being put into book form, since new features have been added. It is a lively and entertaining tale of the doings of young people.

Elements of Physiology (The). By Francis M. Walters, A.M. Illustrated. E. W. Stephens, Columbia, Mo. 6×9 in. 185 pages. 80c.

Evolution of a Girl's Ideal (The). By Clara E. Laughlin. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2}\times 8$ in. 75 pages. 50c., net.

Famous Artists. By Sarah K. Bolton. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2}\times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 423 pages.

This new holiday edition combines the qualities of an attractive gift-book and a work of permanent value to those who wish to study the careers of the world's master artists. In typography, binding, and illustrations it is a fine example of the bookmaker's art. The illustrations, forty in number, include a photograph frontispiece and tint reproductions of the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Landseer, and Turner, with their portraits. The purpose of the book is well expressed by the author when she says, "Possibly by reading of these great men some may be led to think and act like them. All of them possessed untiring industry and resolute purpose."

Flower Legends and Other Poems. By Alma Frances McCollum. William Briggs, Toronto. $5\times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 116 pages. \$1.

From the Old World to the New: How America was Found and Settled. By Marguerite Stockman Dickson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $6\times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 197 pages. 50c.

Foxy the Faithful. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5\times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 313 pages. \$1.20, net.

A delightful story of a natural family of brothers and sisters, told with vivacity and certain to please boys and girls. The little dog Foxy is not a creature "too bright and good," as are so many of the modern story animals, but he is intelligent, sometimes bad-tempered, but always faithful. The hardy life of these well-bred children in the bleak Maine winter is exactly the sort that will inspire young readers to be sensible and ignore trifling discomforts.

Games and Gambols. Verses by John Brymer. Illustrated by Harry B. Neilson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $8\frac{1}{2}\times 11$ in. 100 pages.

Geoffrey Chaucer's Prologue to the Book of the Tales of Canterbury. The Knight's Tale. The Nun's Priest's Tale. Edited by Andrew Ingram. The Macmillan Co., New York. $4\times 5\frac{1}{4}$ in. 337 pages. 25c.

Grandma's Girls. By Helen Morris. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5\times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 284 pages. \$1.20, net.

There were almost too many of Grandma's girls, one might think, but the phenomenal patience of the old lady brought the large household of mixed dispositions through a summer in safety. The literary flavor of the story is very faint, and the moral lessons quite explicit.

Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief (The). By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D. Revised Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2}\times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 463 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (American Men of Letters.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{2}\times 7$ in. 336 pages. \$1.10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Heart of the Doctor (The). By Mabel G. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $5\times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 255 pages. \$1.50.

History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century. By Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B. (Third Edition.) In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5\frac{3}{4}\times 9$ in. \$8, net.

A new edition of a very important work reviewed at length in The Outlook at the time of its publication.

Holmes's Breakfast-Table Series: The Autocrat, Professor, and Poet at the Breakfast-Table and Over the Teacups. (The Handy Volume Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4\times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$4 per set.

These four dainty volumes are surer of immortality than any other part of Dr. Holmes's work, so it seems to us, because in them he appears before the world more apart from all the rest of mankind. There certainly never was a more delightful combination of story-telling and essays than is to be found here. They are extremely "handable," the print is clear and the binding tasteful.

How Can I Cure my Catarrh? By J. R. Tillinghast, Jr., M.D. The Contemporary Publishing Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2}\times 7$ in. 150 pages. \$1.

In Happy Far-Away Land. By Ruth Kimball Gardiner. Illustrated. Zimmerman's, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 108 pages. \$1.50, net.

The making of fairy tales is as endless as the children's desire for them, and this book of fairy tales is unusually attractive. Besides stories of the fairies of rainbow and garden and forest, and the little folk with whom they have to do, there are stories into which old Mother Goose rhymes are interwoven. The numerous pictures are charming, and will delight children not yet able to read as well as those who are older.

In Time with the Stars: Stories for Children. By Thomas K. Beecher. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $5\times 7\frac{3}{4}$ in. 165 pages. 75c.

Mr. Beecher's name is sufficient commendation of this charming collection, on which we have heretofore commented. Of course there is not a dull paragraph in the volume, while each story carries a sound lesson. It is a good addition to the library of children's classics.

Jack and His Island. By Lucy Meacham Thurston. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5\times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 304 pages. \$1.20, net.

A story which gives some interesting glimpses of the way in which the war of 1812 affected the domestic life of the people of Maryland. Although intended for young readers, the story may also interest older ones because it deals with the early history of a place about which less is written than of some of the other States.

Jackdaw of Rheims (The). By Thomas Ingoldsby and Ernest Maurice Jessop. Illustrated. Eyre & Spottiswoode, London. $7\frac{1}{2}\times 10$ in. 9 pages.

A quaint gift-book which will amuse both old and young.

Jean François Millet: His Life and Letters. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $6\times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 396 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. By Robert Chignell. Illustrated. (The Makers of British Art Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 216 pages. \$1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Lady of the Barge. By W. W. Jacobs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 300 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Jacobs again amuses with his exquisitely droll sailormen. The vein of humor continues to pan out well, despite the fact that it has been well worked. The volume contains also several tales of the horrible and ghastly, as if to show that the author has more than a comic side to his genius; of these, one, "The Well," is revolting and inartistic; one, "The Monkey's Power," is powerful and delicately done even if disagreeable; the others are of moderate interest only.

Last Cruise of the Electra (The). By Charles Phillips Chipman. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 268 pages. \$1.

Last Word (The). By Alice MacGowan. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 439 pages. \$1.50.

There is much brilliancy of repartee in "The Last Word," a brilliancy that does not become tiresome, because of a certain original point of view taken by the author. A young girl comes out of the wild West and plunges into journalistic life in New York. We rejoice in her extraordinary success. Her adventures are many and varied, and are related in most amusing fashion. The underlying and serious thought of the story is unusual, and admirably wrought out. Miss West falls deeply in love with an attractive and fine man, but puts aside her feeling for him, from a deep conviction that no woman should be absorbed entirely by her husband, however true his affection may be. She denies him and tortures herself until he comes to a true perception of the relation of man and wife. This sounds very serious, and it is, but the book is amusing and excellent in character-sketching.

Life and Adventures of Santa Claus (The). By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 206 pages.

Contains twenty full-page pictures in colors, by Mary Cowles Clark. The book is a capital one whether from the standpoint of text or of illustration. It should receive reading and appreciation from many children.

Literature and Life. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 325 pages. \$2.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Little Miss Sunshine. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Illustrated. The J. F. Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 418 pages. \$1.50.

Loom of Life (The). By Charles Frederic Goss. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 315 pages. \$1.50.

It is not to be denied that there are elements of dramatic power in this story, and some invention in its extraordinary incidents. But it is not life; it is unreal; the unreality makes the drama melodrama; and it is not saved from condemnation as essentially untrue to life by the author's endeavor to give it a religious tone by the Christian moral which is supposed to rather than really does pervade it.

Man an Eternal Probationer. By Rev. Green P. Jackson. Published by the Author, Nashville, Tenn. $5 \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 160 pages.

Memories: A Story of German Love. From the German of Max Müller, by George P. Upton. New Edition. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 135 pages. \$2, net.

Miss Belladonna: A Social Satire. By Caroline Ticknor. Illustrated. (New Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 284 pages.

Here is a social satire in which the satirist is a little girl nearly as terrible in her outlook upon the ways of her elders as were those awful "Heavenly Twins" of bygone fame. Some of it, however, is really laughable and absurdly entertaining—provided it be taken piecemeal and in small doses and when the reader is in proper mood. Too much at a time would be apt to result in dreariness.

Mr. Pat's Little Girl. By Mary F. Leonard. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ in. 322 pages. \$1.50.

A story for young people, in which the real and the ideal are wholesomely blended. There is atmosphere, truth, and humor in the story, and it is simply told.

Mother Earth: A Sentimental Comedy. By Frances Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson). J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 325 pages. \$1.50.

Musical Pastels. By George P. Upton. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 213 pages. \$2, net.

Nathalie's Chum. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $6 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 289 pages. \$1.20, net.

A family of orphans under the care of the good elder brother is not a novel scheme from which to make a story, but in "Nathalie's Chum" there is more than the usual strength shown. Nathalie, a somewhat harum-scarum girl of sixteen, finds her big brother, a professor in college—but young in years—a most satisfactory chum. The life of this family in a New York flat, in straitened circumstances, is by no means dull. The pranks of the children and the development of the older ones give scope to the author for some excellent and true pictures of life and character.

New Amsterdam and Its People. By J. H. Innes. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 365 pages. \$2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

New England and Its Neighbors. By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8 in. 335 pages. \$2, net.

Our readers are thoroughly well acquainted with Mr. Clifton Johnson's work; indeed, two or three of the dozen or more chapters of this book first appeared as illustrated articles in *The Outlook*. One is always struck, in looking at a volume of this author's collected articles, by his skill in selecting for description and photography those things which are characteristic of the real, intimate life of the people he has to do with. Here, for instance, are bits of Maine, of the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the Cape Cod region, and other New England places—bits of travel, of talk with country people, of personal experiences—all very direct, true to nature, and sometimes entertaining. The photographs

are, as always, inimitable; the frontispiece is a good example of what may be obtained in the way of character and suggestion by a direct photograph from a familiar, homely subject.

Old-Fashioned Girl (An). **Little Women.** **Little Men.** By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ in. \$2 each.

These three books are now almost American classics for young people. They hold their own with more recent books wonderfully well because their spirit and fun and sincerity are things as good for one generation as another. This new edition is admirably illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens, who has put character and individuality into her boys and girls. Type, page-form, and binding are all that they should be.

Old World in the New Century (The). By William E. Barton, D.D. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 6×9 in. 487 pages. \$2.50.

Dr. Barton is the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, Illinois; he is also the Associate Editor of "Bibliotheca Sacra." He was one of the eight hundred and thirty men, women, and children who recently made the Mediterranean tour in the chartered White Star steamship Celtic, the largest ship afloat. The party was also the largest of its kind ever to enter the Mediterranean. Dr. Barton's description of the party's experiences is published in a volume rather too heavy, but lavishly supplied with illustration in half-tone which adds greatly to the interest of the text—a delightful narrative of travel in Mediterranean countries, especially Egypt and the Holy Land, together with much incidental information about the places visited. Mr. Rider Haggard's recently published volume describing similar experiences should be read in connection with this; the result will be beneficial to the intending traveler and to those who wish additional illumination on what they themselves have seen. Both books are full of color, but one is very English and the other very American.

On Guard: Against Tory and Tarleton. By John Preston True. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 302 pages. \$1.20, net.

Other Boy (The). By Evelyn Sharp. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 230 pages.

A wholesome, natural story of an English family of four girls and a boy, all aggressively healthy and active. "The Other Boy," who comes to live with them for a time, has been in delicate health, and is of a more studious and artistic temperament. The difference in their natures involves friction at first, but it gradually disappears, and complete harmony results. The story is told simply, and the characters are natural and unaffected.

Out-of-Doors: Quotations from Nature Lovers, Selected and Illustrated. By Rosalie Arthur. The Dodge Publishing Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 148 pages. \$1.25.

Polly's Secret. By Harriet A. Nash. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 291 pages. \$1.20, net.

A girls' story, in which the ancient Yankee virtues are depicted and some humble New

England people are shown at their wholesome best.

Poems of Ovid (The). Edited by Charles Wesley Bain. (Macmillan's Latin Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 461 pages. \$1.10.

Prayers: Ancient and Modern. Selected and Arranged for Daily Reading by the Editor of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4×6 in. 366 pages.

This compilation is of rare merit, no less than might be expected in the work of so competent a hand as Mrs. Tileston's.

Ralph Granger's Fortune. By William Perry Brown. Illustrated. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, O. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 305 pages. \$1.

Representative Men of the Bible (The). By George Matheson, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.A. A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 369 pages. \$1.75.

As a poetical expositor of Biblical themes Dr. Matheson is unsurpassed. In him is fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, "Your old men shall see visions." His "Enoch the Immortal," "Abraham the Cosmopolitan," "Isaac the Domesticated," and others in his gallery of statues, serve as lay figures for an investiture of thought, philosophic, religious, original, of which all must acknowledge the charm, however slight be the basis of historic reality on which some of it rests.

River (The). By Eden Phillpotts. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 594 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Romance of an Old Fool (The). By Roswell Field. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 144 pages. \$1.25.

A slight but pretty story with a gentle humor and a pervading geniality.

School of the Woods: Some Life Studies of Animal Instincts and Animal Training. By William J. Long. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 364 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Select Notes: A Commentary on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1903. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Illustrated. (Twenty-ninth Annual Volume.) The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 362 pages. \$1.25.

Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air. By Jane Andrews. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 121 pages.

Shades and Shadows and Perspective. By O. E. Randall, Ph.D. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 64 pages. \$1.50.

Six and Twenty Boys and Girls. Illustrated by John Hassall. Verses by Clifton Bingham. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ in. 106 pages.

Songs from the Carolina Hills. By Lucille Armfield. Doxey's, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 68 pages.

Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 53 pages. \$2.

As a gift-book, Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" should be always acceptable. Some may think it possible to illustrate these immortal sonnets. To these the present edition, published with a wealth of colored arabesques, tail-pieces, and other decoration, should be doubly acceptable. At all events,

the volume takes its place as a notable one in the long list of Christmas books.

Son of Magnus (The). By Paul Harboe. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 339 pages. \$1.50.

Sons of Glory (The). By Adolfo Padovan. Translated from the Italian by the Duchess Litta Visconti Arese. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x8 in. 306 pages. \$1.50.

Splendid Idle Forties (The). By Gertrude Atherton. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 389 pages. \$1.50.

A new edition, with additions and revision, of a volume of Mrs. Atherton's stories inconspicuously published under another name long ago. Their subject is Old California under the Spanish régime, when "Yankees" were few and looked at with suspicion or aversion. The tales are full of color and passion, and each has a central exciting incident.

Standard Light Operas (The). By George P. Upton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½x7 in. 239 pages. \$1.20, net.

Stillman Gott: Farmer and Fisherman. By Edwin Day Sibley. John S. Brooks & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 361 pages.

The author of this volume has excellent intentions, but he is not a novelist. To write a novel requires dramatic instinct, and the author has not dramatic instinct. We suspect that he has been incited to try his hand at novel-writing by the phenomenal success of "David Harum," which was a poor novel though a good piece of portraiture. But Stillman Gott is not a good portrait. To paint a portrait requires insight, and the author has not insight. It is not even a good photograph. Literary photography requires accuracy and eye and ear, and the author has not such accuracy. The dialect is mechanical and unnatural. He has interest in life and human sympathy. But more than interest in life is required to portray life, and more than human sympathy is required to portray character.

Story of a Living Temple (The): A Study of the Human Body. By Frederick M. and Mary H. Rossiter. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 348 pages. \$1, net.

Strange Lands Near Home. (Youth's Companion Series.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5x7 in. 138 pages. 25c.

Tasty Dishes: Made from Tested Recipes. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5x7 in. 181 pages. 50c.

Temple Bible (The): Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. Edited by D. S. Margolouth, M.A. **The Book of Job; The Book of Ruth.** Edited by W. C. Addis, M.A. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x5¼ in. 2 vols. 60c. each.

Testament of Our Lord (The). Translated into English from the Syriac, by James Cooper, D.D., and Arthur John Maclean, M.A., F.R.G.S. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½x9 in. 269 pages. \$3, net.

The design of this work of the fourth century A.D. was to provide the clergy with a manual of their duties, particularly with directions for the proper performance of public worship. It is, say the editors, a "mine at once of devotional expression and liturgical lore," and it pulsates with the great theological controversies of its time. It will be serviceable to the

student of Church history for its witness both to the ritual and the thought of the Church at the epoch of her transition from persecution to power.

Tommy Remington's Battle. By Burton Egbert Stevenson. Illustrated. (St. Nicholas Books.) The Century Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 257 pages. \$1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Another book of the St. Nicholas Series. Tommy's battle, need it be said, was with life, upon whose troubled waters he was early thrown. How Tommy conquers himself and climbs upward is well told.

Through Hidden Shensi. By Francis H. Nichols. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½x9 in. 333 pages. \$3.50, net.

Because of his clear, compact, forceful style, any book of description from Mr. Nichols should be sure of welcome. In the present volume, however, he has accomplished what seems to us a unique achievement, for, so far as we know, there is no adequate description in any language of the far-away northern Chinese province of Shensi. The area of this province is greater than that of England and Scotland combined; its population is about eight millions. Shensi lies in the heart of that part of China where the hatred of the foreigner is bitterest. Few white men have ever entered the province; it is conservative even for China. Singan, the capital of Shensi, was therefore selected as a city of refuge for the Empress Dowager and the Emperor during their recent enforced exile, as it was a place where there would be no foreign eyes to see and no foreign hands to desecrate. During and after the Imperial visit the inhabitants of the province were visited by terrible famine, and among other efforts at relief the New York "Christian Herald" raised a fund for the sufferers. Mr. Nichols was sent to China as agent of the fund, to investigate conditions. Although he was told that in the province of Shansi had occurred more missionary murders than in any other province, and that the province of Shensi further west was all but closed to foreigners, in his journey of seven hundred and fifty miles from Peking across the two provinces to Singan he relied upon the pledge of the Imperial Government, at the time of the departure of the Allies from the country, to protect the lives and property of foreigners. Mr. Nichols's experience in traveling not only seven hundred and fifty but fifteen hundred miles through the Empire convinced him that if Chinamen more often received the benefit of any doubt, it would be better for the foreigner who deals with them. Mr. Nichols is doubly reinforced in making this statement because he returned from Singan through the province of Hupe to Hankau, and so down the Yangtse to the sea. The present volume is not only unique respecting the country described, but it is one of the very few recent works on China which does not attempt to offer some solution of Chinese problems; it points no morals and draws no conclusions. It does, however, inform us, as we have not before been informed, that, while they love their own kind of living, many of the northern Chinese are surprisingly free

from boasting, that they strive to do right as they see the right, that they are not covetous, and, because they have always honored their fathers and mothers, their days have been longer in their land than have been the days of any other race on earth.

Through the Looking-Glass. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6x9 in. 211 pages. \$3, net.

The Peter Newell edition of "Through the Looking-Glass" is naturally a companion volume to the Peter Newell edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." To those who could transfer their affections from the well-thumbed and well-liked first illustrated edition of "Alice" to a new one, Mr. Newell's illustrations certainly added a unique distinction to the "Adventures," and so they do now to the "Looking-Glass." The combination of Lewis Carroll and Peter Newell is in many respects a clever one. As a permanent satisfaction, however, we think that the effectiveness of the book as a whole would have been greater if the full-page illustrations had been allowed to illustrate the text without the somewhat adventitious aid of the arabesqued pages.

Under the Spangled Banner. By Captain F. S. Brereton, R.A.M.C. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 362 pages. \$1.50.

Another of those stories full of fighting, adventure, and strenuous daring, which Captain Brereton is fond of giving to his boy readers.

Vital Religion, or the Personal Knowledge of Christ. By G. A. S. Walpole, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x7½ in. 178 pages. \$1, net.

This is a good book, weighted with the heavy style of the theological lecture. The writer assigns "want of faith in the Holy Ghost" as the chief reason why the large majority of Christians are lacking in "personal experience of the living Christ." A more practical account would rather name their neglect of a Christian use of imagination to give living reality to what they know of Jesus' life as a man among men.

Wanted: A Chaperon. By Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 109 pages. \$2. (Postage, 12c.)

Light, gay, and entertaining through its very inconsequence is this little posthumous tale. The motive of the story grows out of the bewilderment about the numbering of New York City streets in the mind of a country-bred girl who is visiting a fashionable aunt in the city. Going out to her first dinner in a blinding snow-storm, she gets East and West mixed, gives the wrong directions to her coachman, and is shown into the house of a bachelor instead of that of the lady to whose dinner she was bidden. The comedy is capitally handled. The illustrations, however, seem to hint that Mr. Christy is undertaking more work than he can bestow due pains upon.

When the Birds Go North Again. By Ella Higginson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½x6¼ in. 175 pages. \$1.25.

A third edition of a little volume of poems of more than ordinary vigor.

When the Heart is Young. By William Wallace Whitlock. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x7½ in. 83 pages. \$1, net.

Why Two Episcopal Methodist Churches in the United States? A Brief History Answering this Question for the Benefit of Epworth Leagues and Other Young Methodists. By William A. Bowen. Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dallas, Tex. 4½x7 in. 145 pages.

Mr. Bowen writes with the design of promoting the union of the two Churches by truthful statement of the facts on which the present division rests. As to these facts, the better way would seem to be to let bygones be bygones; for men will differ on them, with more or less of reason. More serious are the "principles that keep the two branches apart;" on one of which, at least, there can be no compromise—the liberty of preaching used in the Northern Church on moral questions that enter into politics.

William Butler: The Founder of Two Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By His Daughter. Illustrated. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5¼x8 in. 239 pages. \$1, net.

This well-illustrated volume is a fit memorial of a noble Christian man, the pioneer of Methodist missionary work in India and in Mexico, who died three years ago at a great age, having lived to see small beginnings grow to great results. Miss Butler has fulfilled with good judgment and skill the biographer's duty of widening the influence of an inspiring life.

Wolfville Nights. By Alfred Henry Lewis. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 326 pages. \$1.50.

"Which these yarns surely are amusin' a whole lot," as one of Mr. Lewis's characters would say. The reader has perhaps a trifle too much of cow-punchers' dialect, of stories of lynching, gambling, and of bar-room wisdom, but of their kind the tales are capital and the humor irresistible.

Woman Ventures (A). By David Graham Phillips. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 331 pages. \$1.50.

This story seems intended as a character study, depicting the career of a young girl, a Washington belle, who is left almost penniless and is transplanted to a dull New England village, from which she tries to escape through a mercenary marriage. The young sensualist to whom she is ready to sell herself fails her, and after some further vicissitudes she drifts into newspaper work. The outlined plan affords ample scope for a really strong story, but the working out shows only another good idea swamped in too much melodrama.

Wyndham Girls (The). By Marion Ames Taggart. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½x7½ in. 303 pages. \$1.20, net.

Depicting a family of girls who are carried from opulence to comparative poverty and obliged to earn a living, this story affords play for a good deal of action on the part of girls who are bright, resourceful, and witty. Reality and romance are mingled in a way that makes the story pleasant reading.

Correspondence

Labor Unions and the State Police

Some days ago newspaper despatches reported that during the recent car strike in Schenectady, N. Y., one of the unions there passed a resolution expressing the determination that no member of a trades-union should belong to the National Guard. This has not unreasonably been interpreted, by those who see great danger in the unregulated social and political power of trades-unions, to mean that labor organizations are in spirit, if not in fact, opposed to law and order as represented by the State militia, which is virtually a State police. The Editors of The Outlook wrote to Schenectady and asked a trusted, competent correspondent to endeavor to find out the grounds stated by the leaders of the union for their action in this respect. We comment elsewhere on his illuminating and interesting reply, which is as follows:

Several men have been interviewed in the attempt to answer your questions fairly. One is the President of the Trades Assembly, and the others are both leaders and laymen. These men all agree in the main contention that unionism stands insistently for arbitration. This being a leading article in its creed, it protests vigorously against all introduction of armed force in the settlement of labor difficulties. Unions do not stand for riot. All the labor men I have met are emphatic in saying that it was for their interest that strikes should be settled peaceably. Every disorder in a strike prejudices the public against the unions and sets back the result aimed at—a wider prosperity and a higher standard of living for all workmen. They feel that much more of disorder could be suppressed by local authority than is usually the case, and that employers and owners are over-ready to call out the Guardsmen, nominally to suppress riot, actually to intimidate the workmen, prejudice the public against the strikers, and break down the solidarity of labor. You ask whether this is a sporadic movement on the part of the local assembly, or whether it is an old sentiment. In answer I am told that it dates back to the Homestead strike. Calling out the military in Buffalo, Chicago, Brooklyn, Cœur d'Alene, Albany, Pennsylvania, and recently at Glens Falls, to union men means that in some way unionism must protest against the introduction of armed force in settling labor disputes except under the extremest provocation. They insist that property in labor is as sacred as property in material things, and that if one is to be guarded by force the other must as well. There is the heartiest approval of the action of the Mayor of San Francisco in refusing to allow street-car owners to use armed deputies,

under the argument that if one side used force the other had an equal right, but that he did not propose that either should have that permission. It will be remembered that that strike was settled inside of a week, and without disorder.

Labor in the present instance is taking exactly the same ground. Its insistence on arbitration is its insistence on an impartial hearing. A refusal to treat with the men is met on their part with a strike order, which, translated, means, "We insist on a hearing." When the response is hiring outside men and calling in the military force, nominally to protect property, actually to safeguard its own action in hiring strike-breakers and refusing to even consider real or fancied grievances, labor unionism from this standpoint of interpretation is entirely consistent in taking such action as will guard against dividing its own house and having some of its own men put under arms against its own cause. For it must be clearly realized that the issue is not a refusal of labor men to do police duty against rioters, even if they are the irresponsible men from whom no union is wholly free. It is not a far cry to the time when unions will offer picked men to act as deputies in protecting property from rioters. But the real issue here is that unionism never will permit its men to act either as deputies or Guardsmen in protecting men hired to take their own places. The so-called eleventh commandment—Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job—has in the present stage of labor evolution an authority almost sacred. The action of this Trades Assembly is but a modification—Thou shalt not take a gun and stand guard over the man who is taking thy neighbor's job.

Nor is this commandment indefensible. The industries of this city represent men brought from the whole world. The following countries are represented in this city, according to the last census: Africa 1, Asia 1, Atlantic Islands 5, Austria 74, Bohemia 8, English Canadian 282, French Canadian 157, Central America 4, China born 18, Cuba 17, Denmark 60, England 632, Finland 1, France 18, Germany 2,316, Greece 11, Holland 12, Hungary 69, India 3, Ireland 1,103, Italy 607, Japan 5, Mexico 1, Norway 11, Poland (Austria) 61, Poland (German) 305, Poland (Russia) 137, Scotland 242, South America 3, Spain 3, Sweden 136, Switzerland 81, Turkey 3, Wales 20, West Indies 2, other countries 6. There are men here from forty-four different States of the Union—2,000 from Massachusetts alone. Under these conditions there is a certain sacred obligation on the part of the corporations doing business here toward their employees, which is being recognized constantly, and in the event of trouble would come prominently to the front. With such conditions, in lesser degree wherever men are employed, unionism feels that a refusal to confer with employees is well-nigh criminal,

and efforts to break strikes with armed force, without exhausting the possibilities of arbitration, are to be met with rigid measures. As a choice between the two masters, peaceful arbitration and armed force, labor unions have chosen the former.

So far as I can learn, no union debarbs constitutionally National Guardsmen from membership. Men are carefully questioned, however, as to their position in the matter, and some have been admitted here whose terms of service were nearly over. The action of the Trades Assembly, it is admitted, can be nothing more than a recommendation, with the probability that it will not be heard from within any of the unions. The action was doubtless inspired by the presence of one of the Glens Falls strikers at this meeting, at which also \$100 was voted towards those strikers. Back of probable hot-headedness was, however, the wish to bring clearly to notice the fact that unions are not going to enter military service so long as that force is used to aid in breaking strikes. The Hudson Valley road has now consented to arbitrate, and seems to admit there having been a real grievance. The equipment was wretched and accidents were inevitable. The road was bankrupt and has just changed hands. The commonwealth ought to have interfered long ago. As it is, the point made by the unions that arbitration was possible seems to have been established.

W. B. ALLIS.

What Are the Facts?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If you have any desire to retain the respect of your subscribers in the coal regions, you will send your editorial writer up here and instruct him to learn something of the *actual conditions* prevailing in this region. It is a very easy matter to sit in your New York office and write that the coal operators and the metropolitan newspapers have exaggerated the amount of crime and violence in the strike centers, but it is not the truth, and your readers want truth, not guesswork. Crimes are not always committed in the daylight, criminals do not always publish their misdeeds, the victims of their cowardly assaults, intimidations, and threats hesitate to disclose their troubles for fear that their persecutors may make things ten times worse than before, and the result is that not one-fourth of the outrages reach the public ear and eye. Our local newspapers are afraid to record, much less condemn, these outrages which are occurring daily around us, for fear of losing subscribers or advertisers.

This is no time for such articles as "A Woman's Visit to the Coal Fields." I

take it that if Miss Fallows should walk through the streets of New York she would write that vice and crime had no place in that city.

And as for your statement that there is no evidence that these crimes of violence have been promoted, or encouraged, or are approved by Mr. Mitchell or the United Mine Workers, when read by the people of this community it simply provokes mirth. There are hundreds of mine workers who have been arrested for various crimes connected with the strike, and many more whose complicity in these crimes is known, but who have not been arrested because, even though their guilt were proven by evidence, it would be next to impossible to find a jury in this county that would convict them. Crimes have been planned at meetings of local unions, and carried out by officers and men alike; non-union men have been dragged in and compelled to swear allegiance to the union, letters threatening the destruction of life and property have been sent out signed by officers of locals, and efforts to ferret out and arrest the guilty parties have, in many cases, been thwarted by burgesses, constables, and other officers of the law. Conspiracy is a difficult thing to prove at best, and it would of course be difficult to directly prove Mr. Mitchell's complicity in these outrages. But has Mitchell ever done anything more than deprecate law-breaking in the abstract? Has he ever specifically condemned rioting, assault, intimidation, or boycotting? Has he ever expelled, suspended, or even reprimanded any member of the union guilty of one of these crimes? Has he ever assisted in the apprehension of the guilty parties? On the contrary, he has condemned in most intemperate language the Citizens' Alliance, composed of several thousand of the best citizens of this community, whose sole object, as he well knows, is to uphold law and order.

Personally, I hold the opinion that the miners have no grievances of sufficient importance to entitle them to victory in the present strike; that their stubborn fight is due, not to a feeling that their cause is just, but to loyalty to their union and to a reliance upon its strength and power. I am also of the opinion that the miners do not deserve to win this strike, even though their grievances were of some

importance, because of their un-American conduct both before and since the strike, in denying to men the right to work except in obedience to and under the direction of their union, and because of the boycotting, rioting, intimidation, and violence which they have resorted to since the strike began, in their mistaken idea that "might makes right," and that "the end justifies the means."

If you purpose to publish further articles upon the coal strike, please get your facts from an authentic source.

LAWRENCE B. JONES.

Wilksbarre, Pa.

[We publish this letter primarily because it emphasizes and enforces the public demand for a determination of all the questions at issue between the parties by an impartial tribunal. One of the questions at issue is exactly this: Whether the violence in the coal fields has been promoted, and, if not promoted, encouraged and approved, by the United Mine Workers or not. Our correspondent says it has; the operators told the President it had; Mr. Mitchell said it had not. Mr. Mitchell offered to leave all the questions at issue—and this was one of the questions at issue—to an impartial tribunal to be appointed by the President, and the operators refused the proffer. When one of the parties to a controversy accuses the other party of instigating, encouraging, or even approving acts of criminal violence, and the other party denies the accusation and offers to have it submitted to an impartial tribunal, and the accuser refuses to go before such a tribunal for the purpose of making its accusation good, the presumption is that the accused is innocent and the accusation is unjust.

Since that refusal another basis for arbitration has been suggested by the operators, has been modified by the President, and has been accepted by both parties. If the facts are as the operators charge, they now have an opportunity to make good their charges. It is for them to show the truth of the allegation that the United Mine Workers is an irresponsible organization, that it did not keep its contracts after it had made them, that it did not represent the great body of mine workers, that it terrorized them and drove them from the

mines; if the operators can substantiate these charges, they will deal the United Mine Workers a blow from which it can never recover; if they cannot substantiate these charges, they should not have made them.—THE EDITORS.]

What is a Monopoly?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In one of your valuable articles on trusts you say the inherent evil in them is the monopoly, which makes it impossible for free men to compete in the labor market.

Has it occurred to you that perhaps the chief evil lies in the fact that the monopoly is consummated for the benefit of a half-dozen men instead of for all the citizens of the Republic? Is not our postal system a complete monopoly of letter-carrying? and was there not a time when hundreds of men had large establishments of mail coaches and horses, whose business was ruined when the people decided to run it themselves? But how many regard the monopoly as an evil when nearly eighty millions of people all over our land share the benefit of having their letters carried for two cents instead of twenty-five? There was undoubtedly seeming injustice done when the lawmakers said to the former coach-owners, "You shall not go on with your business any longer, for it is not for our interest." They might justly have cried, Are we not free men? Are these not our own horses, and have we not established our own business?—just as the coal operators are saying now.

The fact is, we are none of us free men, and the more highly civilized any nation becomes, the less individual freedom it possesses, until now I may not spit where I want to. I may not cast my torn envelope in the street. I may not build a house, nay, even a chicken-coop, without the consent of my neighbors the aldermen. Having built my house and opened a saloon, I am commanded to close it—if in a no-license community. If it is for the benefit of my townsmen, I cannot even keep them from running a railroad right through my property, and smashing my home to bits.

We live in an era when "the greatest good to the greatest number, for the long-

est time " is accepted as an axiom in many courts, and should be in all.

How many would object to the sugar monopoly if the profits were shared between the whole people in the shape of lower prices, instead of going into the pockets of a few millionaires? The "inherent evil" would not exist, any more than it does in our postal system or in Germany's railroad system or England's telephone system. Supposing the same men who now manage the Standard Oil Company were kept in charge by the Government which bought it and paid handsome salaries to run it successfully, but the dividends turned over to the people in the shape of oil at seven cents instead of eleven cents the gallon. Do you not think the "inherent evil" would fade out of sight.

No, the "inherent evil" lies in the private ownership of things which minister to the comfort and happiness of us all, and until those laws permitting it are changed, we, the public, must all be slaves to the will of a few men who have been *intellectually* powerful enough to grasp and keep the desirable products in their own hands, just as the old feudal lords were *physically* strong enough to rob their fellows. Then bodily strength meant the *right* to keep what they stole. Now we have risen so that our laws do not protect those who are physically mighty, but only those possessing mental power. I have faith that the day will come when our people will combine for the benefit of *all* in producing and distributing every good thing in existence, just as now some enlightened communities do with water, light, transportation, and shelter; but until that day comes, let us combine to protect the weak from the unscrupulous strong ones of the land. Yours truly,

Newton, Mass.

WILLIAM I. HOWELL.

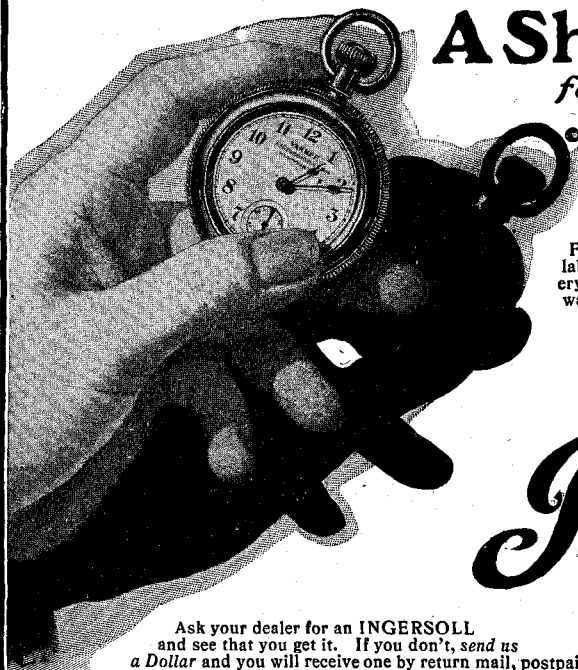
[A monopoly is "such an exclusive privilege to carry on a traffic, or deal in or control a given class of articles, as will enable the holder to raise prices materially above what they would be if the traffic or dealing were free to citizens generally." (Century Dictionary.) A traffic carried on by the whole people for the benefit of the whole people is not monopoly. This, we think, answers our correspondent's question.—THE EDITORS.]

The Tax on Art

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

It occurs to me that *The Outlook* has a good chance to keep up its hammering on the question of the tariff on works of art, taking as an object lesson the recent purchase by Mrs. Roosevelt of a set of White House china which is to be made by the Wedgwood Pottery in England. Our potteries here are not in a position to advance along the line of artistic work which the potteries have on the other side, for the reason that our museums contain very little if any of the works of art made by the old English and Continental potteries. The only collection that we have here of any importance is the one in the Princeton Museum, and it cannot be compared in an artistic way with the numerous collections in various parts of England and the Continent. The pottery made one hundred years ago was decorated by artists, not by ordinary pottery painters, and the beautiful work which is turned out on the other side of the water is almost all copied both in form and design from the works of potteries long since gone out of existence. The design which was selected undoubtedly was submitted by the Wedgwoods owing to the fact that the British museums are filled with pottery decorated with crests and coats of arms. Hence it is very natural that, having these examples constantly before them, it seemed most fitting to this firm that the china to be used at the White House should have the design taken from the Seal of the United States. It is also interesting to note that some of the pieces of the so-called Lowestoft china imported into this country in the early days of the Republic had the crude representation of this same design. Of course, our museums will never obtain the fine collections which the British museums have, because the old pottery is in great demand on the other side of the water and sells at prices which an American collector cannot afford to pay when he has to pay in addition sixty per cent. to the home government. All the fine collections in the English museums have been the result of years of work of collectors who have finally given these collections to their own museums. Cannot American collectors be given an equal opportunity?

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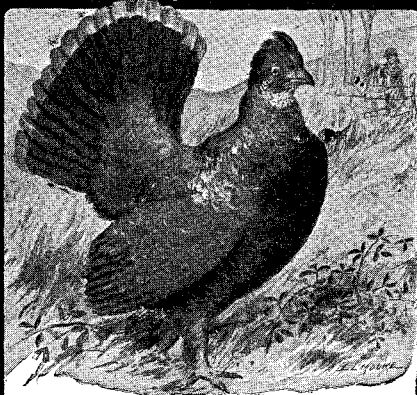
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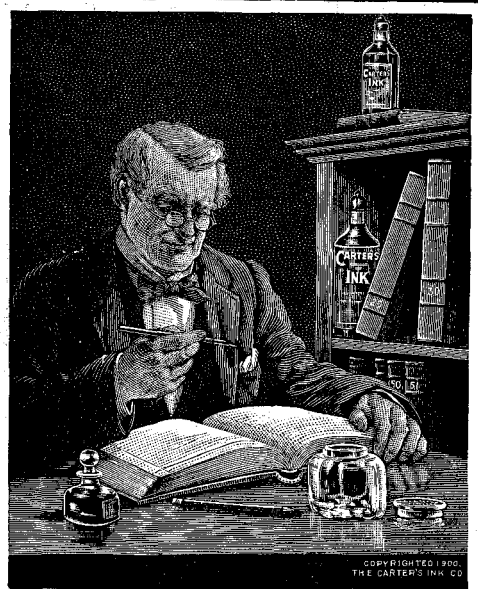
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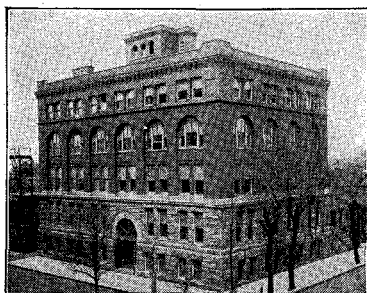


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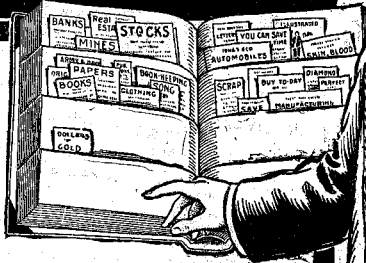
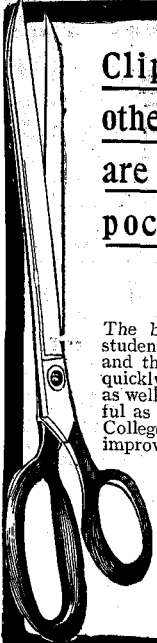
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